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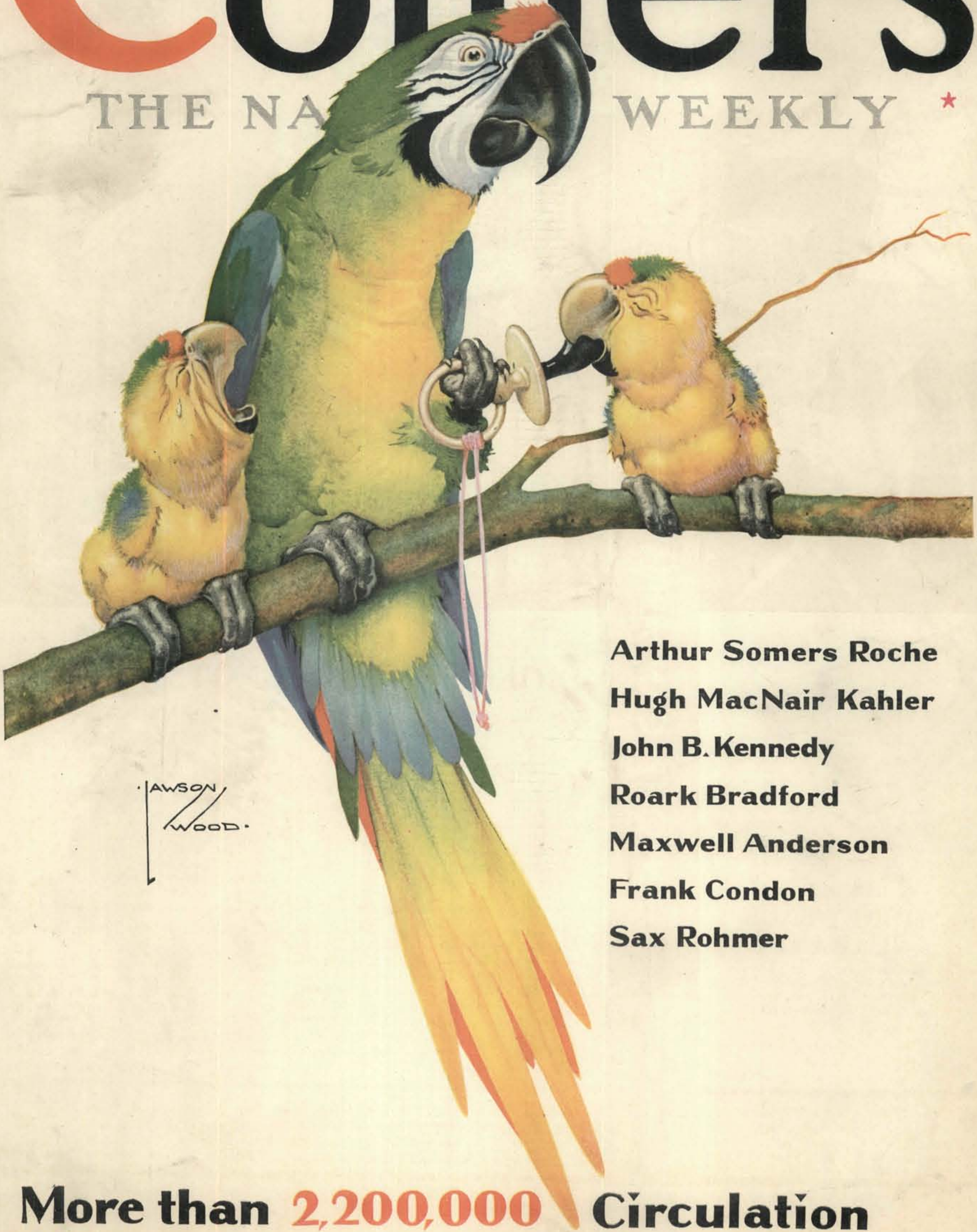
May 10, 1930

Collier's

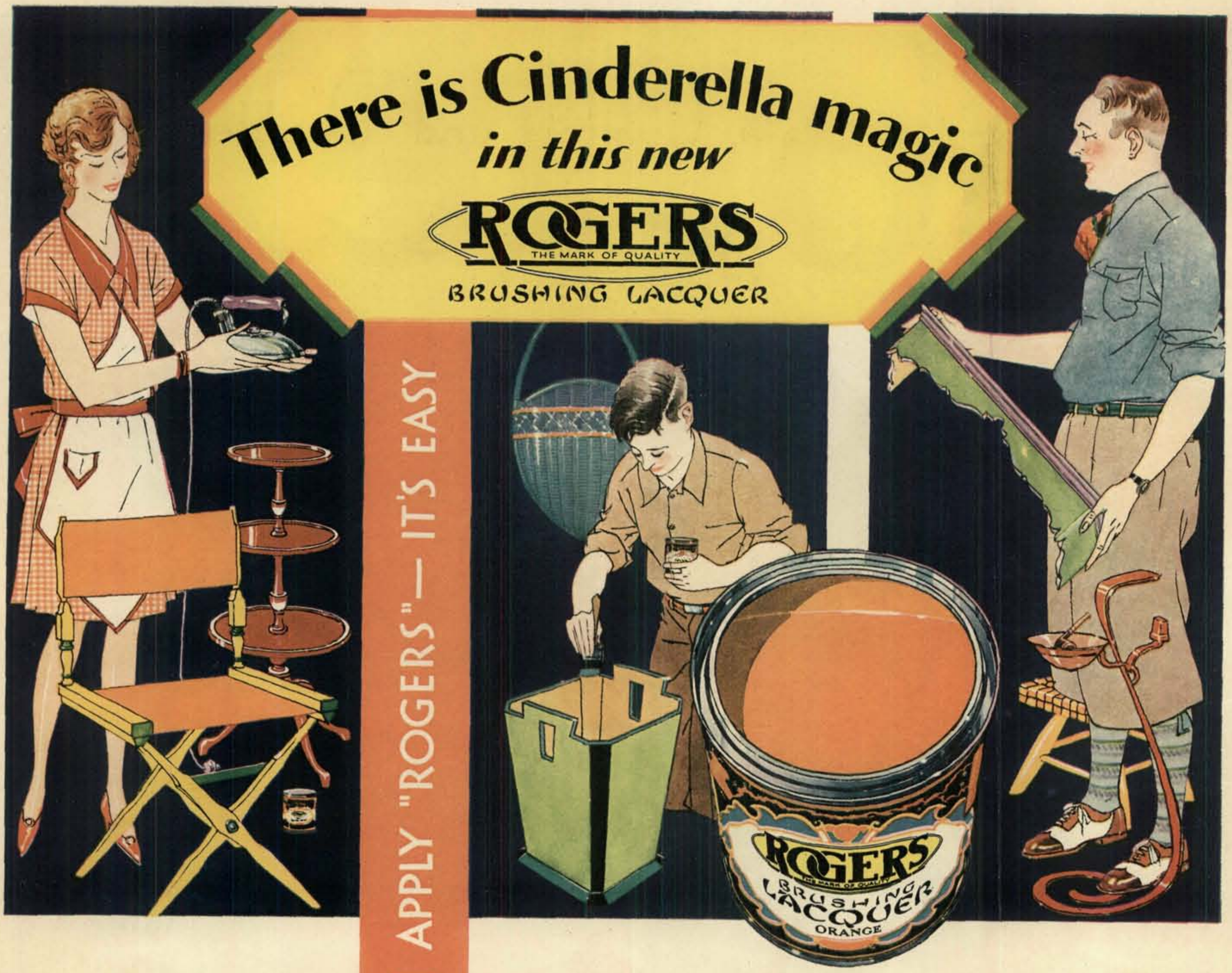
THE NA WEEKLY *



Arthur Somers Roche
Hugh MacNair Kahler
John B. Kennedy
Roark Bradford
Maxwell Anderson
Frank Condon
Sax Rohmer

More than 2,200,000 Circulation

ay 10, 1930



DRIES FAST, BUT NOT TOO FAST

Even in this day of never-ending marvels, Rogers Brushing Lacquer is an outstanding example of what modern Science can do.

This amazing, "quick-action" finish has greatly simplified the art of home beautifying, so far as the layman is concerned.

It has imbued the home paint brush with a new and wonderful magic unknown heretofore. And over 25,000,000 cans of Rogers Brushing Lacquer, sold to date, prove how widely it is being used to reclaim shabby things—to bring color and beauty into the home at small expense.

No experience necessary

Try these gay, quick-drying Rogers *Lacquer* colors on any shabby or unfinished surface. See how magically they bring new beauty. Experience is not needed. The new, improved "Rogers" handles easier than ever. Results, too, are improved.

Merely *flow* the exquisite color over the surface with a *full* brush. No expert brush work is required. Like a creamy film, "Rogers" spreads and levels itself into a smooth, lustrous coating of brilliant color. Then it *actually*—Dries while you wait! Dries smooth, free from ugly laps and brush marks. Dries before flying dust can spoil your work. Dries to a hard, lustrous, porcelain-like finish that wears and *wears* and WEARS—and is easily cleaned.

A new "Rogers" for Linoleum

This new type of finish is a clear, colorless "Rogers" lacquer which forms a tough, long-wearing, transparent coating over your linoleum. Protects the surface and lengthens its life. Makes cleaning easy. Enhances the beauty of both design and colorings. Easy to apply. Dries ready to walk on in about an hour. Try it on your new or old linoleum and *see.*

26 gay colors at leading dealers

The new, improved Rogers Brushing Lacquer comes in twenty-six beautiful, modern colors. Among them are the colors you like—colors that are the vogue in home decorating. Also, six deep, rich shades fortified for hard outdoor usage, and white, black and clear.

Sold by leading paint, hardware and department stores everywhere in the famous "Oriental" container with our "Money-Back" Guaranty.

Sold on our "MONEY-BACK" GUARANTY

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.

Distributed and guaranteed by:
ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Michigan; DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, Detroit, Michigan; LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY, Lincoln, Nebraska

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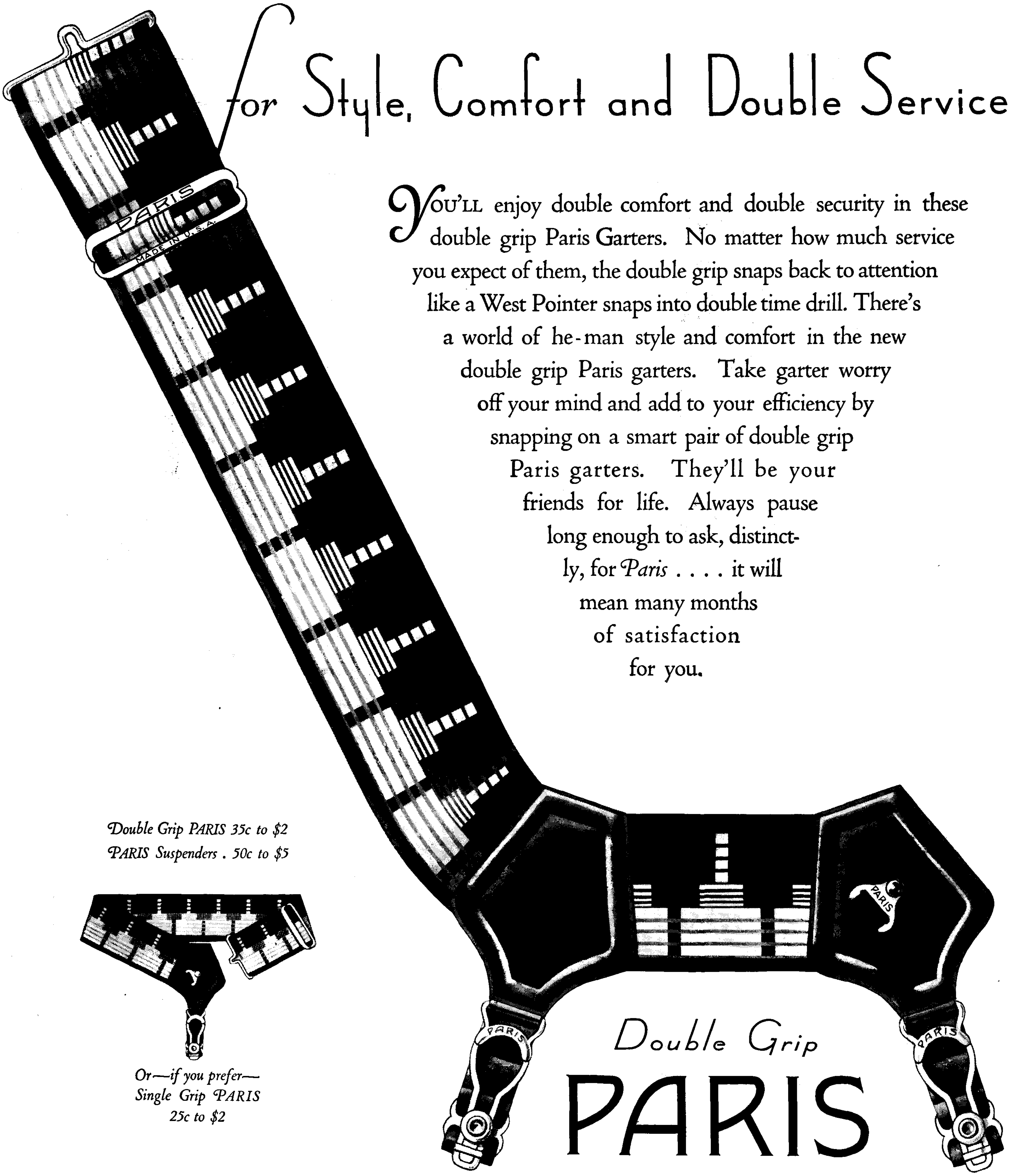

For Style, Comfort and Double Service

YOU'LL enjoy double comfort and double security in these double grip Paris Garters. No matter how much service you expect of them, the double grip snaps back to attention like a West Pointer snaps into double time drill. There's a world of he-man style and comfort in the new double grip Paris garters. Take garter worry off your mind and add to your efficiency by snapping on a smart pair of double grip Paris garters. They'll be your friends for life. Always pause long enough to ask, distinctly, for *Paris* . . . . it will mean many months of satisfaction for you.

Double Grip PARIS 35c to $2
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Or—if you prefer—
Single Grip PARIS
25c to $2

Double Grip
PARIS
GARTERS
No metal can touch you

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

HAVING read all of Hugh MacNair Kahler's novel, "Both Were Young," we are envious of you who have that delight beginning with this issue. Most of it was written last summer at Kennebunkport, Maine, which is where Booth Tarkington lives at that season. The two writers are close friends and Mr. Kahler, who is not by nature a secretive fellow, had disclosed the theme of the book. Mr. Tarkington was so much interested that he insisted that Mr. Kahler read to him every morning what had been written the day before.

And thus it was that Mr. Kahler knew he had written a good book—Booth Tarkington told him so every day. He was right, too.

FOR the past ten years or so statisticians, the modern Merlins who serve industry, have been developing the science of forecasting business weather. We've wanted to tell you about it for a long time, but the seers who tried to write about their necromancy couldn't do so in plain English. It made us tired.

Then we thought of William G. Shepherd and sent him to visit the quiet places where the initiated pore over figures, watch their charts and barographs and tell whether business is going to be good or bad. The product of his expedition is an article which so far reduces the mysterious element that even if you flunked in arithmetic, as we did, you can "Be Your Own Business Prophet." That's a neat way to drag in the title.

—

WE PRACTICALLY never cease to wish for a trip around the world, and it is with a glad shout that we vicariously board the Admiral at San Francisco, with Frank Condon, meet the other passengers, including Miss Helen Ford, and begin an eventful voyage. Making the trip this way enables you to avoid seasickness and gives you more time to check up on the shipboard romances. Better come along. Look for us in the dining saloon in "Getting Off at Manila," by Frank Condon.

—

AND as soon as you get your land legs again read Vincent Richards' article, "Check Your Grip." The grip is the kind you have on a tennis racket and the famous and expert Mr. Richards tells you how to improve your game, no matter how good you are.

—

IT'S time to go to the Zoo, too, and find out what makes the giraffe sick, why the elephants won't eat that last batch of hay, why there is so much noise in the monkey house and get the story of Mr. and Mrs. Elk's divorce proceedings. "A Day at the Zoo," by Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, is the sort of article that crops up in conversation for weeks afterwards.

—

IT'S a meaty issue and we ought to tell you more about it. Don Marquis, Hugh Wiley, John B. Kennedy, Sax Rohmer, Winston Churchill and Grantland Rice are there and many others. You get the breaks.

THIS WEEK

May 10, 1930

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TRAVELING IN STYLE: What to wear en route.

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PUNCH, BROTHER, PUNCH: The Short Short Story.

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A LEGGE TO STAND ON: Farm relief.

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Page 32—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? If you were the high contracting party.

Page 81—Word Hunt

On the scent!

Page 82—Editorial

Blind Justice needn't be Deaf.

Any Week

APPARENTLY Miss Elsie Clarke of St. Louis regarded us with favor until she read Collier's for February 15th. It was one of those friendships that thrive even if the participants might never gaze into each other's eyes.

But right in the middle of that installment of "Stepdaughters of War," Miss Clarke was finished with us.

"I do not mind an author using lots of swearing and raising h-ll in general but when it comes to using filth such as the word guts in place of nerve, well, so far as I am concerned, you can go right to h-ll. No English girl ever wrote this filthy word. It is some Yank scum who wrote it and you can go to hell."

—

MR. JOHANN A. KIEFFER of Independence, Missouri, is all for having us move. Until two years ago, writes he, he did not read "modern books or magazines" because he knew that "there was not anything in them fit for a Christian."

"The reason the magazines are all against our Christian laws such as prohibition and aliens," says Mr. Kieffer, "is because you are all New Yorkers, which is Sodom and where Mammon is your God and Christianity is hated. Let all God-fearing Americans refuse to read magazines and books which are not printed in the patriotic West and South and we will soon see how soon prohibition will be a real success and not sneered at by traitors."

This stirred us to action. One by one we asked our staff where they had come from. Three New Yorkers—a trifling but defiant minority. The rest of us represent Minnesota, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Ohio, Vermont, Washington, Texas, Virginia and New Jersey. Not that it proves anything, but Mr. Kieffer forces us into an attitude of defense.

WHEN we wired our congratulations to Mr. Roark Bradford, who furnished the material for one of the greatest plays we have ever seen—"The Green Pastures"—we learned that he has never seen it.

"From what I am told," he replied, "it is probably worth seeing. Also I'd like to hear a review of it from the lips of the Rev. Black Billy Sunday."

—

DURING the past few weeks a seemingly enormous number of people have called upon us and written to us, urging that we enlist in various reform crusades. We have been asked to help barbers in a crusade against "unnecessary sanitary laws," to castigate vivisectionists, anti-vivisectionists, the tariff, the quality of roadside hot-dog cooking, pacifists, militarists, billboard art, the manners of filling-station attendants and dog muzzlers. And three gentle ladies insist that we demand that our government sever all relations with Canada because that pleasant country refuses to adopt general prohibition.

—

NOW all these earnest people should get together and agree upon a program of reform and then work with and for each other in unison.

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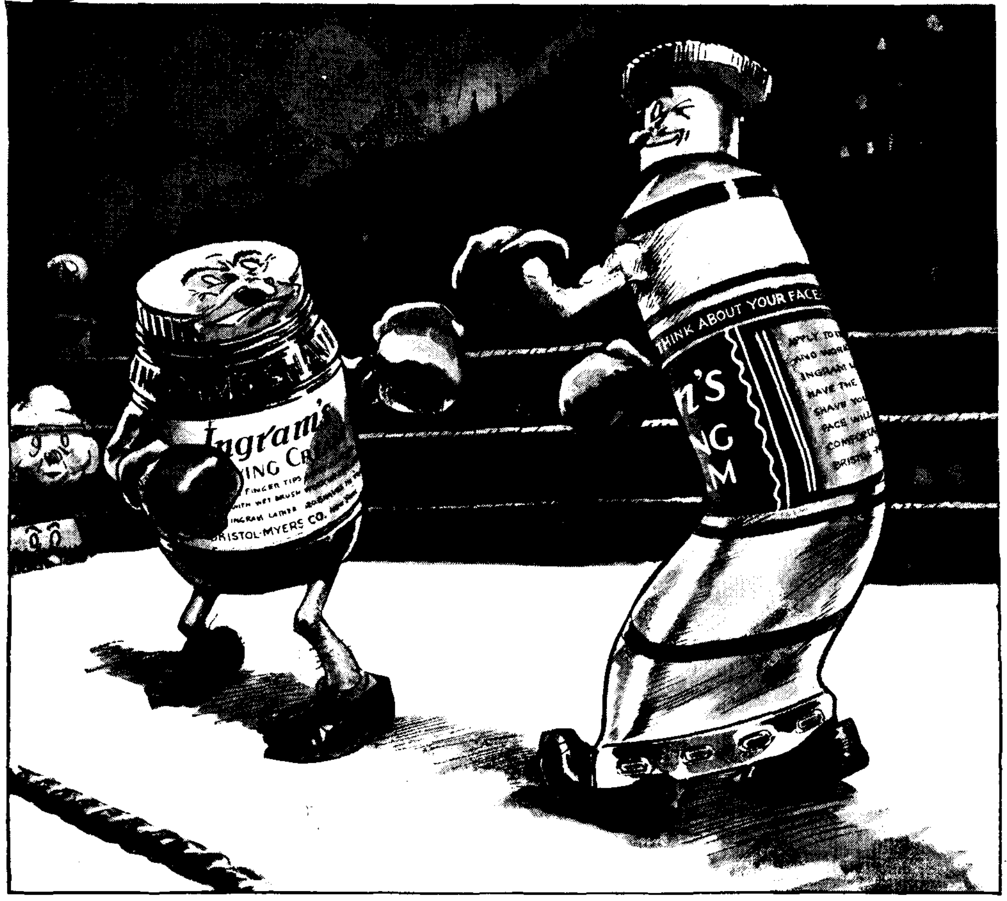
A cool $5,000 00
and a cool shave to you!

Easy, fascinating contest! Open to everybody! 328 chances for You to Win!

"The jar will win,"
says T. L. L. Ryan,
Advertising Advisor
to the Company

"Preferences don't change overnight. A million shaving men have found the blue Ingram jar has its good points which no tube can duplicate. The new tube is all right—but it won't outsell the jar that made Ingram's famous for cool, stingless shaves!"

Thomas L. L. Ryan



"Back the tube,"
says H. P. Bristol,
President
of the Company

"Most shaving men like a tube. The fact that Ingram's came only in a jar kept a lot of men from using this cooler, smoother shaving cream. Now that the tube is here, too, Ingram's sales will reach new levels. And the new tube will outsell the jar!"

Henry P. Bristol

A FEW weeks ago Ingram's announced a $5,000.00 prize contest that calls for no red tape—simply for your business opinion! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st Ingram's went on sale in a tube as well as a jar. The price is exactly the same as for the famous Ingram jar. And the cream it contains is the same—with the same *cool* comfort in shaving.

Predict how the sales of the tube will compare with those of the jar, during 1930—and win your share of $5,000.00 in cash prizes.

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

Remember, it's the jar that made this remarkable sales record! It has its advantages—don't underestimate them. Most Ingram users prefer the jar! But many men, we know, prefer a tube. So we brought the tube out in addition to the jar, to appeal to *all* men who shave.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	**$1,000.00**
Second prize	**$500.00**
Third prize	**$250.00**
Next 325 prizes	*each* **$10.00**

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It was the first of all *cool* shaving creams. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, Ingram's tightens and tones the skin *while you shave*. You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of *cool* Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest today!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 596, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

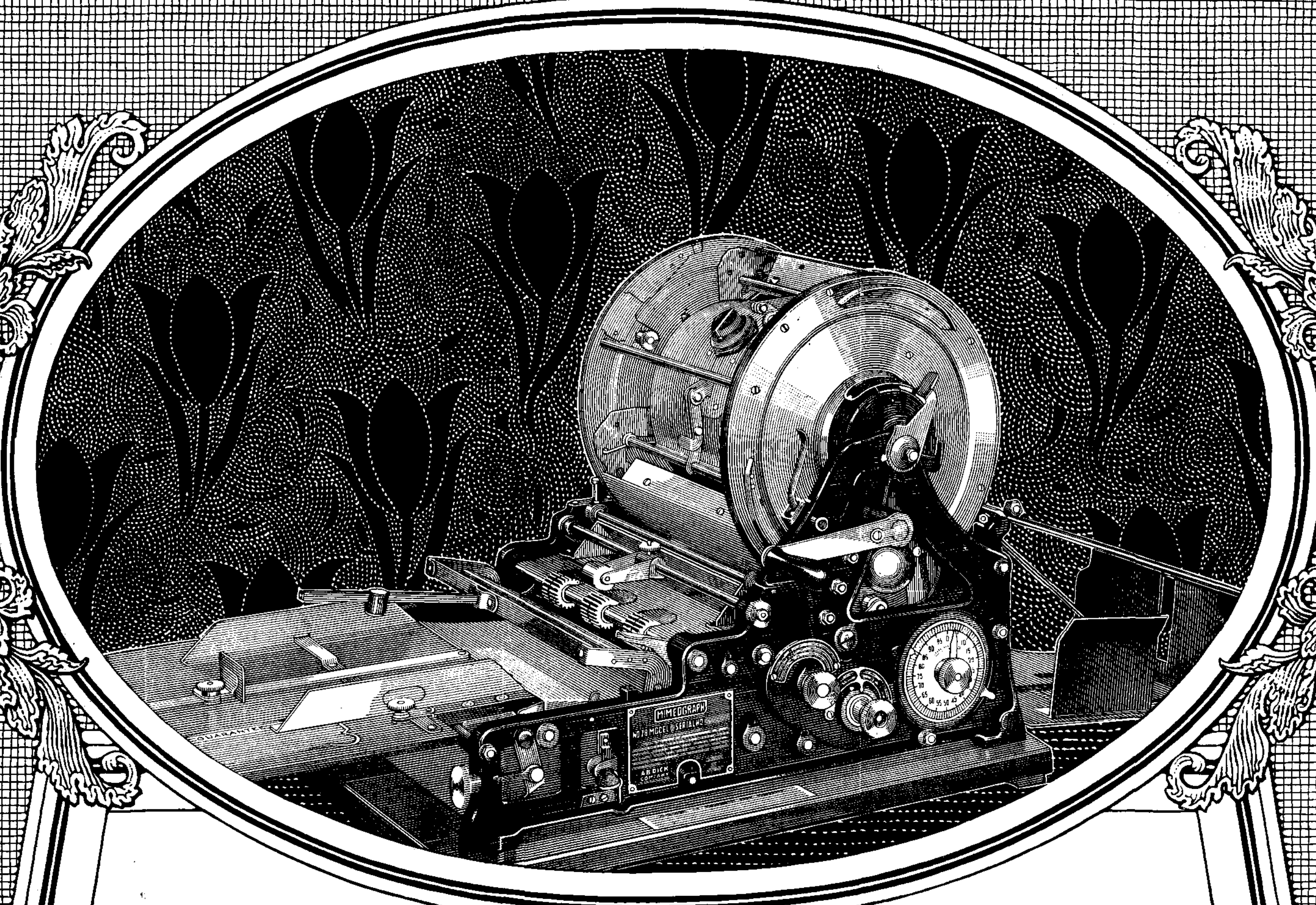
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name________________

Address________________

City____________State____________

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)



ELIMINATING THE SEASONS

Yesterday business deliberately encouraged seasonal activity. The result was spasmodic effort, periods of rush and over-stress, between periods of lull and no profit. Today business rides on an evener keel. It no longer dares to wait the seasons. In the steady, all-year-round driving, which has brought the new epoch of permanent prosperity, the Mimeograph has played a strenuous and important part. Aggressive! Sales-letters, follow-ups, charts, sketches, office communications, price-lists, stock quotations, anything that can be written, typewritten or sketched in line, the Mimeograph duplicates accurately, thousands in every hour. It helps in business-getting. Also it aids in marshalling the organization to the job. Let us tell you about this master duplicator, that needs no experienced operator and assures privacy. Address A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or 'phone branch in any principal city.

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Collier's The National Weekly for May 10, 1930

LIBRARY KANSAS

Here's a novel of American youth which shows that the ways of love are always incomprehensible—and that you can't plan a romance as you would a big business campaign

Both Were Young

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

"A witty book and a wise one"

SAYS

BOOTH TARKINGTON

THE four young men who stood erectly at attention before Belden Plimsoll's desk were notably good-looking. They were so good-looking that there was between them a suggestion of kinship—they might have been cousins or even brothers—tall, straight-backed, lean of hip and wide of shoulder, clear-eyed, square-chinned young men, and upon them all, like an astral uniform, there dwelt a look of sober-minded, earnest purpose that heightened their resemblance to each other and to Belden Plimsoll himself.

They gave him, in fact, a pleasant feeling of vicarious fatherhood. They might have been his own sons, he thought, blood of his blood. In each of them he saw, as he would have seen it in a son of his body, a definite mirroring of Belden Plimsoll at twenty-three or four.

Reading from left to right they were Averey, Saltonstall, Westgate and Jarrett. Plimsoll took pride and pleasure in the surnames and gave himself, precisely as he would have given it to another, due credit for their excellence. Not many men, even men otherwise comparable to Belden Plimsoll, would have sought out, with dogged patience, young men whose names were as nearly perfect as their bearers.

He smiled upon them, a smile at once personal and presidential.

"Beginning to feel at home?"

Four heads nodded, four mouths grinned temperately and with respect. Only one spoke, and Plimsoll made a mental note to keep a sharper eye on Jarrett because of that superfluous "Yes, sir."

"Think you're going to like Lakeport well enough to stay here?"

He gave the question almost a jocular inflection, and all four young men, grinning and nodding once more, made it evident that to them as to Plimsoll it was comic to imply that anyone could possibly find Lakeport less than perfect. Again, however, a black mark went down in Plimsoll's mind against young Jarrett for a needless "Yes, indeed, sir!"

Lippy, Jarrett.

"Well, you may change your minds about that after tomorrow," he said, more humorously than before. "I want you all to come out to East Hill for dinner. Seven-thirty. Dinner clothes—it'll be just a family party—you four and Mrs. Plimsoll and my little girl."

All four spoke, this time, but Jarrett did himself no service by his unnecessary "Delighted!"

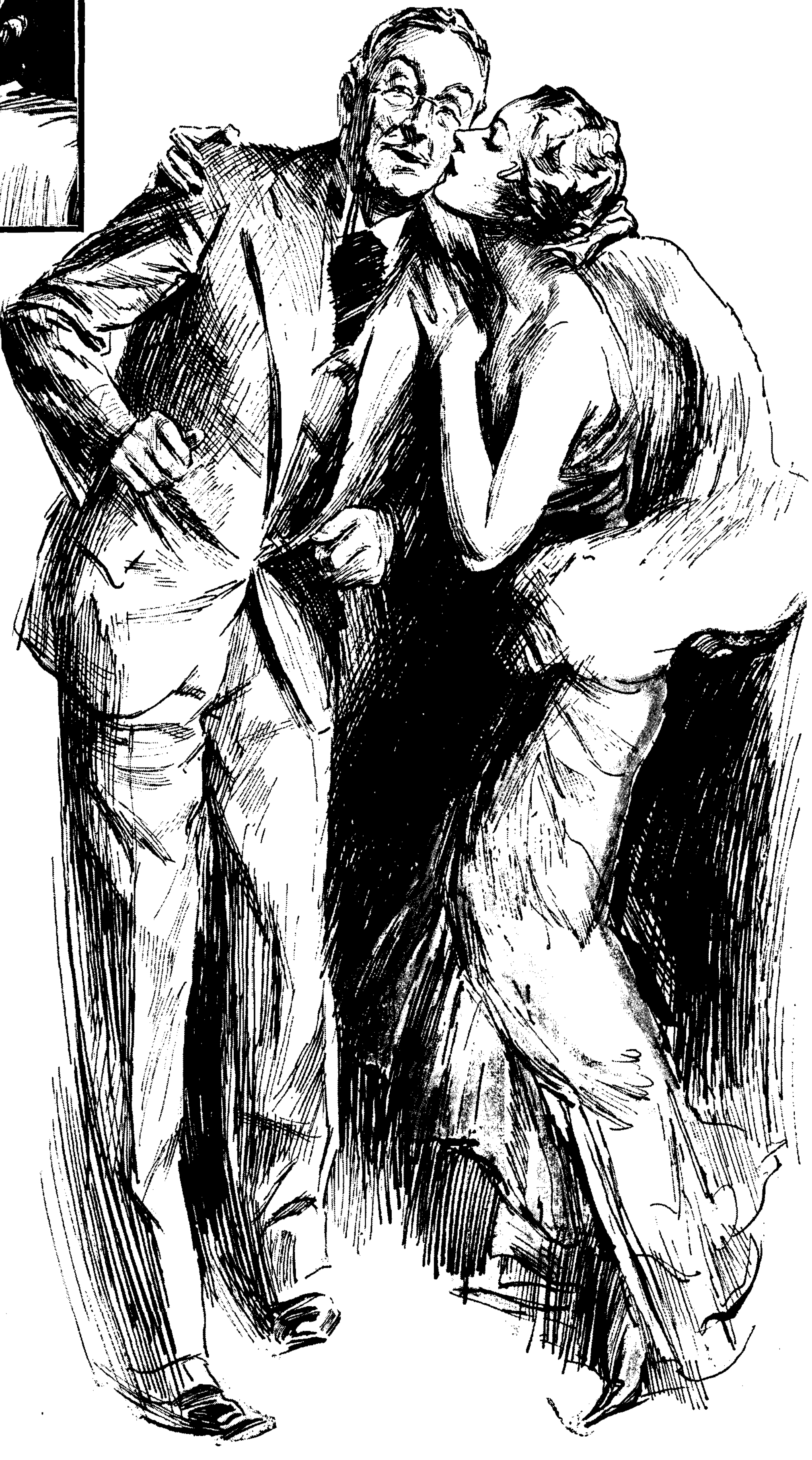
Plimsoll's nod dismissed them kindly and they filed out. He smiled at the soundlessly closing door, and his face, as he turned his glance upon the gold-framed photographs that stood before him on the wide, gleaming void of desk, relaxed and warmed and softened, without, however, forfeiting its look of power and authority.

It was his habit, as the whistle sounded each afternoon the knell of the parting business day, to close his mind, as he closed his office, against affairs of State, to become the private citizen, the husband and—with emphasis—the father, but this metamorphosis did not surrender any whit of his workaday importance.

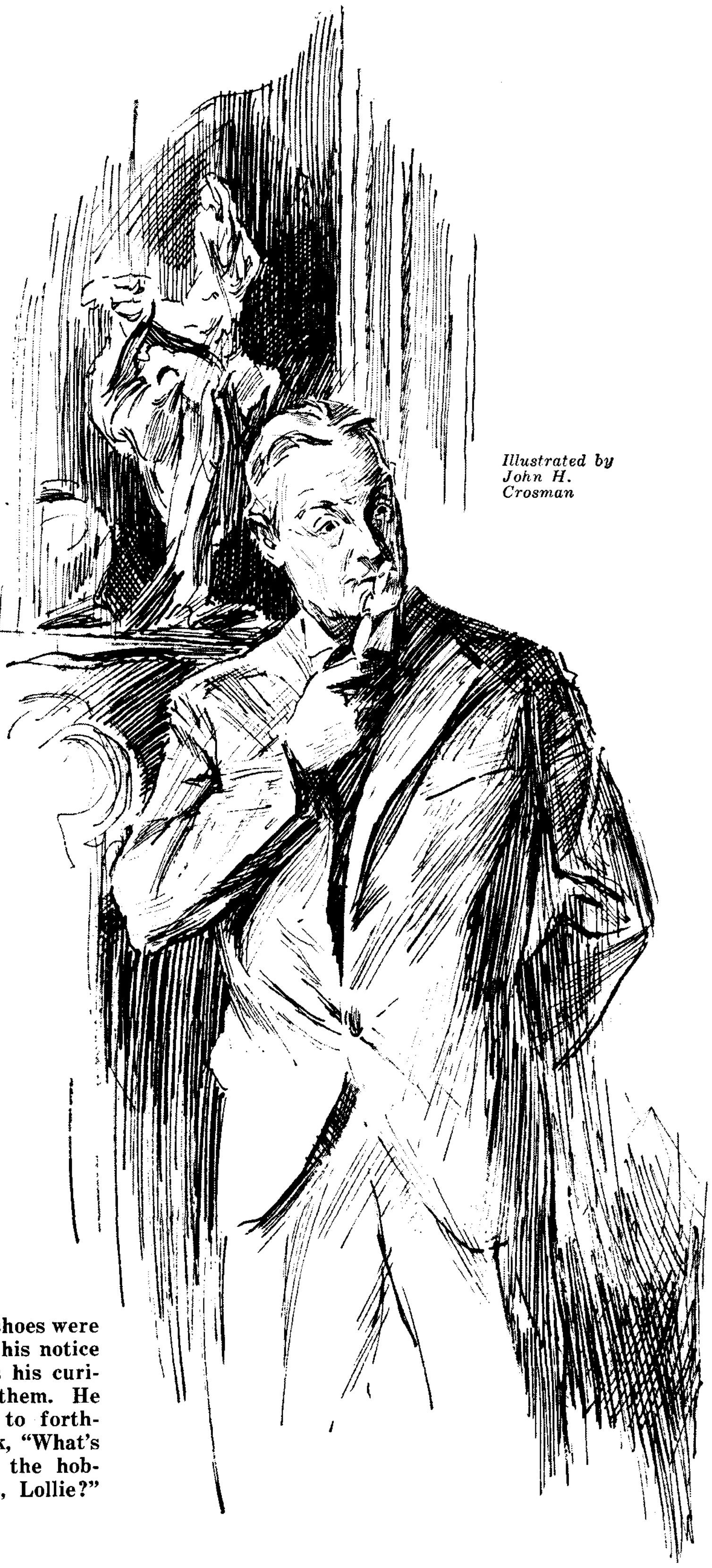
Indeed this importance was no mere robe of office to be laid aside at will, even at the wrought-iron will that ruled the Intercontinental Adding Machine Company. It went with Belden Plimsoll into private life. As he resigned the greater overlordship and assumed the less, there settled upon him, unmistakably, the aspect of power and purpose more assured and resolute than ever.

His face, now turned toward the framed photographs, was benevolent and kindly, but the face, nevertheless, of one predestined, competent and resolved to rule. Upon it dwelt the look that prints itself in time upon the faces of all men high in government among their fellows—the look of judges and editors and generals, of all men who know that their word is, and of right ought to be, above appeal or challenge.

It was precisely here that Belden Plimsoll's greatness proved to its possessor that it was extraordinary. Before wife and daughter, he knew, the usual captain of industry was wont to lose his commis-



Lollie's voice, warm and round and creamily soprano, took leave, explicitly, of Daddy Dear



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Only as the shoes were forced upon his notice did he focus his curiosity upon them. He was moved to forthright remark, "What's the idea of the hobnailed shoes, Lollie?"

sion and to be reduced ingloriously to the ranks; in domestic life he knew that kings became, only too often, meek, timid subjects; he knew that even the uplifted hand of the traffic policeman might become, at home, a feeble gesture, futile and absurd. Just here, where so many men failed miserably who succeeded in all else, Belden V. Plimsoll most conspicuously had not failed.

To this truth the portraits upon his desk bore mute witness. They regarded him affectionately but with becoming, dutiful respect. Plimsoll himself had chosen from the photographers' array of proofs those two which most eloquently expressed the sentiments he knew to exist, as to their husband and sire, in Albertine and Lollie.

The portraits, singularly alike in meekness of expression, were pleasingly dissimilar in all else, for Albertine, except for the biological detail of birth, had contributed little to Belden Plimsoll's daughter.

Lollie was pure Belden, inheriting straight from her paternal grandmother not only her vivid, shining darkness of hair and brow and eye, her firm mouth and definite chin, the confident carriage of head and shoulder, but those qualities of mind and spirit which these outward traits implied.

Plimsoll, contemplating Lollie's picture, was pleased with himself for having had a daughter instead of a son. He had, in this as in most other decisions, chosen wisely. A boy might have "taken after" Albertine; there seemed to be, in these matters, a stubborn law of heredity that even Plimsoll might not have contrived to overrule, and the attributes that made Albertine almost ideally suitable as a wife would have been sadly unbecoming in Belden Plimsoll's son. Yes, he had been wise, as usual, in having a girl.

Lollie, smiling faintly at him from her frame, seemed to felicitate him upon his choice. The look was convincing, so convincing that it dissipated the thin, misty shadow that had lately overclouded Plimsoll's mind.

It had been, as nearly as Belden Plimsoll could come to folly, foolish to feel the slightest doubt of Lollie. The picture proved it, but Plimsoll could prove it still more convincingly by reasoned logic.

The right material and the right design and the right method led inevitably to the perfect finished product, in daughters as in adding machines. Men who discovered, too late, that they had unsatisfactory children deserved exactly what they got; for such fathers Plimsoll felt only an impatient, contemptuous pity.

Other men might take it for granted that children were creatures of blind accident, that you accepted, helplessly, whatever you happened to draw out of a game of parental grab bag; other men might bring up their offspring at random, by guess, without design or plan.

Other men, but not, thank God, Belden V. Plimsoll, great builder of big business; wise, patient ruler of a commercial empire on which the sun was powerless to set; and even greater, wiser, more brilliantly successful as a father!

HE HAD the same right to be proud of Lollie as to be proud of the New Model Q All-Electric Intercontinental, for she was as truly his creation, his handiwork, from the original sound idea down through the patient, reasoned processes of design and manufacture to the final, perfect, finished product that was ready for the world.

Ready for the world! Plimsoll drew in his breath slowly. Lollie was nineteen. Lollie was finished. Finished, however, only as a Model Q All-Electric might be said to be finished when it stood ready for the packers in the shipping-room—in a daughter as in an adding machine completeness was not an end but only a beginning.

Again, as he contemplated the future beyond this beginning of Lollie's, Plimsoll's sense of justice compelled him to thank God that, in this respect, whatever fault and weakness he might share with his fellows, Belden Plimsoll was not as other men.

They brought up their daughters, these others, without forethought or art, and when they were grown, left them to be the playthings of blind circumstance. They sent them off to college or globe-trotting at careless random among wasters, drones and parasites, and blamed their luck when it brought them, as their sons-in-law, drones, wasters, poets, dukes or polo players!

Not Belden Plimsoll! The good old days were gone, to be sure—the times when a wise, loving father chose his daughter's husband for her. You couldn't order your girl to marry the man you chose. But you could see to it that she chose, herself, from men who measured up, in person, character, ability and wit, in family, in culture, even in surname, to the privilege and honor of becoming sons-in-law to Belden Plimsoll.

Nor was this difficult, if you happened to be president of a corporation that employed some thousands of high-grade, high-paid young Americans, a corporation that needed, in any case, to recruit to that force, each year, a few score of able, fearless, earnest youngsters.

There was nothing bizarre about sifting and winnowing from the senior classes of a dozen great colleges the right kind of raw material out of which the right kind of department heads and managers could presently be molded.

But Belden Plimsoll had chosen his new blood not merely with an eye to business. He had looked ahead. For three years he had been importing every spring a few such young men as the four who had just left his presence. He had, moreover, given employment to the best of Lakeport's native crop of marriageable youth; he had singled out, here and there, a boy of Lollie's age, or near it, who might conceivably invite her interest without deserving it, and with a goodly salary for bait, had sent him off to a safely distant job in Australia or Japan.

He had left little to chance. He did not allow surface virtues to content him. Even the handful of resifted, hand-picked youngsters who survived their postgraduate year of probation in the branch offices and were brought, like Averey, Saltonstall, Westgate and Jarrett, into Lakeport's upper social stratum, lived here under a system of friendly espionage that took close note of their evenings and their week-ends, and every now and then, because of this, one of their number might be suddenly promoted to a post in Javan or Gadire.

Belden Plimsoll's daughter would fall in love, one of these days, as if, like other girls, by accident. But, in all human probability, she would fall in love with a good-looking, healthy, level-headed, purposeful young man already successfully engaged in making the world adding-machine-conscious.

And there would be nothing accidental about it.

Contentedly Plimsoll swiveled his chair so that he looked out upon the pleasant square of barbered turf and flower-beds, about which, like a regiment at attention, were ranked the glass-walled, saw-roofed buildings of the vast Intercontinental plant.

Upon this scene he usually bent the look with which he contemplated Lollie's picture—the look of one who views his handiwork and finds it wholly good, but now, as it descended to the motor car that stood before the office entrance, this look dissolved and fled. Dismay and chagrin replaced it. Plimsoll's hand snaked to a button inset in the desk. His secretary, a man intensely soundless, appeared in the doorway as if the closed electric circuit itself propelled him.

"Don't let anybody get in here, Gifford!"

Plimsoll jerked the command over his shoulder. Invisible, rubber-tired machinery removed Gifford. Plimsoll glowered darkly down at the driveway.

The motor car itself might have justified that scowl, for it had far outlived the day of its efficiency and had become, to such an eye as Plimsoll's, that most hateful of anachronisms, a machine that impiously wasted the time and energy which its sacred mission, as a machine, required it to husband and defend. It was a battered relic of a car, an affront and an offense, a thing detestable, quite regardless of its associations. Plimsoll would have scowled upon it even if he had not known it, at first glance, for the property of Mrs. Pansy Dolliver, even if it had not been occupied by Pansy's only son.

Mr. Gilbert Dolliver, unaware of Plimsoll's lowering gaze, reposed at ease behind the steering wheel. He had permitted his body to slide down and forward until the weight of his unhatted head lay in comfort on the back of his seat. In this posture, with a notable economy of effort, he withdrew from a pocket a cigarette that manifestly had been carried there without the protection of case or packet. Igniting this by means of a small lighter, Mr. Dolliver contrived to endow the gesture with a large graciousness, as if, indulging a purely private desire to smoke, he was generously willing to perform the feat in public, so that fortunate bystanders might behold the spectacle.

PLIMSOLL'S frown smoothed. The sight of Gilbert Dolliver, living and perfect proof of what the wrong sort of bringing-up could produce, reminded him, by pleasant contrast, of Lollie, perfect consequence of perfect method. He had begun to smile, indeed, when the sound of a voice, soft and sweet and yet singularly pervasive, came to him from beyond the door. He sprang to his feet just as the door swung inward, and the voice came clearly past its edge.

"Oh, *please* don't apologize! Of course you couldn't *possibly* have known that Mr. Plimsoll always expects me to come right straight in. I'm not a *bit* angry with you—truly I'm not."

From the doorway, above the intervening crown of a wide, drooping hat, Gifford's eye begged mutely for pardon and Plimsoll, touched by its distress, nodded forgiveness.

"Why, Pansy!" He spoke as if with blending pleasure and regret. "I'm terribly sorry! I'm just leaving—I've a very important appointment—"

Mrs. Dolliver, turning, regarded him with the smile of indulgent maturity, that smile which, overruling a child's artless belief that its affairs are urgent, still consents kindly to pretend that they are. She came in, Plimsoll yielding ground before her confident advance.

"You know they'll have to wait for you," she said, "no matter how important they are. And I'll only keep you a minute or two."

Plimsoll loosened his collar. He couldn't misunderstand the meaning of Pansy's look and voice. They reminded him, of intention, that long ago a young ass masquerading, somehow, in Belden Plimsoll's body, had loudly promised to kill himself unless Miss Pansy Mole consented instantly to marry him. Even now he was able to find a thin excuse for that young idiot. Pansy must be almost fifty, but there still remained to her, unfaded, a good many of the young charms that had seemed, that still seemed, indeed, endearing.

"IT'S about Gilbert," said Pansy. "My baby! I'm so worried about him, Belden."

"Is that so?" Plimsoll tried to suggest an amazement he did not feel. Even Pansy might easily be worried by a useless, worthless brat of a son, past twenty-one and still cadging cheerfully on an income hardly large enough for Pansy herself. A bone-lazy young pup who'd never done an hour's work in his life, who, when Belden Plimsoll had demeaned himself to urge it upon him, had declined with grinning obstinacy a splendid job in the Buenos Aires office of the Intercontinental.

"He coughs," said Pansy. She illustrated, lifting a minute gloved palm primly to her mouth. Plimsoll recognized the imitation. It had irritated him all through that interview that Gilbert should preface every speech with that brief, embarrassed cough.

"Cigarettes, probably."

"Oh, no! Gilbert hardly ever smokes. He wouldn't dream of doing it in my presence—he has the loveliest old-fashioned manners!—and he's always with me! Sometimes I'm afraid I've let him get too much attached to me, Belden. He simply won't let me out of his sight. He doesn't want to go about with other boys and he never even *looks* at a girl." She smiled faintly, as one saying it who shouldn't. "I'm afraid he's just hopelessly in love with his silly old mamma!"

"He's got good reason to be," said Plimsoll, thinking of Gilbert's lily-of-the-field escape from labor and from strife. Pansy flushed and looked down, however, and Plimsoll saw that the remark was susceptible of gallant interpretation.

"But he coughs so!" She returned bravely to the topic of Gilbert. "He coughs every time he speaks."

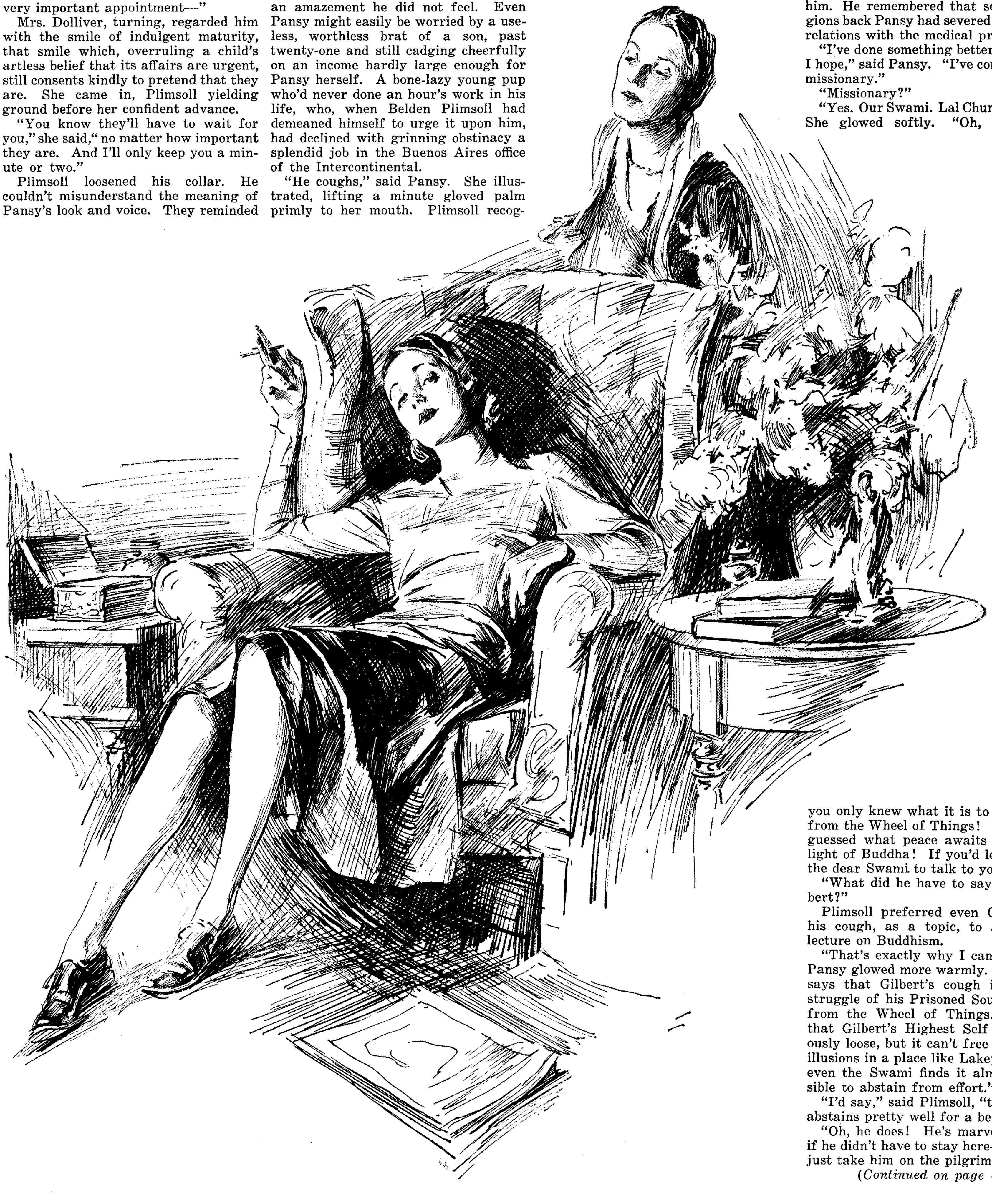
"Probably nothing serious," said Plimsoll, welcoming this safer footing. "Let Doctor Perry take a look at—"

Pansy's patient, reproving gaze halted him. He remembered that several religions back Pansy had severed diplomatic relations with the medical profession.

"I've done something better than that, I hope," said Pansy. "I've consulted our missionary."

"Missionary?"

"Yes. Our Swami. Lal Chundra Dass." She glowed softly. "Oh, Belden, if you only knew what it is to be set free from the Wheel of Things! If you only guessed what peace awaits you in the light of Buddha! If you'd let me bring the dear Swami to talk to you—"



"What did he have to say about Gilbert?"

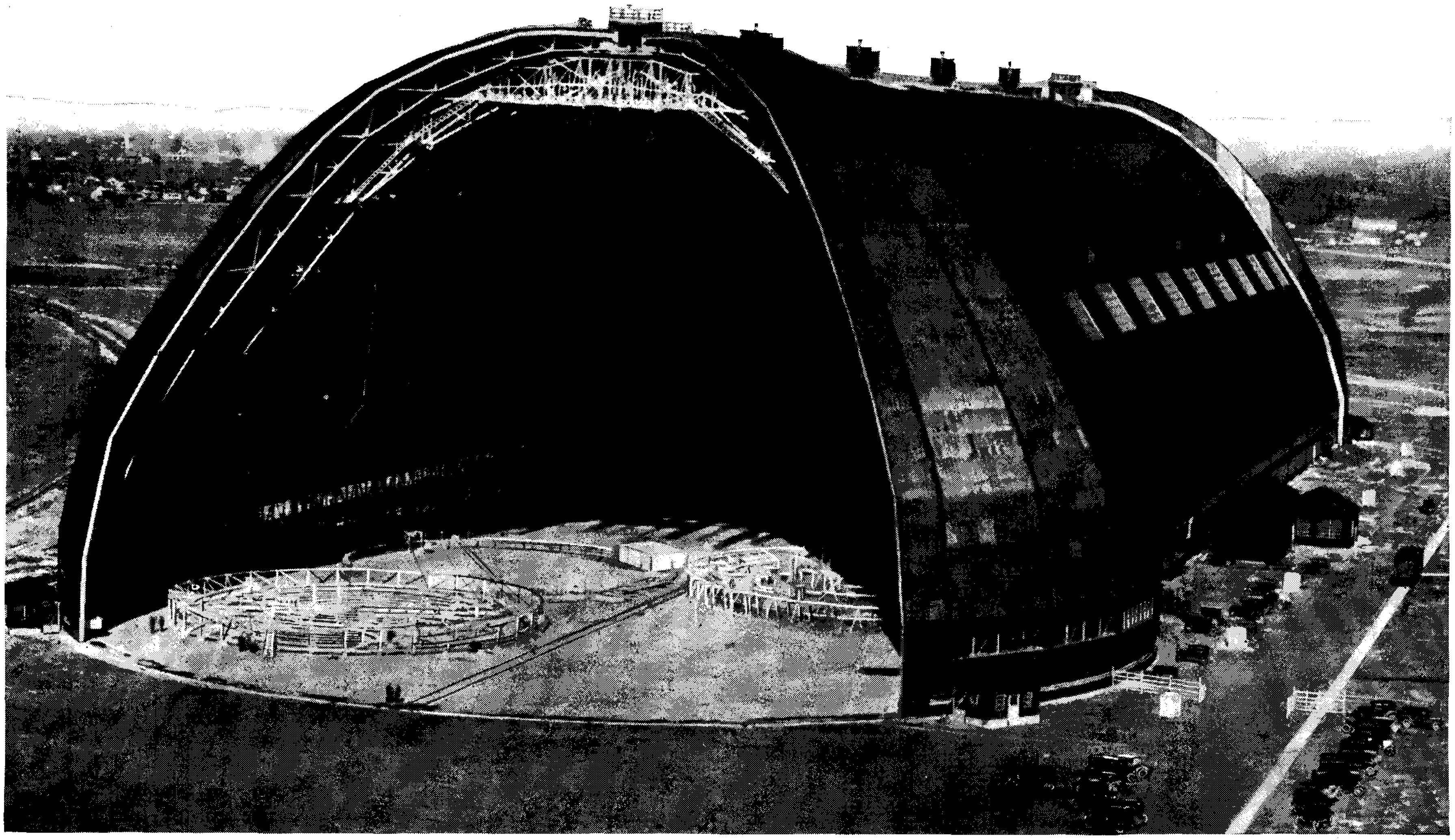
Plimsoll preferred even Gilbert and his cough, as a topic, to a religious lecture on Buddhism.

"That's exactly why I came to you!" Pansy glowed more warmly. "Lal Dass says that Gilbert's cough is just the struggle of his Prisoned Soul to escape from the Wheel of Things. He says that Gilbert's Highest Self is marvelously loose, but it can't free itself from illusions in a place like Lakeport, where even the Swami finds it almost impossible to abstain from effort."

"I'd say," said Plimsoll, "that Gilbert abstains pretty well for a beginner."

"Oh, he does! He's marvelous. But if he didn't have to stay here—if I could just take him on the pilgrimage—"

(*Continued on page 65*)



The new Goodyear Zeppelin dock—the largest building, without internal columns, in the world—is 1,200 feet long!

Shrinking the Seas

Airships have leaped ahead of peace pacts and politics to end forever our isolation. Great plans are written in the skies above the Atlantic and the Pacific; and very soon air liners that dwarf the imagination of a Jules Verne will, like giant silver shuttles, stitch us to Europe and to Asia

By William P. MacCracken, Jr. and W. B. Courtney

EARLY one clear morning in the autumn of 1783 there was such excitement in Philadelphia as was not to be seen there again until the seventh inning of the fourth game in the fall of 1929, when the Athletics scored ten runs to beat Chicago. Eminent gentlemen pulled on their silken hose and buckled their shoes by the lemony light of candles, and strolled out adjusting their greatcoats and tapping their walking sticks on the old town's cobblestones. Lesser folk were already trudging sturdily through the chilly streets. The whole of Philadelphia, it seemed, was afoot in the dawn.

The truth—bearing in mind that the year was 1783, the place Philadelphia—might be a little difficult to believe; however, here it is: Philadelphia had become air-minded.

It was moving out to the first airport in the New World—a vacant lot, where the cobblestones ended—to see the first air meet in American history. Both—airport and air meet—had been arranged by the Philadelphia Philosophical Society, in which Messrs. Rittenhouse and Hopkinson—leading lights, whose renown is commemorated in squares and streets and whatnot of the modern city—comprised a sort of Committee on Aëronautical Affairs.

James Wilcox was the aëronaut. Well, he was not exactly an aëronaut. He was a carpenter. But the building trades in Philadelphia were in the post-war slump, and Mr. Wilcox volunteered his services to the Philadelphia Philosophical Society—for a consideration.

It was only a few months previously—June 5, 1783—that the first balloon ascent in history was accomplished. After successful preliminary tests with toy paper bags, Joseph and Jacques Montgolfier, whose father was a well-known paper manufacturer in France, had built a great bulb of taffeta, decorated it with gaudy pictures and curlicues in oils and set it over a straw fire until the heated air filled and expanded it and bore it aloft for eight minutes, a mile and a half, and a forced landing when its air content cooled. Joseph and Jacques barnstormed all over the old country with their fancy bags, and even put on a show for the king and queen at Versailles.

Royalty was diverted, and the general public guffawed over the nonsense—but the serious thinkers of the world of science were agog. Here was fruition of a pet dream. True, human flight had not yet been achieved; but certain animals had been tethered into the baskets of the various Montgolfier balloons and had survived the flight intact.

Imaginative men had begun to talk—three hundred years before the Montgolfiers—of imprisoning within specially constructed vessels a substance so ethereal, so fairylike and magical, that it would bear the said vessels high and far away into the blue, at the will of the wind—"or the devil," unlettered folk muttered. But the nature of this substance?—that was the secret for which men scratched their heads in vain.

Almost three centuries of head scratching brought mankind no nearer to the realization of lighter-than-air flight than the idea of Mr. Joseph Galian, promulgated in 1755. Beside Mr. Galian's modest proposal the airships of today shrink to toys. Mr. Galian solved the problems of pay-load capacity and lifting agency at once. He was going to build an air giant one mile square whichever way you held the tape measure. Into this vast hollow he was going to collect the celestial atmosphere of the upper regions. Presto—the leviathan would float high above the earth into the pure empyrean vaults. Mr. Galian was stopped before he got started, however, not alone by the fact that he couldn't discover any method of getting the upper regions down into his airship, but also because he didn't know how he could get the airship down again once he got it up.

Following the Montgolfiers two important things had happened: J. A. C. Charles, a French physicist, constructed a balloon of thin silk, and inflated it with hydrogen produced by the action of dilute sulphuric acid upon iron shavings. Next, Monsieur Jean François Pilatre de Rozier, of France, distinguished himself as the first human being to ascend in a balloon. What's more, he descended, too—without being hurt; and the science of aëronautics was ready for its official introduction into America, at Philadelphia.

The light of day and the throng of townfolk broke at once upon the airport, and found the Philadelphia Philosophical Society already there and a-bustle.

Mr. Wilcox, the aëronaut, stood alone and apart and grim as he watched the preparations. Try as he would to take the opportunity of looking heroic in a limelight unusual to a man of his calling and station, he succeeded only in appearing sad.

He felt that somebody ought to shake hands good-by with him. Mr. Wilcox was not familiar with the impersonal abstractedness of scholars. It made him sadder. Then the Philadelphia Philosophical Society cut the rope, and, willy-nilly, Mr. Wilcox was taken off—the first human being to leave the ground in the United States, and stay off; stay off, that is, for a time. Mr. Wilcox might have set an endurance record that would have been much more difficult for future flying men to break, but he rather quickly lost interest as the hydrogen bags expanded in the morning sun and bore him heavenward at a pace that far exceeded his modest Christian hopes. In a panic, he began to puncture the forty-seven gas bags that comprised his balloon, and ten minutes later made a spot landing on the banks of the Delaware, still alive, but already immortal.

Franklin Looks Ahead

Philadelphians enjoyed a hearty laugh over the affair. But just about this time a letter which was an effective answer to the general amusement came to one of its noted citizens from one of its more noted citizens—Benjamin Franklin. Doctor Franklin had witnessed the Montgolfier show at Versailles and described his experience. A pretty duchess had sneered to him: "What good is that thing?"—meaning the balloon.

Doctor Franklin had not answered at once. One hand patting his round little belly, the other pushing his cane absently into the turf, he stood staring with his sleepwalker eyes beyond the most distant horizon. Then, slowly, almost as if to himself, he had remarked: "What good is a baby the day it is born?"

And, like a baby, the science of aërostation has grown, as Doctor Franklin subtly forecast, from phase to phase. It has had a long, long infancy, as befits a giant; and it is still in short trousers, although the whole of Wilcox's flight could probably have been encompassed within a modern airship dock, and although the gone and forgotten scene of Mr. Wilcox's adventure has been touched by the swift shadows of the Los Angeles and the Graf, into either of which thousands of balloons like his could be loosed.

At first, one of the factors that kept men from thinking of balloons as vehicles for human travel was the impossibility of directing the flight. There was another drawback to passenger travel. Every spherical balloon from the moment it is cut loose keeps turning round and round a vertical axis. In dead—that is, windless—air, flight up and down only is possible. When high above the earth where their eyes would not accommodate themselves quickly to changes in altitude, old-time balloonists used a bit of paper to tell whether they were climbing or descending. They would toss the paper free; if it remained seemingly suspended in the air, level with the bag—the balloon was descending. If the paper dropped away, the balloon was ascending. When the wind blew, balloons were quite at its mercy; and while vertical flight could be controlled by means of ballast and a gas valve, horizontal flight was always accidental and aimless.

The First Dirigible—Steam-Driven

The first attempt to make a dirigible—which means steerable—balloon was an Englishman's use of hand-operated, silk-covered oars. The deviations from wind direction thus accomplished were small, but inspired the thought of mechanical power and rudder control. In 1852 Henri Giffard, of France, was daring enough to use a small steam engine in conjunction with an inflammable gas balloon.

A spherical balloon even with an engine could not move in a straight line through the air. Its shape offered too much head resistance; partial vacuums, constantly created, kept sucking the bag from one side to another; it would blop along in short, sickening zigzags. The idea of a cigar- or fish-shaped balloon was advanced; the air would stream away evenly along its lines without turbulence or flight-checking eddies. It was found that a fish-shaped bag would buckle and fold, however, in variable wind currents. There came two improvements: the semi-rigid ship, with a single metal keel running throughout the ship to assist in the preservation of its shape; then the fully rigid skeleton of aluminum.

By the eighties the French had built the La France and driven it at fourteen miles an hour through the air. More important, to those of you who will be soon traveling by airship, the La France, on five out of seven flights, was able to return to its starting point. This was an astonishing demonstration, and constituted the first real progress toward commercial flying.

Of all the later experimenters, Count Zeppelin's work is best known to the American public, partly because present plans for the use of airships have taken vaster form and greater hold in this country than elsewhere. The most romantic and interesting twist to his story, however, is not so well known. Count Zeppelin got his early inspirations in the United States.

At the age of twenty he came to this country and joined the Federals in the Civil War. General McClellan had formed a balloon corps in his army. He attached the young German to it, and Zeppelin made several flights as an observer. When he returned home his flame was burning solely for military aëronautics. By 1900 he had built a Zeppelin which flew for twenty minutes; in 1906 he was flying at thirty miles an hour, under full control; and in 1907, at thirty-six.

After the war airships entered into a spectacular phase of their development and history. A British dirigible made the round trip from England to New York and back in 1919 under General Maitland of the Royal Flying Corps. The casualness of this trip, its freedom from trouble or anxiety, made a profound impression upon the American public.

Big Business Plans for the Future

Then a Zeppelin, renamed the Los Angeles, was flown to this country and turned over to our navy under the terms of the Versailles Treaty. For six years now the navy has cruised the Los Angeles up and down and round about the country, until its entrancingly beautiful shape is a familiar sight to all Americans and has etched a message of confidence and promise in all our skies.

Now great corporations are busy in this country with preliminary experiments, both in flight and in construction, or are in process of formation; all with definite and comprehensive plans for commercial passenger and cargo service. The latest announcement covers an Atlantic service between Europe and our Eastern seaboard under the direction of Dr. Hugo Eckener and financed by important American firms, among them National City Bank and United Aircraft.

But great plans for dirigible passenger service are not exclusively American; in several instances foreign steamship companies are backing the newer and faster method of overseas transportation. The Hamburg-American Line is identified with the German Zeppelins. It has announced a series of tours, around the Mediterranean at Easter, to Brazil in May, and to Norway at the time of the midnight sun this summer. The British Government has planned to use airships as swift bonds for its far-flung empire—Canada, Egypt, India and Australia will be terminal points for a network of communication bands along which a great fleet of air leviathans will be in constant motion. The R-100 and the R-101, now being tested in England, will be the flagships of this skyways flotilla. And it is common report in British aëronautical circles that after the government has built the ships, and inaugurated the services, leading steamship lines will take over the management.

It is a far cry from Count Zeppelin's first balloon ascension in America in 1861 or thereabouts to the comforts and soul-filling delights of modern airship travel; it is a long step from the lovely shores of Lake Constance, home aerie of the Zeppelins, to the drab prairies of Ohio; but American industry and enterprise had accomplished this romantic feat in 1923 when the Goodyear Rubber Company of Akron secured the American patent rights to Zeppelin construction.

In 1926—that year when so much legislation of value to the future of

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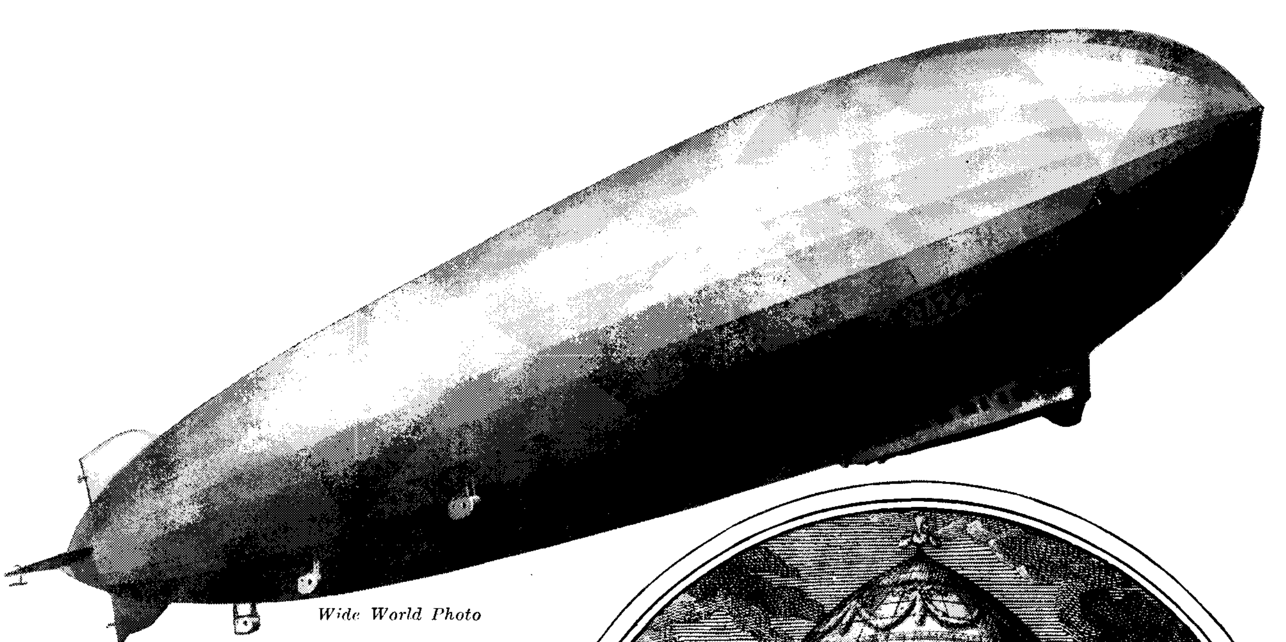
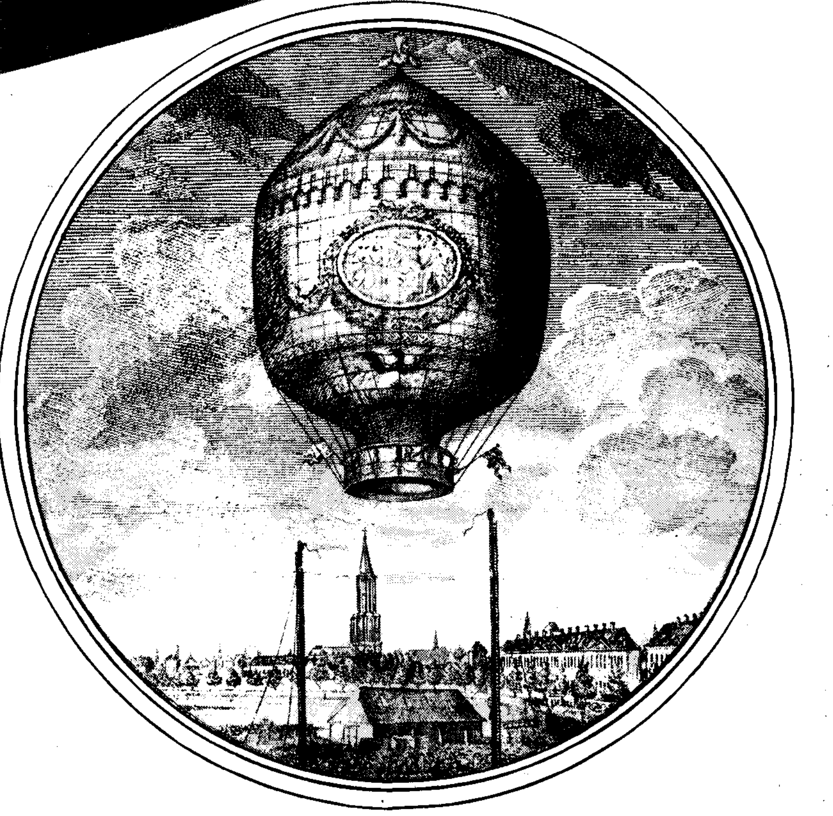
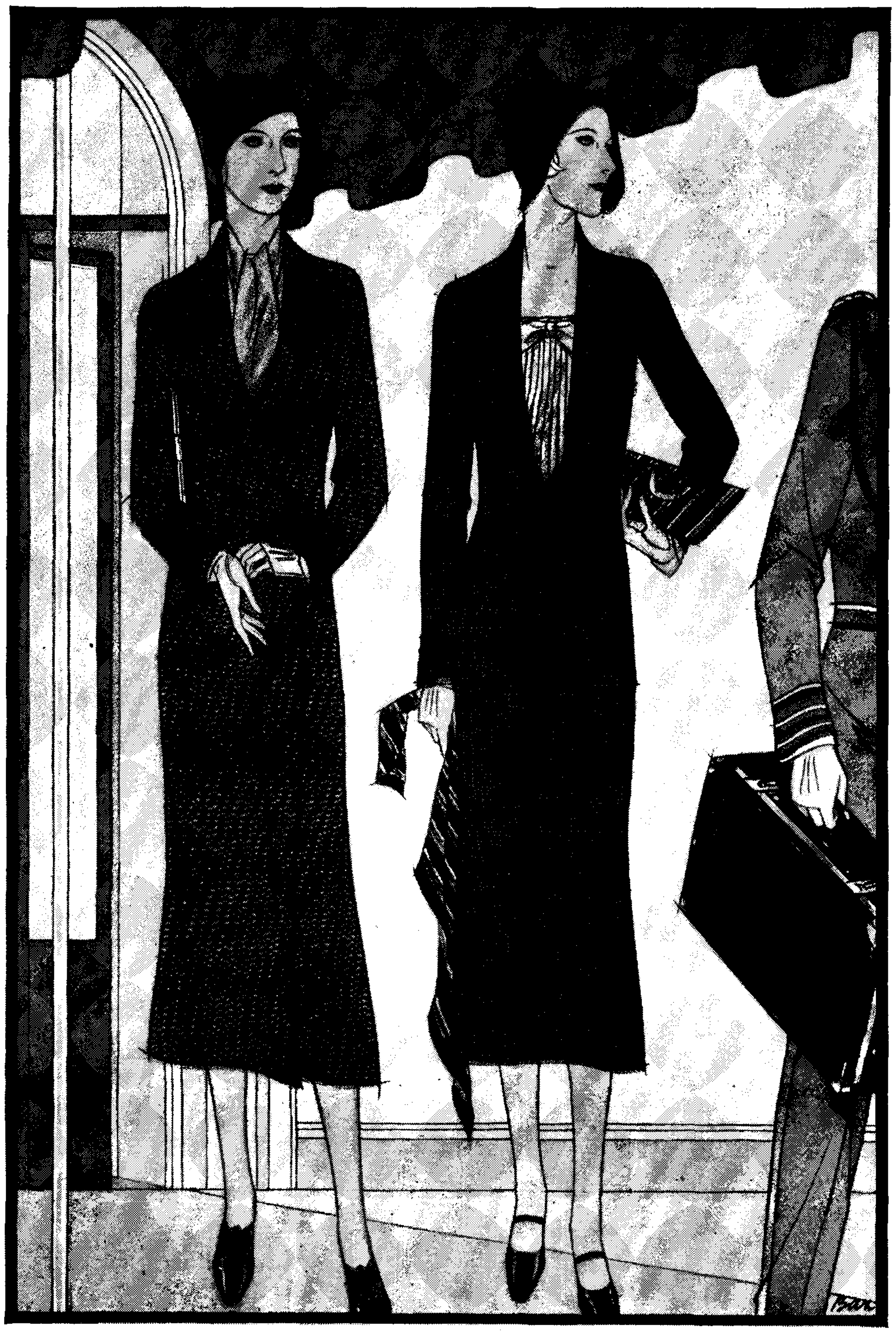


Wide World Photo

The Graf Zeppelin, arriving over Lakehurst at the end of its world tour, setting a new world's record for the trip around the globe



The test of the Montgolfier balloon at Versailles, in 1783, from an old engraving. Filled with heated air, it remained aloft for eight minutes



A flecked tweed coat and a suit of novelty woolen that are trim and travelworthy

Illustrated by Ben-Hur Baz

Traveling in Style

By Aimee Larkin

Whether you're becoming one of those much maligned American tourists abroad this summer, or staying home and seeing America first, you'll want travel clothes that know how to travel. Miss Larkin, Associate Editor and Collier's style adviser, tells you what they should and shouldn't be

THERE were two women on the boat who couldn't be overlooked. Jerry, always inventing names for people he didn't know, called them Rosie Blousy and La Femme Fatale. Rosie had no figure and very little face worth mentioning. Her rival for the public eye had a lot of both. Rosie seemed to have less money than the average; the other woman couldn't have looked richer if she'd bedecked herself with fifty-dollar bills. The one point they shared was an inordinate love of variety.

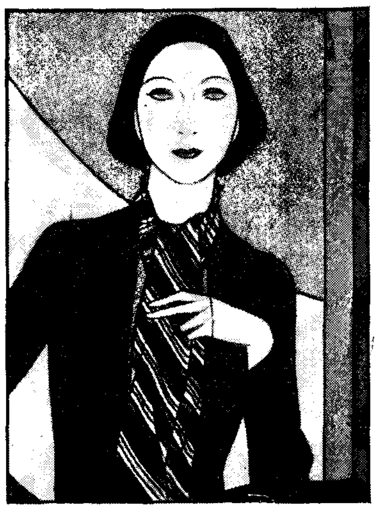
Rosie had a single skirt—rather too single for the moment's mode—and blouses in every shade of the rainbow, real and synthetic. Every time you turned round, she popped out with a new one. La Femme Fatale didn't pop; she sailed. And every sailing must have cost up in the hundreds. Rosie, as it afterward turned out, was a translator of note. She wasn't trying to attract attention; she was joyously expressing her restless, multilingual self. So the ship excused her. Indeed, we came to have a sort of affection for the dumpy little person with the intelligent eyes who didn't know Paris existed except as a place to meet publishers. But La Femme Fatale couldn't be forgiven so lightly. She was just plain showing off.

"Ships," said Jerry, "are places for the cleverest clothes a woman has—sports clothes and evening clothes. But the idea, as I see it, is to stay on deck as much as possible. This perpetual diving into your cabin and coming up for air in a new outfit is all wrong. Any woman who has crossed even once with her eyes open knows that she's supposed to spend sufficient time in the morning to pick out a good-looking costume, and, unless the weather changes, she's due to wear these same things till dinner time. I'm a bachelor—so what I don't know about women hasn't been written."

Green is a 1930 Color

Planning clothes for a voyage this year, and planning them so they'll pass the most critical gallery of Jerrys and Geraldines, is going to be exceptionally good fun, because there are such nice things to be had in such satisfying variety. Nothing will be smarter or more useful as the *pièce de résistance* on shipboard than one of the new lightweight tweed or novelty jersey suits—tweed, of course, means anything in the informal woolen class, since the word is so elastic that it now covers the whole family.

Green is a color marked 1930. Blue with white is ideally trim and nautical, besides being heavily in the mode. Beige and brown are classic—and with a touch of the new bittersweet, which is the yellow red of the bittersweet berry, they'll forecast fall, 1930. Black with white is always smart, especially for the young, chic woman who wears it with a certain dash, or the older woman who knows what it can do for gray hair. By all means, then, let us get a light tweed suit, keeping this color range in mind, and giving our two-piece costume a certain versatility with as many sweaters as we think we can afford.



Costumes from R. H. Macy & Company

Let's suppose we choose the green tweed; our sweaters are beige, pale green, perhaps even yellow if the tweed is that kind of green. Our shoes are of brown leather with a low leather heel, the regulation sports shoes of walking type. (Be sure to break them in before the trip unless you want to be a deck-chair wallflower!) As such shoes don't change with the mode, take polish beautifully, stand up under hard service and will be just as good a year from now as they are today, we can afford to pay top price and consider we've made a good investment.

Our stockings should be beige, in plain lisle, light-weight woolen, or silk that stops short of decided sheerness. Our gloves are always washable, of white doeskin, fabric, or light natural chamois. (And for heaven's sake don't get them tight.) Our hat of soft brown felt should be of a quality that doesn't balk at rolling up and going into a pocket. It should have a little brim, a grosgrain band and, this year, it may add a tiny feather fancy of the kind we used to tuck into our sports hats long ago.

Naturally we'll need a topcoat. The ideal course of action is to get a four-piece costume in the first place, so that the topcoat matches the suit. But, as all of us aren't so lucky as to find this sort of thing, a coat in the good old beige and brown tweed will do to go over the green tweed suit, since greens that don't match will be sure to fight.

Sailing South

Such a coat is really smarter without fur, using a scarf instead for extra warmth, but many women want the fur not only for protection but because it makes a flattering frame, and shipboard faces occasionally need a kind word. If fur is chosen, it must be of an informal type—not flat like caracul nor fine and silky like fox, but with a texture that responds to the roughness of tweed. The beige-brown coat looks well with a wolverine collar; this is a gorgeous shade of brown with a lighter streak that should come at the outer edge. It will be smart for regular country wear next autumn, as well as for steamer coats at the moment. Choosing fur for the coat of black and white tweed is admittedly difficult, but the so-called "belly of skunk" that comes in pure white will be found very effective, and so will wolf. As blue and white tweed is almost always worn by a younger woman, we'll give our third coat no fur at all, but suggest a scarf in blue and white jersey—half blue, half white.

But not all sea trips take us across cool and bracing oceans; those who travel south can't stride about in tweeds. For such a voyage, no color scheme is smarter at the moment than blue and white, and no material is better for the short-sleeved dress than shirting silk. A blue coat sweater that can do duty for golf later on, a scarf to go with it, a blue béret—or a little blue felt with a brim, if one is definitely not built on béret lines—white low-heeled buckskin or canvas shoes of pump, strap or Oxford type, white washable gloves—and even should we appear in this costume or others built on exactly the same lines for days on end, from dawn till dinner time, those who know the mode at sea will approve of us, and we'd get no nicknames from Jerry.

If we go in for deck games—whether tennis on the transatlantic liners or shuffleboard on a coastwise ship—we'll need regulation sports shoes with heels even lower than walking height and soles of crêpe rubber. Nothing looks

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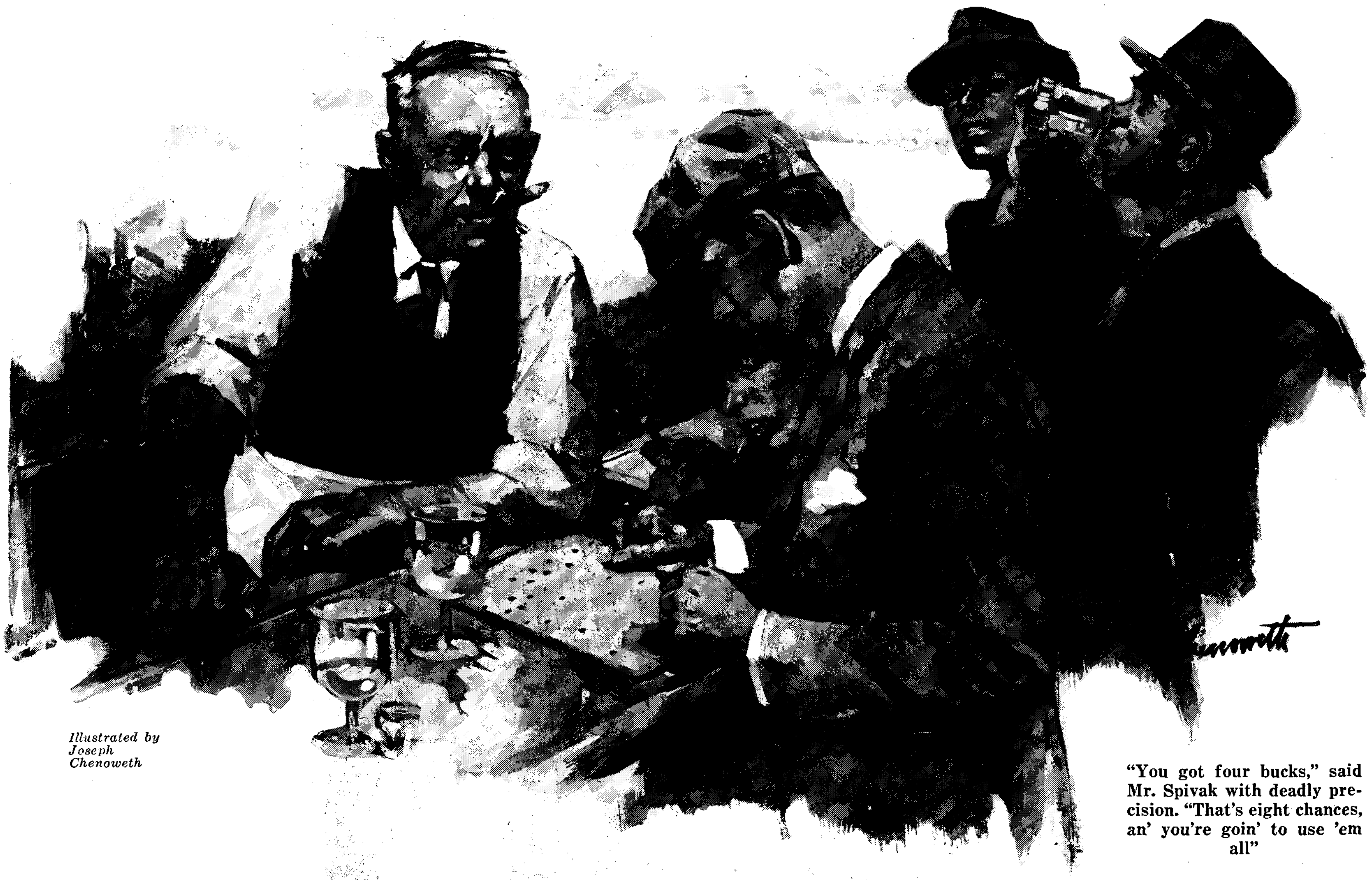


Illustrated by Joseph Chenoweth

"You got four bucks," said Mr. Spivak with deadly precision. "That's eight chances, an' you're goin' to use 'em all"

Punch, Brother, Punch

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By F. R. Buckley

HE HAD blue eyes, still filled with the wonder of the tall buildings uptown; he was obviously no more than twenty-two; and how he came to be in that particular speak-easy at 11 P. M. was a puzzle that even Slippery Jim Hawks gave up at sight. Not that Spivak's place hid its light under a bushel, or even behind curtains. It had been a saloon before prohibition, it was a saloon now, and if you didn't like that, you knew what you could do about it; but as a saloon situated at 11430 North Railroad Avenue it expected to be patronized only by those whose business lay along such nefarious byways. Of whom the young stranger emphatically was not one; so emphatically, indeed, that his entrance produced a sensation during which Tony Spivak served him a glass of beer with no comment beyond a fixed and glassy stare. It may be remarked that this stare, coming from between red eyebrows and a blue jowl, had ere this made whisky-truckmen cringe; but the young man in the garments of gray homespun and innocence was quite unaffected. Smiling, he remarked that it was a nice evening; and, warmed by that smile as a rattlesnake is warmed by the sun of spring, Mr. Spivak emerged from his trance to lean across the bar on a hairy forearm.

"HOW *ju* get here?" he demanded inauspiciously.

"Just walked," said the young man. "The excursion goes back to Hoopoe tomorrow, an' I wanted to see all of the city I could. So I kind of wandered farther and farther until thinks I to me, 'Gosh, I could drink a nice cool glass of beer!' And there was your place, spang across the street. I always *was* lucky."

Hop-Head Harris, whose hearing had suffered in his last third degree, demanded to know what he said, and, informed, burst into yells of mirth. The young man, eying him, choked on the remainder of his drink, put down his glass, and made motions to depart.

"WELL, good night, gents," he was saying nervously, when Mr. Spivak's bar-wet, hamlike hand closed on his wrist.

"Fifty cents," said Mr. Spivak hoarsely, and retained his grip while changing a five-dollar bill. "An' say. Bein' as you're always lucky, here's somethin' that'll interest you."

"W—what—?"

"It's a punch-board," said Mr. Spivak, concentrating his stare. "See? You punch them holes in—see? Fifty cents a time—see? First prize, a ten-buck gole piece; secon', a wris' watch; third, a two-se'nty-fi' fount'n pen—see?"

It was a punch-board of the bigger and better kind. In its vast expanse, the prizes must have felt lonely.

"I—I don't believe I'd be interested," said the young man, but was assured by Mr. Spivak that he would.

"Here's the watch an' the fount'n pen," elaborated the latter, producing these articles with one hand only, "an' the gole piece is right yonder in the till. Now go ahead an' win 'em. I'll take this fifty cen—"

He stopped. The young man, lunging boardward in blind frenzy, had indubitably, unmistakably and visibly, to the crowding customers, won the wrist watch valued at five-seventy-five. This, together with his four dollars change, and in the confusion caused by the award of a choral raspberry to Mr. Spivak, he gathered up and bore doorward.

"Well, gents," he said for the second time that night, "good—"

"Cummere," said Mr. Spivak, enforcing his command. "Say. You think you're gonna walk outa here with a fi'-dollar-se'nty-fi'-cent clock fer fifty cents? You that was braggin' your luck? No. You're lucky, an' you're gonna play your luck—see? Gimme that dollar bill. Thass right. Now punch."

"I haven't got much m-money."

"You got four bucks," said Mr. Spivak with deadly precision. "That's eight chances, an' you're gonna use 'em all. After that I'm gonna lend you two bucks on the ticker, an' you're gonna punch that. You're lucky, you are. Whatcha do? Punch a blank? Well, that's h—"

There was a terrible silence. Hop-Head Harris, whose eyes had suffered at the same time as his ears, implored somebody to assure him that the jay hadn't won the ten dollars. But it was even so. Mr. Spivak made it official.

"I'm goin' round that counter," he said carnivorously, "an' I'm gonna *give* you yer ten bucks. In fifty-cent pieces—see? This is a square game—see?—an' you're gonna *play* it square. You're lucky, you are. Now lemme see you play your luck prop'ly."

Within half a minute five half-dollars of the twenty had returned to the place whence they came; and then something went urgently wrong with the beer pump. It was while Mr. Spivak—departing with a hasty injunction to the crowd—was at the other end of the counter fixing it that the young man won the fountain pen; and it was just as Mr. Spivak was returning posthaste with a bung-starter and an indistinguishable howl that mellifluous if heavy bass voices were heard holding converse in the vestibule.

"After you, Rafferty."

"Go ahead yersilf, Sweeney dear, an' to hell wit' politeness. I've a t'roat on me like a lime-burner's wig, an'—"

Two vast policemen entered.

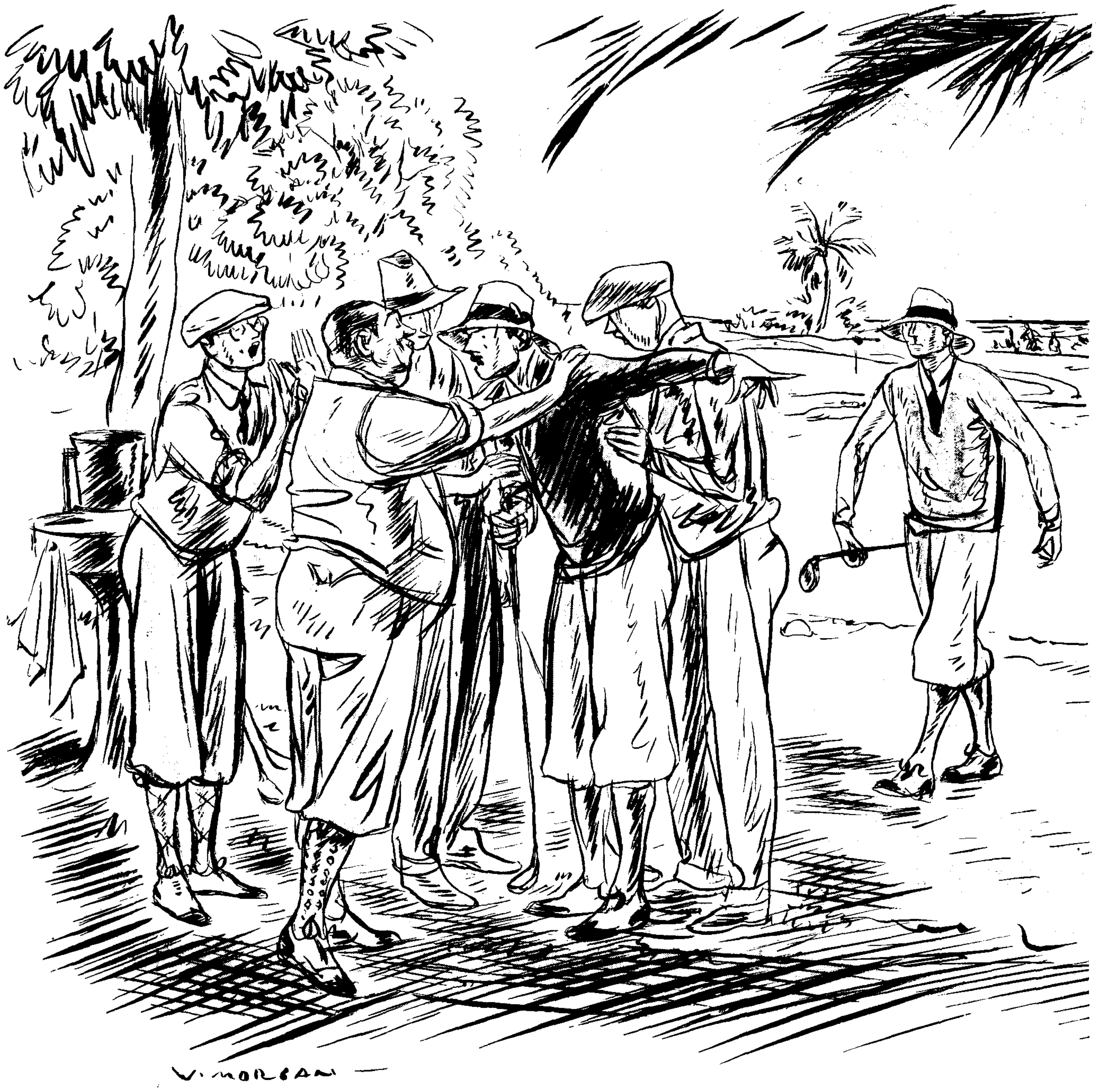
FOR a moment they stood astonished to see their ofttime host, Mr. Spivak, poised on one leg and the verge of apoplexy; and in that moment they saw a young man in a gray suit put into one pocket a fountain pen, into another a wrist watch, and into a third a cascade of half dollars.

The young man then walked to a position between themselves and the door and turned. He seemed to have passed recently through some experience trying to the nerves; and both Rafferty and Sweeney wondered that he remained so polite. For:

"S'funny," said he with a placatory giggle—"my luck, I mean."

At a strange falsetto sound from Mr. Spivak, he placed a hand hastily on the door jamb.

"Well, gents," he said for the third and last time that evening, "good night!"



All Square Again

A comedy of the fairway, containing a few tears (possibly) and some valuable suggestions for the humble members of the large and unprosperous Dub Fraternity

IT IS with genuine pleasure that I step forward and announce to a waiting world the news that Mr. Duke Marmion, of Number Twelve Alhambra Terrace, East Montrose, is not dead and is not going to drop off. I mean to say he is not going to die for at least twenty-five years, and I speak with the voice of authority, having behind me the professional opinion of George and Archie. George says: "They will have to kill that bird with an ax, and then sit on his grave."

Archie merely states that the Duke is doing nicely. He will be well and strong within six months, back again among his comrades, the brown-skinned athletes of the Hudson Hill Country Club, and the quiet-mannered grave digger over beyond the Ridge may as well lay aside his shovel, as far as Duke Marmion is concerned.

It would be futile to deny that the Duke gave us a fright, for he was within two winks of joining the great majority. For days and days he lay within a short mashie pitch of the heavenly portals, and I am firmly convinced that with one more week of the prevailing and vicious inaction, the Duke would have holed out. George grins and denies the charge, but you cannot believe George.

In the locker-room the members are inclined to say that modern science saved Mr. Marmion, but I shall always hand the credit to Grover T. Jones, president of the Hudson Hill Country Club. Grover pushed aside the sable mantle just in time, and if Duke Marmion has ordinary gratitude, he will walk into a sporting goods shop and buy Grover an elk-skin bag full of matched irons—that is, if he regards his life as a thing of value. Inasmuch as there are still resident in East Montrose certain persons who are wondering why a precious human life was trifled with, I may as well draw aside the curtain.

The gentlemen to blame, and I would swear to it in court upon a stack of Bibles, are Archie and George. Archie is about sixty per cent to blame and George about forty. Besides being the culprits in the pathetic case of the Duke, these two are probably the best surgeons that ever honed a scalpel, snatched a shrieking tonsil from its lair, or fiddled with a declining pulse. At least, they are the best in Southern California, where their fame spreads over the mountains and valleys. Persons of discrimination who have anything, always have Archie and George if they can get them, although the cost is terrifying.

Dr. Day, otherwise Archie, is noted as a marvelous carver of human anatomy and knows unfailingly just where to make the first notch upon a shrinking stomach. Dr. George Weaver is equally famous as a diagnostician and indicator of places to open up. Nobody can fool George by having a pain in one place and a disorder somewhere else. The two life-savers are friendly enemies and have been working together for years and years, squabbling almost continually, gadding about the countryside upon missions of mercy, saving this extreme case and that one, and dashing into hospitals to help out other surgeons who get into the rough with a desperate case and howl for assistance.

Dr. George Weaver is a calm man, inclined to the ways of peace. When he pokes his finger into an anguished stomach, he does it in a calm manner, and in his quiet voice asks Dr. Day to hone up and proceed in a southerly direction.

ARCHIE, on the other hand, is a wild and roaring surgeon, excitable to a most alarming degree, "a bull in a china shop," the very last person in the world, apparently, to be trusted with a sharp knife and an unsuspecting patient's aching abdomen. He has a violent temper and his normal manner is turbulent, except when he is at work, bending over some poor dodo with a bullet in his exact middle, or a set of pipes that have frozen solid from a steady flow of bootleg gin. Then Dr. Archie quiets down.

They make a splendid team of hard-working, conscientious physicians, laboring in the vineyard to reduce human suffering, charging high prices to some and nothing to others, battling over their private affairs and using language that would peel the paint off a red barn.

Sundays, they play golf.

They play golf regularly, every Sunday morning, at Hudson Hill, our own lovely course, and when they start off together, it is always doubtful if they will return alive, for the battle begins even before they step to the first tee. War starts in the locker-room, with Archie calling George pet names and reminding him of some nasty thing that occurred on the preceding Sunday. They are old-timers in the club, and have belonged since the far early days when golf was in the same category with drinking Jamaica ginger secretly and peeking through windows at night.

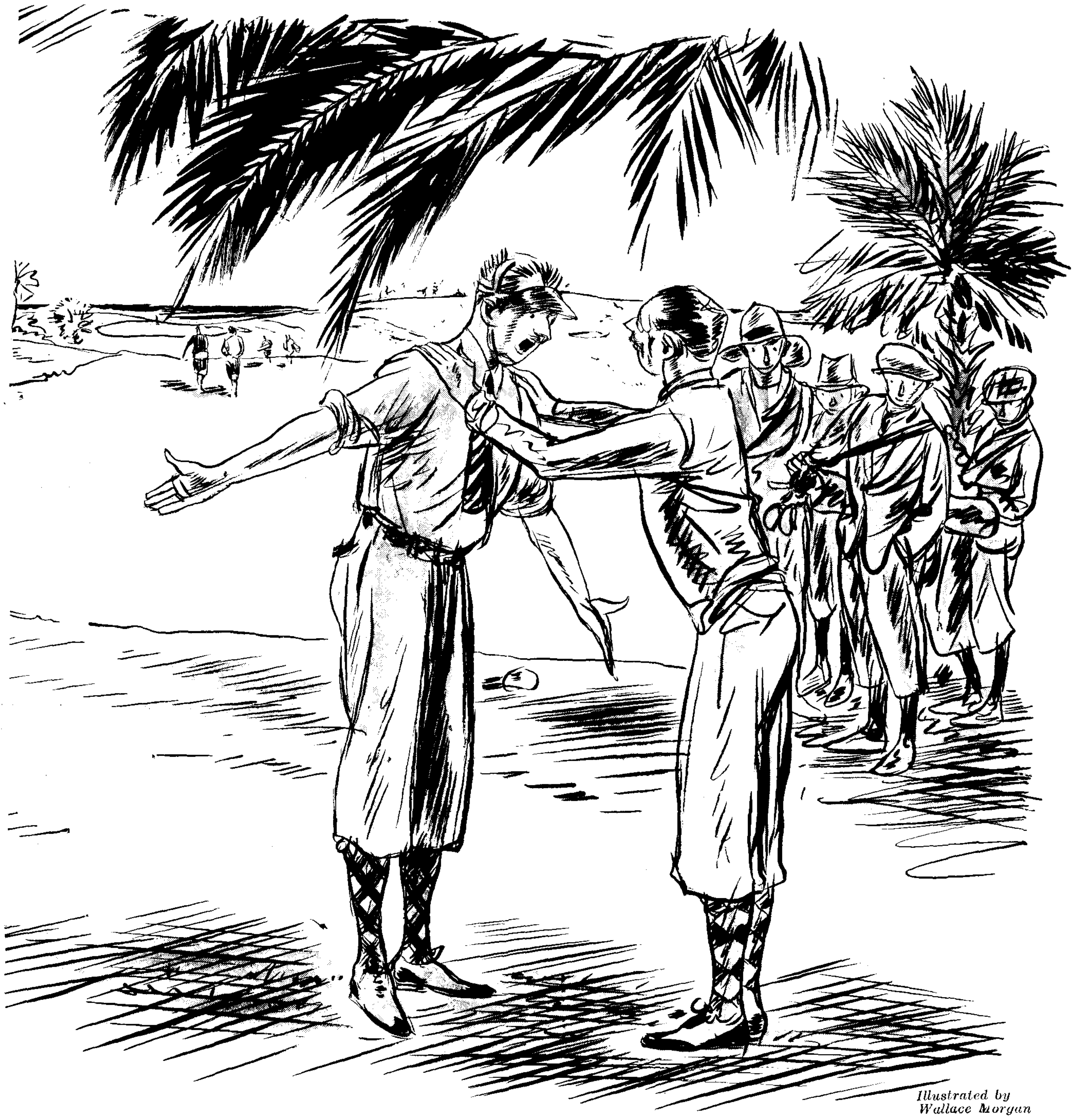
Sunday is their lone day of recreation, a time for limbering up muscles that have become stiff with bending over worn-out citizens, and for years Archie has defeated George. He has become accustomed to this delightful state of affairs. He always wins. George always loses, or almost always, and is resigned. He can locate an obstreperous gallstone or a floating kidney with uncanny precision, but not a sloping green, or a broad fairway, and so it is always George Weaver who pays off at Hudson Hill toward noon of each Sunday. He is invariably cheerful about it. He does not roar his discomfiture, but settles quietly, peeling the money out of a yellow billfold.

On the other hand, if Archie loses to George, which happens once in a blue moon, his pitiful moanings can be heard by the residents of Baffin Bay, and the club manager generally has to shut doors here and there so that ladies will not be shocked. . . .

In the midst of a quiet summer season Duke Marmion, one of our popular and valued members, commenced slowing up and having mysterious pains. The Duke is in the lumber business and manufactures bedsteads and caskets on the side, so as to use up his lumber the more rapidly. A normally ruddy man, and heavy, he began to take on a pallid appearance, and when he walked down the first fairway he dragged. The spring departed from his step and his brisk manner fled.

THREE times within a single month he was forced to give up his golf game and desert his partners, walking home slowly, leaving financially entangled associates to swear at his retreating figure. Of course, they didn't know the Duke was ill. He was called a quitter, a coward and various bad names, but he merely grunted. In the course of time he spoke to his wife, a bright little lady with an anxious eye.

"Maybe I better have a talk with George," he said, sitting down heavily in his home.



"Come on, George," said President Grover Jones, laughing. "Go on out there and play golf." "Not with a detective-hirer," George said

By Frank Condon

"I think so," agreed Mrs. Marmion, who had been apprehensive for many days.

"Call him up," suggested the Duke, and Dr. George, upon being called up, asked a few questions, some of them jocular, and ordered the Duke to run into town in the morning. Chauffeured by his anxious spouse, who was almost as pale as the Duke, he arrived at the Mercy Hospital, favored by George and Archie, and within twenty minutes those worthies were leaning over him with a look of inquiry. Mrs. Marmion, left in an outer room, walked to and fro, making marks in her palms with her fingernails. Dr. George fiddled gently and hummed a piece he had recently heard in a talking picture.

"Have any pains here?" he asked, punching lightly, and the Duke instantly howled and replied that he had plenty of pains there.

"Hum," said George. "You better stay in bed a while and rest up. A good long rest won't do you any harm, Dukie."

Mr. Marmion grumbled and said he felt so bad it didn't matter what happened to him. Mrs. Marmion was presently notified that her beloved husband would remain for observation, and when she went home to East Montrose, she was looking extremely blue, and an occasional teardrop splattered down upon the upholstery of the new sedan.

In their private den, where they smoked offensive cigars, Doctors George and Archie conferred, George expressing the belief that the Duke was in grievous disrepair and had some tough going ahead. Their patient was on the shadowy slope of fifty and, as they knew, had been treating his insides with marked disrespect for many a moon.

IT WAS George's offhand impression, to be verified later, that the Duke bore about with him a number of large and threatening gallstones; that the Marmion appendix would kill him single-handed if left to ferment for another month; that his liver might as well be out in the family garage for all the good it was doing its owner; and that his kidneys would probably bear, when examined, close resemblance to a motorman's glove, furry side out.

Archie looked quite serious.

"He'll probably require two major operations," George stated, using surgical expressions to clarify the thought, "and maybe a few little ones. I am not sure about his stomach. We will let him linger here a while, so we can look him over."

"Very well," Archie agreed, knowing that when George decided to look a patient over, that was what should be done.

Consequently, Mr. Duke Marmion of East Montrose and Hudson Hill went into temporary retirement in the quiet halls of Mercy Hospital and was not at all interested in his own future. He displayed no anxiety over whether he would live or die, but inquired if he could keep his Boston bull with him at night. This modest request was granted.

Noiseless nurses padded to and fro, peering in at his Dukeship, taking his temperature at odd moments and making written reports for Dr. George, who came prowling each day, moving along gradually toward a series of operations that would remove virtually all of the Duke's mechanism with the possible exception of his Adam's apple. These prosy matters were without interest to the patient, who, propped up on a pillow, spent his time trying to count the number of small squares in a large square on the ceiling.

Dr. George Weaver is not the chap to rush into anything, and when Duke Marmion arrived at Mercy Hospital to have his inventory taken, he was a serious thing to rush into. Following a hard day of toil, Dr. Weaver returned to his home for the evening meal, and was greeted by his young son, George, age nineteen, who was in a state of blithe excitement.

"I got a job," declared young George.

"Good," responded old George. "What is it?"

"With the Wire Fence Corporation," said the lad.

Dr. Weaver remarked that there was probably a great future for persons in the wire fence business, but betrayed no further excitement over the new job until a morning or two later, when he discovered his offspring in the act of rising. It was six o'clock of a chill morning, a morning that might tempt a youngish lad to remain warmly between the covers. An habitual early riser himself, old George stared hard at his progeny, who had never hitherto shown interest in the dawn.

"WHAT is the idea of getting up in the middle of the night?" he asked, toweling himself vigorously in the doorway of his son's bedroom. "What kind of a wire fence job would this be?"

"Well, Dad," the boy exclaimed, "some of the clerks over in my new office like to play golf, and so do I. They play nine holes every morning before work. They invited me to join in. We find we can play exactly nine holes and still get to the office on time, but, of course, we have to get up."

"Not a bad idea at all," Dr. Weaver remarked. "In fact, rather neat. Why wouldn't it be all right if I went along and played with you?"

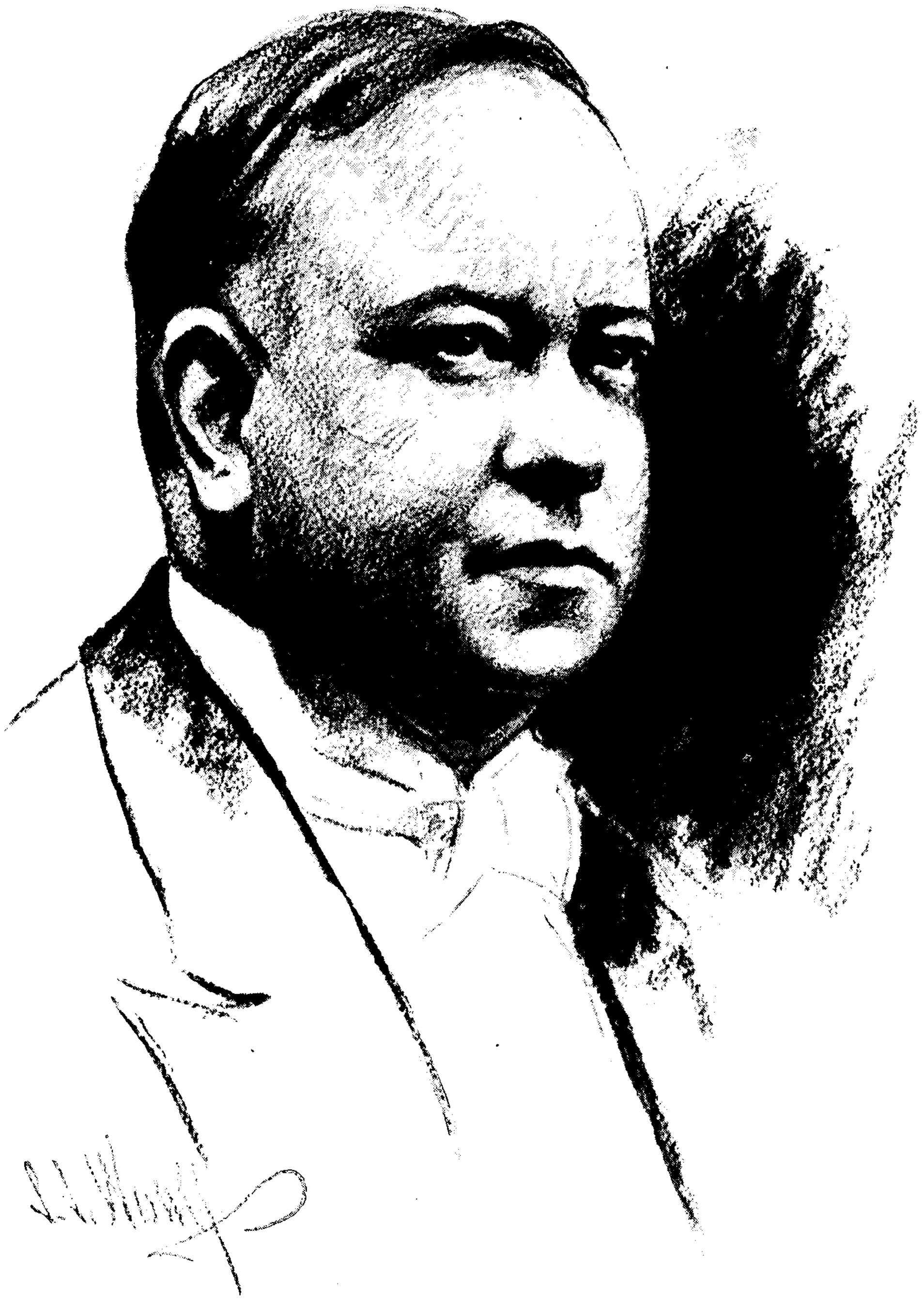
"O. K., Dad," the boy cried. "We'll be glad to have you." And thus it came about that one of our most eminent California surgeons joined in with office workers and played an early morning nine holes at the City Golf Course, which is owned by the municipality. At dawn the City Course is not crowded, but later in the day death stalks abroad amid flying golf balls and any ball you see is your ball, if you see it in time.

Dr. Weaver played pleasantly with young gentlemen from the wire fence company and soon found the early morning exercise was doing him good. He felt full of life. His appetite improved. To his astonishment his game improved through steady play and he gave the young men plenty of opposition. . . .

Duke Marmion, now apparently a permanent resident of Mercy Hospital, was visited daily by Dr. George, who kept prodding at him, usually hitting a sore place, listening to his heart murmur and otherwise preparing to take Duke over the hurdles, and either kill him or cure him. Mrs. Duke was slowly heading for a nervous breakdown, and George said he would prepare a cot for her at the hospital if she didn't stop fretting. He continued to play daylight golf several times a week at the City Golf Course and found his youthful mates courteous, kindly and considerate of an elderly dub, in striking contrast with his withering Sunday game.

On the following Sunday he appeared at Hudson Hill at the usual hour, adjusted his eyeshade and greeted Archie.

(*Continued on page 59*)



Toot Sweet

B. A. Rolfe puffed through life as a cornetist, circus trouper, rodeo impresario, laundryman and movie producer before becoming one of the biggest (that's right) orchestra leaders on Broadway

By John B. Kennedy

"HEY, Rube!" sounds like an innocent epithet, or, at least, mild mockery. A youngster with full, red cheeks and wide, blue eyes found out, when he first heard the phrase, that it was a war cry!

The lad had wandered from home with a cornet—home being a Laurentian townlet between Malone and Watertown in New York State. The cornet was brightened brass, reflecting his pudgy lips as he blew it and bearing on its bell an inscription that attested its being awarded to Benjamin Albert Rolfe for his proficiency in a contest at the county fair. He won the prize for cornet solos, but nothing has ever been heard of the prize awarded to those who went through the ordeal of judging the contest.

This honor stirred ambition and stimulated an inherited lust to wander. He found himself near Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, in circus-time. The circus was Sparks'—and Benny Rolfe joined it. The manager hired him with an idea of developing him as a sideshow fat boy. But when he heard Benny blow the bugle and rip off piercing scales on his cornet, he made him triple in brass—as wagon-herald, concert after-piece performer and musical clown.

On his second day out Benny, thrilled at becoming an accepted trouper, was too inexperienced to note the worried faces of the circus help as miners from neighboring towns thronged the lot. To old-timers, this meant trouble. An urge to practical fun throbs no less in the breasts of hardy miners than in the hearts of dashing college boys. When the college boys stage a knockabout party it's called a prank; when miners go gay it's called disorderly conduct and rioting. Which is about right.

Circus-time brought blossoms on the trees and an urge to raise Cain in the back-country miners. They descended on the camp of band and animal wagons circling the big top. Benny Rolfe approached the tattooed foreman of the outfit and asked this burly gentleman what all the tough-looking customers implied.

"Run along and blow your horn," growled the foreman.

"Hey, Rube!"

Benny Rolfe didn't run along. He mooched around, waiting for the three-ring show to end, and the post-performance concert, in which he was billed as the great European sensation and favorite of crowned heads. He became aware of something more than the usual applause in the tent. There were shouts and screams, and a handful of amateur clowns gave chase to a handful of professionals. Soon he saw men fighting violently and heard from circus performers of both sexes as they ran into the scattered fights, "Hey, Rube! Hey, Rube!"

He laid his cornet behind a feed-box cover and aided a group of helpers to pull out circus stakes. They armed him with one of these and he joined them in advancing on the embattled miners. There were cracked bones and bleeding noses—and a rush of police and firemen with hoses. Benny found all else blurred until he awoke in a wagon with the tough, tattooed foreman pouring brandy down his throat. He had been unresponsive to water.

"That impulsive fighting on the part of a perfectly peaceful boy got me accepted as a regular circus roustabout. Whenever I heard the cry, 'Hey, Rube!' I knew that it meant to arms with circus spikes."

"Acquitting yourself well, no doubt?" we suggested.

"No, no," said Mr. Rolfe deprecatingly. "The first experience was enough. Thereafter when the cry arose I behaved with the utmost discretion. I hid in the nearest saloon until firing ceased.

"To that foresight I attribute the fact that I am alive today—without apparent loss of limb or avoirdupois."

Yet, while observing the rule of safety first during those exciting days in the Pennsylvania coal fields, he took note of other things, especially the continuous epic of One-Eared Bill Yardsley, the great teamster of the Sparks circus.

One-Eared Bill was an impresario—of sorts. It was his function to ballyhoo the concert after the main show. Bill took his stand at the only exit from the "Big Top" and sold the customers for ten cents—a single, solitary dime, gentlemen—the right to remain seated and to hear amazing feats on the clarinet and cornet by Benjamin Rolfe—"Sensaytionall prodijee." Anybody who tried to get by One-Ear without paying a dime for the concert was usually tripped by one of Bill's aides and plugged on the skull—purely by accident.

On a memorable afternoon—Bill had two ears up till then—the wrong person refused to dig up a dime, was plugged, turned on the plugger. When Bill intervened, he found himself the center of attraction. The assaulted customer was one of a group of miners, and his pals rushed to the rescue.

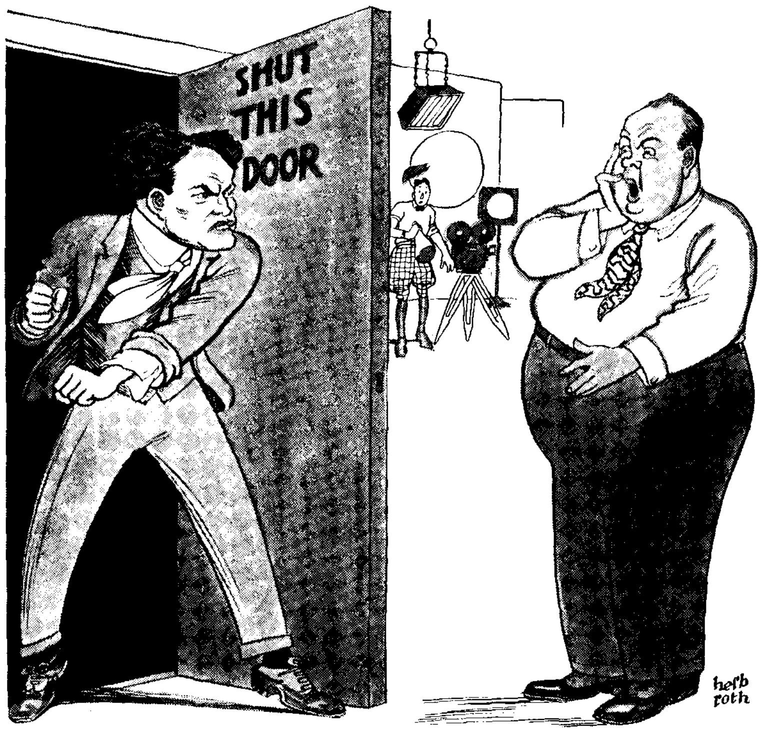
Skull Practice

Customary shouts of "Hey, Rube!" arose. Circus warriors and amazons sped to the mêlée with tent spikes and iron rings. Bruises and bloodshed. Bill emerged minus his left ear, and it was discovered that the circus people had inflicted as much damage on their own crowd as on the invading miners. This led to a simple identification tag—a handkerchief worn on the upper left arm, so that in future battles tent spikes would crack no circus skull.

Young Rolfe, during eight feverish years of circus activity, learned that it was a fascinating if hard life. At the age of eighteen he had experience, tons of it, but no money. Tens of thousands of miles of rail- and dirt-road travel, with an average of five hours' sleep in each twenty-four, did not harm his appetite or his figure. He was large, handsome and energetic.

One man he has always remembered was Buffalo Bill. In a Nebraska town he met the romantic Cody. The Colonel took Rolfe with him one evening to visit a boyhood chum—a custom he followed in nearly every city he visited.

(*Continued on page 56*)



When attendants opened the dark-room, Houdini walked out, very angry

A Legge to Stand on

The ancient war between the farmer and the middleman, for which the innocent bystander has always bought the munitions, is in a new phase. The Federal Government is in it now—on the farmer's side. The bystander continues to pay, but Commander Legge, who tells about his campaign plans in this article, sees ultimate victory ahead

By Owen P. White

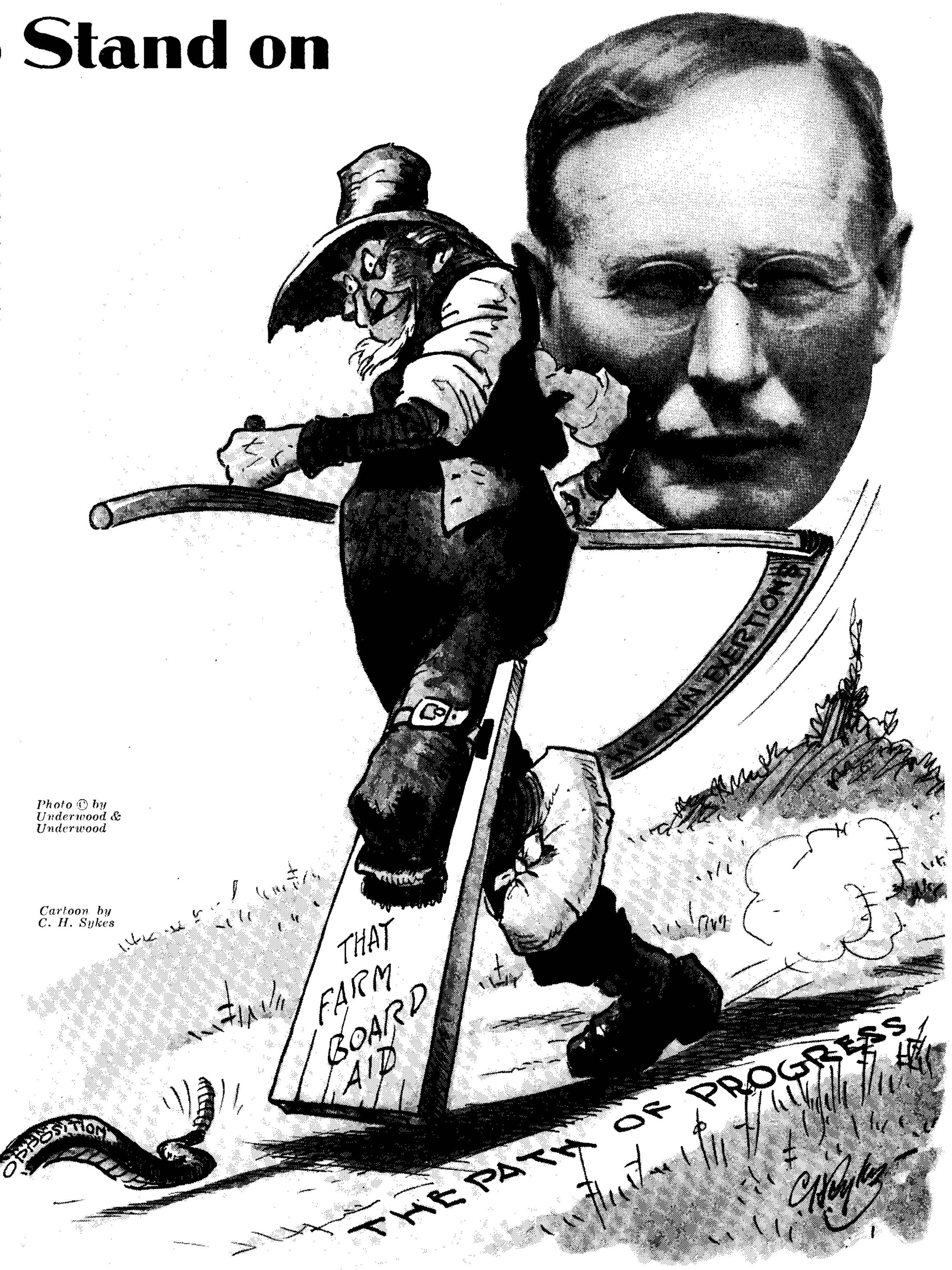


Photo © by Underwood & Underwood

Cartoon by C. H. Sykes

As a boy Alexander Legge worked on a farm. When he was a young man, back in 1891, he got a position with the McCormick Harvester Company. And thirty-one years later, after a few mergers, he stepped forth, a full-fledged giant of the industrial world, president of the International Harvester Company.

In the meantime the World War had come along, and when it was suggested to Bernard M. Baruch, who was combing the country for big men to make up the personnel of the War Industries Board, that he draft Alexander Legge, he said:

"Legge? Alexander Legge? Who is he? I've never heard of him."

"No," replied the other man, "I guess maybe you haven't. He doesn't perform for the newspapers, but . . ." And then he went on to talk about Mr. Legge.

"If there's a fellow like that in the United States," Mr. Baruch said at last, "I've got to have him."

From the very day that the new and unknown member, who was big and rather awkward and who liked to sit with his feet on his desk, began to attend board meetings, an entirely new atmosphere pervaded those momentous sessions. Controversies were ended with a word, useless argument was supplanted by direct action, and in either case it was generally the candid and unperturbed Mr. Legge who supplied the pacifying word or furnished the personal leadership.

In brief, what happened was that when Mr. Legge was appointed chairman of a newly created Allies Purchasing Committee he at once abolished the practice of forcing Europe, and our own army and navy even, to bid against one another for our supplies of foodstuffs. The looting came to a full stop. Hundreds of millions of dollars in profiteering gain were diverted from the coffers of the commodity traders. And still the general public didn't know anything at all about the man who had done it.

Painful memories of what the chairman of the Allies Purchasing Committee did to their war-time profits still linger in the minds of many of our food handlers. Therefore, when Mr. Legge again arrived in Washington, on July 15th of last year, to report for duty as chairman of the Federal Farm Board, he was not met by a brass band and a parade of grain merchants wanting to accompany him joyously to the White House.

His greeting at the White House suited him exactly. President Hoover merely handed over a copy of the Agricultural Marketing Act to Mr. Legge and his associates and told them to go to it.

"There," said the President in effect, "is the medicine which this administration has mixed for the purpose of curing the ills of agriculture and putting it on an equality with industry. It's now up to you fellows to do the rest."

What is that situation? Briefly this: Over there, on that side, stands the farmer. Here stands the consumer. In between towers the mighty middleman, who, in his various, progressive capacities of trader, processor and final distributor, has heretofore been pocketing practically all the profit from our production of foodstuffs. That's what the farmers have been kicking about.

Will the Old Giants Retire?

If the farmers succeed in accomplishing what they have set out to accomplish, or if Mr. Legge, with $500,000,000 in government funds to assist him in the enterprise, succeeds in accomplishing it for them, it becomes apparent that such gigantic traders as are represented in the Chicago Wheat Pit, on the New York Cotton Exchange and at the Omaha Stock Yards, can make up their minds to fade permanently from the skyline and retire to their country estates to live happily on their clippings.

But these gigantic fellows, who once before had to eat out of Mr. Legge's hand, don't want to retire. In fact, they say they are not going to retire because, Legge or no Legge, the United States Government has no right to use the money they pay in as taxes to "go into business" and, in consequence, run them out.

But does the Marketing Act put the government into business? According to Mr. Legge it does not. "There is one thing I wish forcibly to impress upon you," he told me, "and that is that we do not feel that this act is putting the government into business. It is our policy to help farmers who are willing to help themselves, but as soon as they are able to run their own business, it is our intention that the Farm Board shall gradually withdraw from the picture."

To this the retort from the commodity traders is about as follows: "That's all very nice for the farmers. They're to be financed with 4 per cent money out of the Treasury of the United States, whereas we pay as high as 7 and 8 per cent for ours. If we lose in our business we have to pay our own losses. If a farmers' coöperative goes broke the government stands by it, which makes it appear to us that the government *is* going into business, using the farmers as something to hide behind, and that we are going out. We can't help ourselves. We can't compete."

To this Mr. Legge retorted: "If certain reasonable adjustments on the part of existing agencies to adapt themselves to new conditions are found necessary, this should be regarded as incidental to changing business conditions rather than attacking anybody's business. . . .

(Continued on page 80)

Reckless Cinderella

By May Edginton

The Story Thus Far:

RAY BOWFOR, a lovely girl who works in a New York department store, has a chance meeting with Westward, a young lawyer, and Lord Times, a distinguished Englishman who is visiting in this country. "Just for fun," she informs the two men that her name is "Beaufort," not "Bowfor"; that she is rich, lives in Virginia, and is related to the prominent Poinsetters. The family is away; but, thanks to the coöperation of the caretaker—"Aunty," one of Ray's old friends—the girl actually entertains the two men in the Poinsetter mansion!

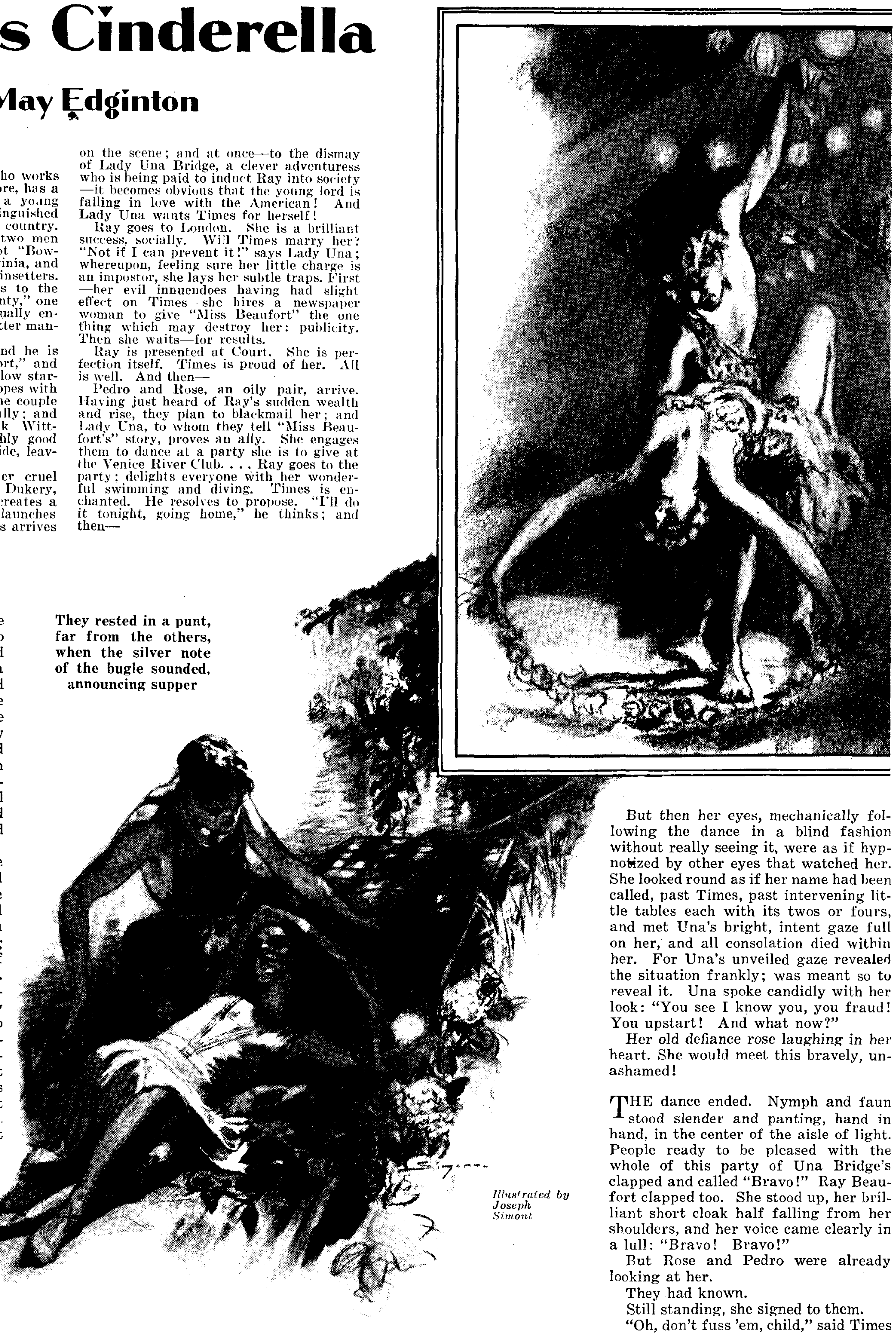
Before Times leaves for England he is deeply interested in "Miss Beaufort," and Ray is in love with him. Then follow startling events. Ray's sister, Rose, elopes with the ratlike Pedro, a dancer, and the couple go to Europe to dance professionally; and a very wealthy man—old Frank Wittheimer, to whom Ray, a thoroughly good girl, has been kind—commits suicide, leaving her six million dollars.

Ejected from her home by her cruel parents, Ray goes to Paris, where Dukery, a noted couturier, befriends her, creates a wonderful wardrobe for her, and launches her on her social career. . . . Times arrives on the scene; and at once—to the dismay of Lady Una Bridge, a clever adventuress who is being paid to induct Ray into society—it becomes obvious that the young lord is falling in love with the American! And Lady Una wants Times for herself!

Ray goes to London. She is a brilliant success, socially. Will Times marry her? "Not if I can prevent it!" says Lady Una; whereupon, feeling sure her little charge is an impostor, she lays her subtle traps. First—her evil innuendoes having had slight effect on Times—she hires a newspaper woman to give "Miss Beaufort" the one thing which may destroy her: publicity. Then she waits—for results.

Ray is presented at Court. She is perfection itself. Times is proud of her. All is well. And then—

Pedro and Rose, an oily pair, arrive. Having just heard of Ray's sudden wealth and rise, they plan to blackmail her; and Lady Una, to whom they tell "Miss Beaufort's" story, proves an ally. She engages them to dance at a party she is to give at the Venice River Club. . . . Ray goes to the party; delights everyone with her wonderful swimming and diving. Times is enchanted. He resolves to propose. "I'll do it tonight, going home," he thinks; and then—



They rested in a punt, far from the others, when the silver note of the bugle sounded, announcing supper

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

VII

THEY were still farther from the bank of the Venice River Club than all the rest; they had climbed into a moored punt which held a goodly supply of towels, and had swathed themselves in these and were resting, when the silver note of the bugle sounded, announcing supper. Side by side they slipped from the punt and swam back. Later than the others in getting seated they were still left together, and a servant indicated a small table that seemed as if Fate herself had reserved it. They put on wrappers and sat down.

Consommé came, hot. Champagne corks popped. The air was warm and soft and windless. The lawns were lighted by myriads of fairy lamps and the great full moon. There was a pæan of voices, all mixed, talking, laughing together. Again, in the very midst of all this, Times and Ray sat as if alone. There was about them an aura of sequestration. He looked at her frankly with the eyes of a lover. She had to know it; she was versed—experienced—she wished it were not so—in these loverly looks. Other men—very different from Times, not meaning the honors that Times meant—had, yet, looked at her very much like this. But her heart beat now as they had never made it beat. And she sighed.

"Child?" he said quickly.

She denied her memories with:

"No; I was just sighing with happiness."

"Ray," Times confessed in a low voice, "I have been crazy with jealousy tonight. Am I a fool?"

"Jealous! J-J-Jealous? Why?"

"All these men looking at you diving. . . . You're somehow too precious for everyone to look at, Ray."

The orchestra behind them on the terrace began to play some dance music; the searchlight played again, pivoted, swung to a mass of flowering shrubs, almost tree-high. Voices paused; faces were turned.

"What's this?" Times muttered impatiently in the pause. Then, out of the screen of flowering shrubs came the high sweet sound of a violin playing piping notes. Ray Beaufort's heart leaped, and sickened. She knew that preliminary call. Her whole body tensed; her mind went taut. But it couldn't be. . . . From the screen of flowering shrubs ran Rose and Pedro, nymph and faun; they ran straight into the aisle that had been left between the tables.

"Damn this cabaret!" Times ejaculated.

Ray sat very still, her eyes mechanically turned to the dancers. "Bravo!" cried a voice somewhere. "Jolly good," chorused voices somewhere else. She stared at those dancing, leaping figures, advancing nearer her, receding from her, playing in and out of bushes; every pose daring, diabolical. . . . What a lot Pedro had taught Rose! But her thoughts were not critical; they were thrown into a chaos of memories—sad memories.

She wanted to forget . . . to behold only the future.

Yet even the future held, now, imminently, Rose and Pedro. They had danced out of the past. They were here.

A possible consolation was: "They mayn't know . . . or mayn't see. . . ."

But then her eyes, mechanically following the dance in a blind fashion without really seeing it, were as if hypnotized by other eyes that watched her. She looked round as if her name had been called, past Times, past intervening little tables each with its twos or fours, and met Una's bright, intent gaze full on her, and all consolation died within her. For Una's unveiled gaze revealed the situation frankly; was meant so to reveal it. Una spoke candidly with her look: "You see I know you, you fraud! You upstart! And what now?"

Her old defiance rose laughing in her heart. She would meet this bravely, unashamed!

THE dance ended. Nymph and faun stood slender and panting, hand in hand, in the center of the aisle of light. People ready to be pleased with the whole of this party of Una Bridge's clapped and called "Bravo!" Ray Beaufort clapped too. She stood up, her brilliant short cloak half falling from her shoulders, and her voice came clearly in a lull: "Bravo! Bravo!"

But Rose and Pedro were already looking at her.

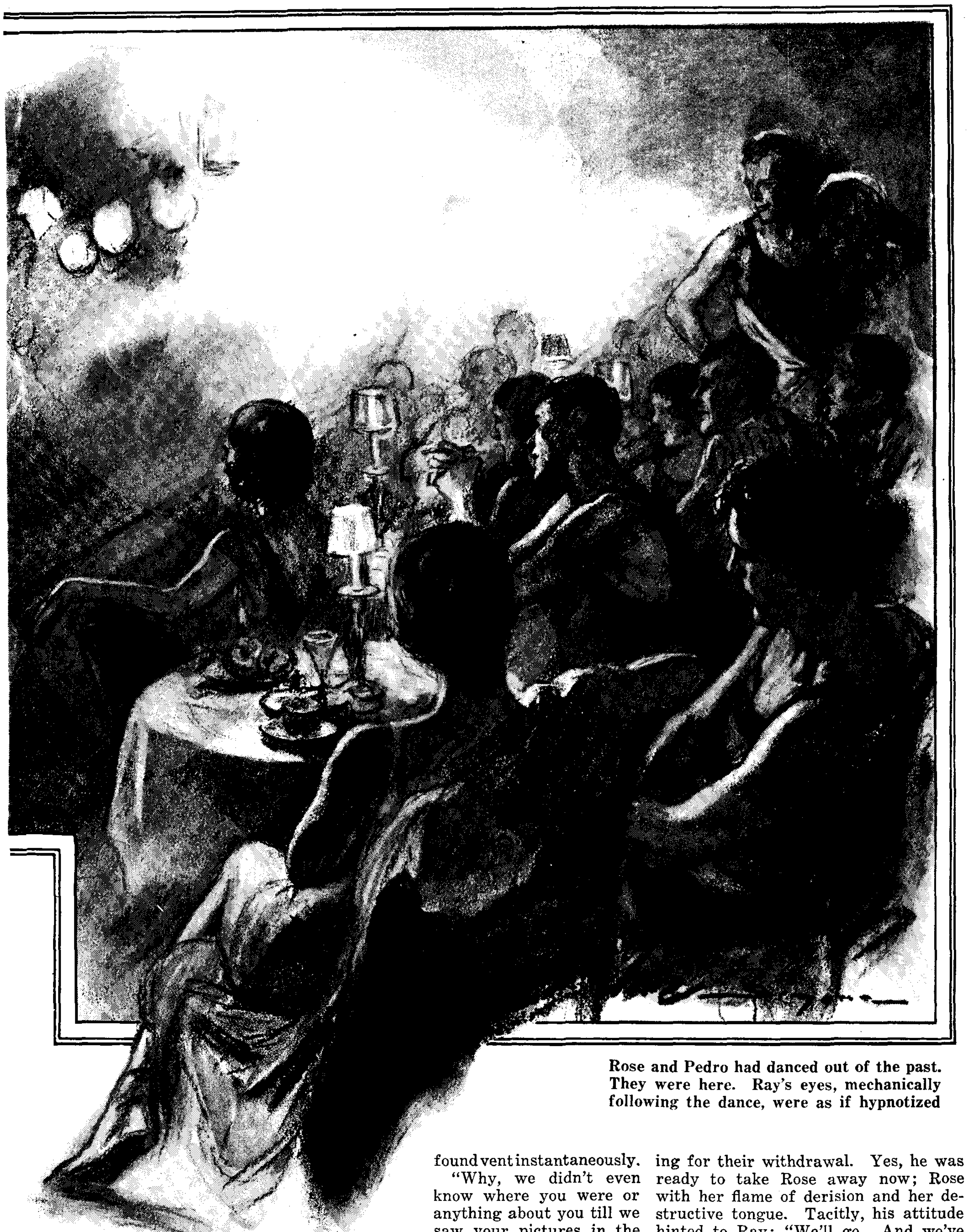
They had known.

Still standing, she signed to them.

"Oh, don't fuss 'em, child," said Times hurriedly, standing up too. "I want all of you to myself from now on."

She answered in a light voice: "But I know them!"

"Know 'em, child? How? You don't 'know' people like that! You're too liberal these days, all you women!" She didn't hear. With their buoyant dancers' tread, almost impossibly slim of hip, lithe as young panthers, Rose and Pedro were undulating through the tables, responding to smiles as they went; with modest, grateful, deprecating smiles of their own.



Rose and Pedro had danced out of the past. They were here. Ray's eyes, mechanically following the dance, were as if hypnotized

They stood shoulder to shoulder before Ray Beaufort, their grateful deprecating smiles still upon their lips, waiting for her to speak.

In Rose's black eyes was a derisive snap that Ray knew; but Pedro's eyes were just modestly gratified, betraying nothing. That old defiance in Ray, that old courage which had lifted its head, said gamely: "Claim them! Speak first." She held out both hands to Rose; and as Rose did not seem to know what to do with them, standing there with that look of muted derision, she took her by the arms.

"My dear, what a great surprise!" Her voice broke but she regained it. "When did you come over from France?"

"Last week," said Rose, in a guarded manner of one watching the trend of events.

"And you didn't let me know." This came naturally from her tongue, but it was a wrong move. Rose's derision found vent instantaneously.

"Why, we didn't even know where you were or anything about you till we saw your pictures in the French fashion papers—"

"In your beautiful Court dress," Pedro interrupted.

He pressed his shoulder very faintly against Rose, and she was mute again.

"You must come and lunch with me, my dear," Ray said steadily. "Tomorrow?"

"THAT will be nice," Pedro answered readily. "It is very sweet of you. But we do not know where you live. We could not find your name in the telephone book—"

"Lady Una Bridge explained that—" Rose began.

Pedro's shoulder brushed hers ever so gently.

"We should like to come and have a nice long talk."

"I have taken 500a Queen Street, for the season," Ray told them.

"Ah, thank you. Rose, we must remember—500a Queen Street. Thank you. . . . And now, I believe we are to have a little supper, my partner and I," Pedro said deprecatingly, apologizing for their withdrawal. Yes, he was ready to take Rose away now; Rose with her flame of derision and her destructive tongue. Tacitly, his attitude hinted to Ray: "We'll go. And we've given nothing away. You can explain us just how you like to your gentleman friend here."

But her pride said to her: "Have none of it. Come out into the open and confess." She held her head high. She looked straight into Pedro's admiring, servile, cruel eyes.

"A moment, Pedro. I want to introduce you both. . . . Lord Times," she said steadily, "my sister—"

She paused. What was Pedro's name and therefore Rose's? Doubtless she had known it; but for so long he had been just "Pedro" to them.

"—My sister and her husband."

A shade passed over Pedro's olive face, hovered, was gone. He was disappointed. He was taken aback. Was there after all, his mind asked, nothing to be sold tomorrow? No promises of secrecy, of concealment? Surely there would be something to sell; to Ray who held all old Wittheimer's money! The devil! How straightly she looked at him. He was nonplussed. How, then, did this Lord Times take it? He looked under his girlishly long lashes. The big man was standing as straight as Ray, looking as straight as she looked. And he spoke very slowly but with extreme courtesy:

"This is a very jolly surprise. How do you do?"

Pedro bowed. Rose bowed, flashing her teeth. Times bowed. "All over then?" Pedro thought, shocked almost to anger. Then Times spoke again: "Pity Miss Beaufort and I have finished supper. You might have joined us."

Pedro looked for one second into the eyes of Lord Times, and his glance fell away. Dismissal, courteous but prompt? "You might have joined us—but as it is, get out." Times' look at Pedro said exactly that in the international language of man to man. And smiling, Pedro took his wife's hand.

"That is kind. But we are already bidden inside the house, I think. It is ready. Come, Rose."

They undulated through the tables again, swaying exaggeratedly on their slender hips.

THEIR departure had the effect on both Ray and Times of a sudden dead silence dropped over a scene of tempest. Yet there was no silence about them. A babel of voices still chattered on; glasses clinked, ice tinkled; servants moved with swift orderliness to and fro. The orchestra played—and sang in snatches—a love-song from a popular revue. In this effect of silence that had wrapped them about Times turned his eyes from the retreating figures of the dancers, and looked at Ray. But she had half turned from him, was looking beyond him. There was a high, a desperate triumph in her look. He followed it, and saw that it was fixed on Una, but also he saw that Una did not return it. The look met with a blankness; with no response.

Una talked with her friends animatedly.

That little act of heroism of Ray's, then—for even Times in his mind of a judge realized it as something heroic undertaken in some sort of danger—wasted itself on the air as far as Una was concerned? It seemed so to him. But Ray knew differently. Una had seen all! All! She had no doubt of it, any more than she had a doubt now but that Una was her enemy. And she thought: Even here, then, in this delectable new world—enemies! When one longed only for friends, longed most earnestly only to make life aright, to help and to be helped, out of the field of flowers in which it seemed that one stood, arose enemies, strong, virile-growing; taller than the flowers of life.

But Una would not be betrayed from her talk with her circle; her attention would not wander from them to the challenger. And Ray, folding her gaudy cloak about her, began to shiver. It was not so much that night grew colder as that the world grew colder; she felt the premonitory chill.

Times put out a hand involuntarily, and took her arm in a light firm hold.

"You're tired? You've had too much swimming."

"Yes. I am very tired. I do not think I have ever been so tired before."

"You'd better come home. Will you give me a lift?"

She knew he had his sports car there. "Your car?"

"I'll leave it, to be fetched tomorrow."

"Of course I will give you a lift gladly."

"You shivered," he said rather mechanically while his mind worked, "or I'd like to drive you up in the open, and you could send your bus back."

"Oh, . . . yes. But I'm not really cold." She laughed faintly and quoted: " 'Someone walked on my grave.' "

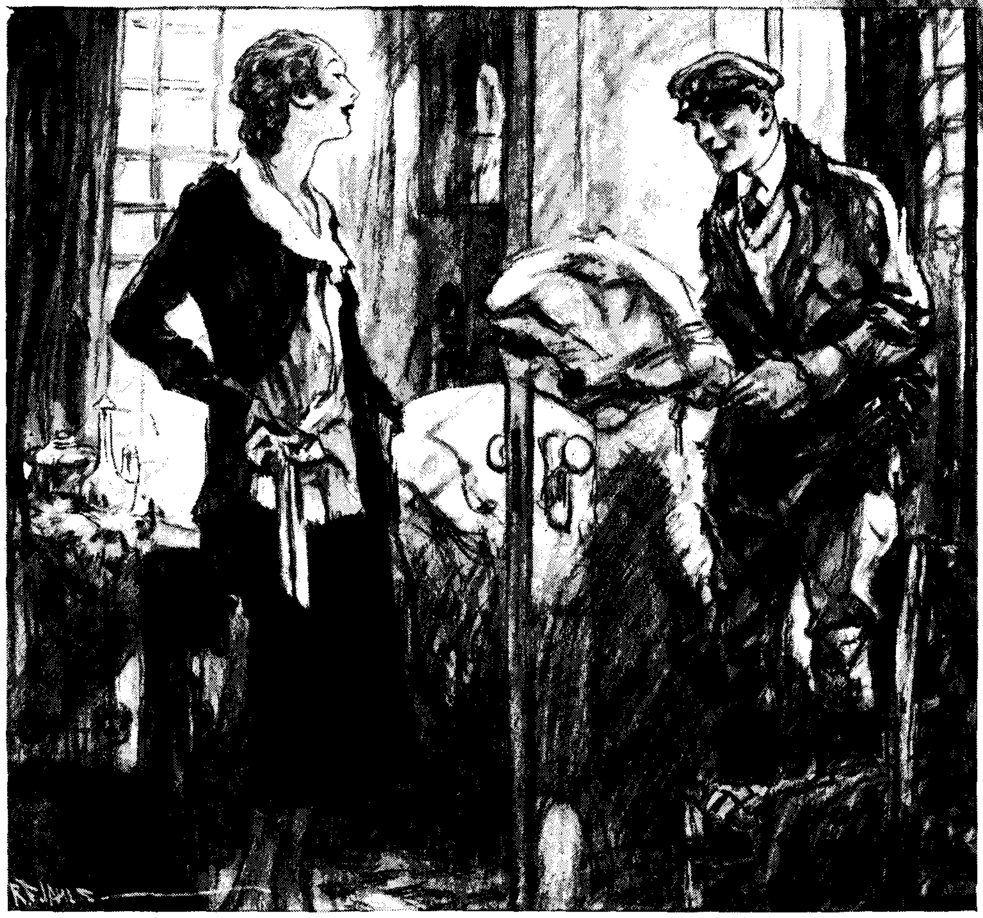
(*Continued on page 75*)

Sacrifice

After all, what is fame, and wealth, and power, if you're not with the one you love

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by R. F. James



He bore a paper-wrapped bouquet. "The first flowers presented to the great star"

BETWEEN A and Zythum there are a flock of words. There are boy and girl and love and marriage—all sorts of swell words. And there are others, not so swell, such as hate and envy and ambition and sacrifice. Oh, I know you won't agree with me that the last of these belongs with the others, but let's look at its definition:

"The giving up of some desirable thing in behalf of one thought at the time to be more desirable."

But don't worry, girls; there will be no more of etymology or philology in this brief classic. In just one more second you're going to meet your darling. Right beside me, now, as I open the door of the drawing-room of his eight-room suite at the Scadmore.

There he is! Harmon Randolph, nature's fairest gift to radio, to jazz, to the talkies, and to woman. The hero of a dozen night clubs, of two super-epic singies, and the amalgamated radio chain. "It" in his voice, his baton, and his sleek black hair. What Clara Bow does to you, gentlemen, Harmon Randolph does to your wives, sisters, sweethearts, aunts, daughters and grandmas.

There, girls, do you forgive me the heavy opening? And, boys, I won't neglect you. In a few minutes you get your eye full. Meanwhile let's listen to Harmon.

"I won't go for her," said the best-loved man in the world.

Jimmy Harper, dynamic young executive of Combined Film Production Company, assumed a placating tone and expression.

"You can boot a million right out the window, Harmon, if you want to, but you know you don't want to. After all, a story by Zaidee de Courcey will add just that much to the gross of your next picture. She writes them warm."

"And silly and stupid and impossible," said Harmon. "She went over the plot with me. I'm to be a young prince who gives up his throne for love."

"I never heard a sweller idea," declared Harper. "I can see you in a swell uniform—"

"You never will," said Harmon flatly. "And another thing, Jimmy, I'm sick to death of kissing my way through eight thousand feet of film."

"I'd like to see anyone do a better job of kissing," said Harper.

"I hope you do," said Harmon. "Do you know what Zaidee wants? The Kissing Prince—that's the swell title she wants to put on the piece. Good Lord, Jimmy, I have a lot of old friends that I used to play hockey and football with. One of these bright days I'm going back to the old home town and live right next to my old neighbors. I'm going to marry and have children, and do you think I'm going to have my old pals' kids give my lads the razzberry? I can hear them now telling my boys that their father kissed his way into fortune. I don't have to do any more kissing. I can sing and I can act, and I'll do neither in any picture that Zaidee writes, because she'll sneak a kiss in every thirty feet."

Jimmy Harper shrugged resignedly. He couldn't afford to quarrel with Harmon Randolph. Nor did he blame Randolph for rebeling at the saccharine stories in which he had already appeared.

The public knew Harmon as the great lover, but Jimmy Harper knew that he was a grand boy, sensible enough not to refuse to cash in on the tremors and thrills he gave the women, but too self-respecting to be willing to make himself the laughingstock of the masculine population.

"WHOM do you want to write your next picture?" asked Jimmy.

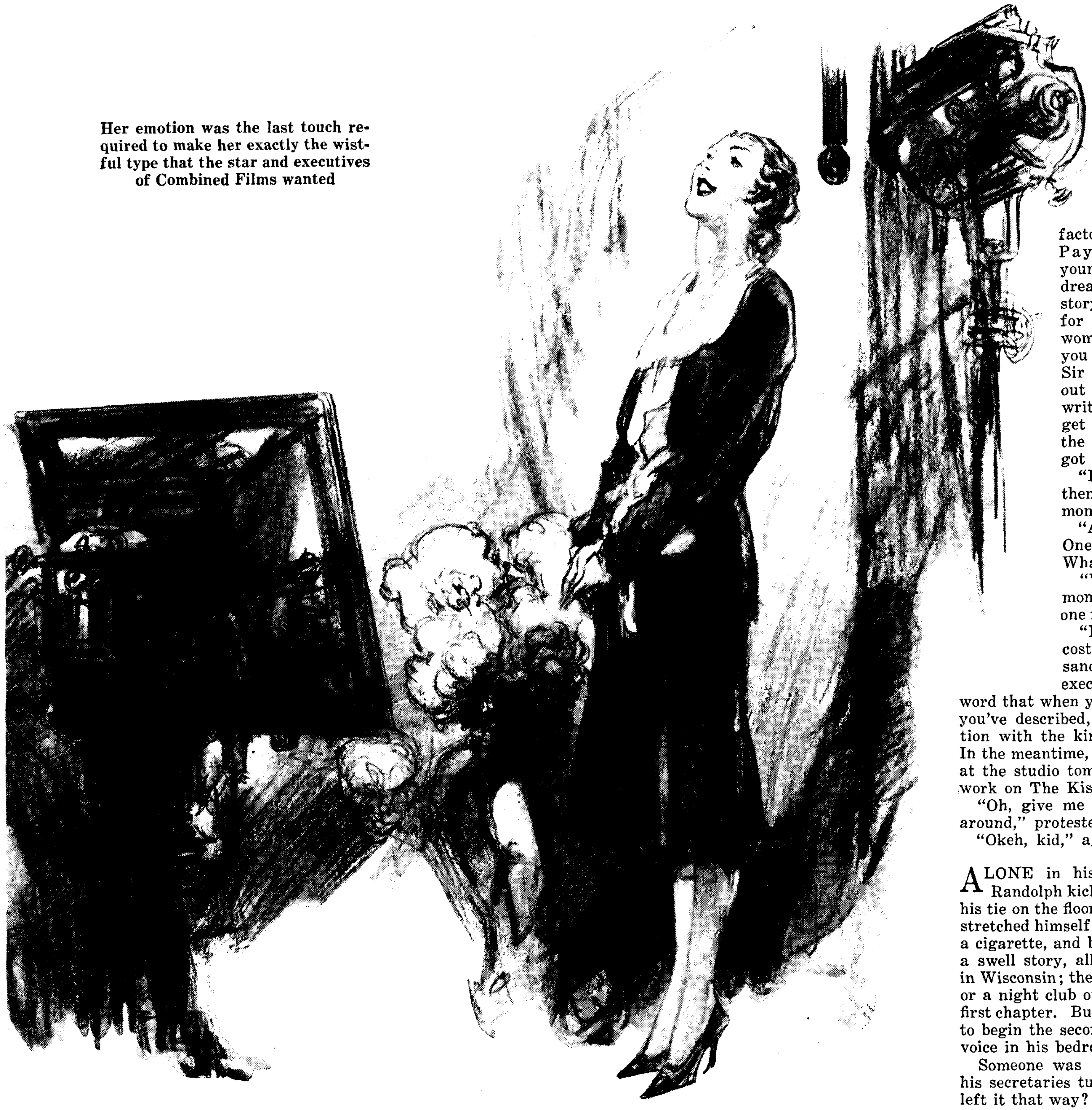
"I don't know, but I know the kind of story I want. And what's more, I don't want any more leading women like the ones I've had."

"Selma St. John is the hottest little wench that ever scorched her way through nine thousand feet of non-inflammable film," said Harper.

"And she's cheap and vulgar," said Harmon.

Harper whistled.

"If it's a high hat, throw it away. If it's collapsible, crush it, kid," he warned. "When you give Selma the air, you're cutting a million off the gross."



Her emotion was the last touch required to make her exactly the wistful type that the star and executives of Combined Films wanted

"And if I ditch Merton's continuity and Lytle's direction, I drop two million more, eh? Because those babies are going, too. It will be a lot of fun finding out just how much Harmon Randolph draws. As nearly as I can gather, everyone but myself packs them into the theaters."

He held up a warning hand as Jimmy Harper started a voluble protest.

"It isn't high hat or swelled head, Jimmy," the star continued. "I just don't want to be made ridiculous any longer."

"Ten grand a week doesn't sound ridiculous to me," said Harper. "But let's not quarrel, Harmon. We need you. I think you need us. Let's get together. I know what's ailing you, my boy. You think you've been playing namby-pamby parts. You want to do something big and virile. You want to be a great big Western hero. All right. Combined Film Production has made several million out of you. We're willing to drop a few hundred thousand just to prove how wrong you are. What's the title of the piece you want to play?"

"'A Country Boy,'" replied Harmon.

"That doesn't sound like a big heroic theme," said Harper.

"It isn't," said the star. "That's what I am, Jimmy, a boy from the country, who happens to be able to croon a love song and lead a jazz orchestra. Now suppose you get someone to write a story about a boy from a small town and a girl from a small town. No hokum; just a plain story of how he's in love with her, and she's in love with him. And there's a husking bee, and community sings, and a church fair, and this young fellow is sort of wild and harum-scarum, and can sing a little, and he falls for an actress in a road show, and he chases after her to the big city, and he tries to get a job singing—"

HARPER yawned: "And makes good and becomes a big star, and then fails, and the girl back home waits for him, and he walks back home and sings outside her window—it's old as the hills, Harmon."

"He doesn't make good; he never even gets a job, and he goes back home, and he tells his tales of the big city, and he kids about what a flop he was, and he gets a job working in the village drug store, and he's so gay and full of fun that the drug store does more business than ever before, and he marries the girl."

"Terrible! No drama, no conflict, just a simple story." Thus Harper condemned it.

"That's exactly what'll put it over," said Harmon. "The girl sings, too. Just a nice simple voice, and a nice simple girl. None of your Hollywood simplicity, but the real rural thing. Oh, she's up-to-date enough to wear her hair bobbed and silk stockings, and she can shake a shimmy when she wants to, but she's simple. She's honest-to-God innocent, and she's as sweet as a wild rose."

"And where is she?" demanded Harper. "You know what a doll like that would be worth in pictures? Just twice what you are, kid. An honest-to-God sweetie with the dew on her lashes? A girl that doesn't make the audience go cha-cha and vodeo-do, and doesn't make them all warm and confused, but gets them thinking of a cozy fire, and a kid sleeping upstairs, and honeysuckle—"

"I knew you'd see it!" cried Harmon. "There's more money in that kind of a picture with that kind of a girl lead—"

"Yes," said Harper. "Ever hear of Pickford or Marguerite Clark? Listen, Harmon, they discontinued those styles during the war. You don't want a factory rebuilt, do you? Pay attention to me, young fellow. Dream your dreams of a simple honest story, and hope your hopes for that kind of leading woman. I promise that if you ever find her, I'll get Sir James Barrie to come out of retirement and write the scenario. I'll get the story if you get the girl. But you haven't got her, have you?"

"But there are plenty of them around," said Harmon.

"All right, show me one. One that can act and sing. What's her name?"

"Well," admitted Harmon, "I don't know of anyone right at this minute—"

"Every day you lay off costs us about five thousand bucks," said the film executive. "You have my word that when you get the kind of girl you've described, we'll go into production with the kind of story you want. In the meantime, how about showing up at the studio tomorrow, and getting to work on The Kissing Prince?"

"Oh, give me a week or so to look around," protested Harmon.

"Okeh, kid," agreed Jimmy.

ALONE in his apartment, Harmon Randolph kicked off his shoes, threw his tie on the floor, unbuttoned his collar, stretched himself out on a divan, lighted a cigarette, and began reading. It was a swell story, all about lumbermen up in Wisconsin; there wasn't a chorus girl or a night club or an automobile in the first chapter. But as he turned the page to begin the second chapter he heard a voice in his bedroom.

Someone was singing! Had one of his secretaries turned on the radio and left it that way? But as he started for his bedroom door he paused. There wasn't anyone on the radio who could sing like this. Not that the voice was trained, or anything like that; but it was true and sweet and young, and the song it sang was a simple melody.

It broke off, turning into a few bars of "Mandy Lee." Enthralled, Harmon Randolph tiptoed to the door and listened. No, it wasn't as good as he had thought. There was a childish treble in the upper register. That made it all the better. Unprofessional; youth singing for no audience save itself.

Hand on the doorknob, he hesitated. Youth? Probably some fat old dame of sixty. The housekeeper or one of her assistants. And what the deuce was she doing in his bedroom, singing, disturbing him? He opened the door and stepped into the room.

But rebuke died upon his lips. Hollywood had shown him beauty; so had Broadway; so had Park Avenue. But this girl, in the apron and cap in which the Scadmore clothed its chambermaids, had something more than beauty.

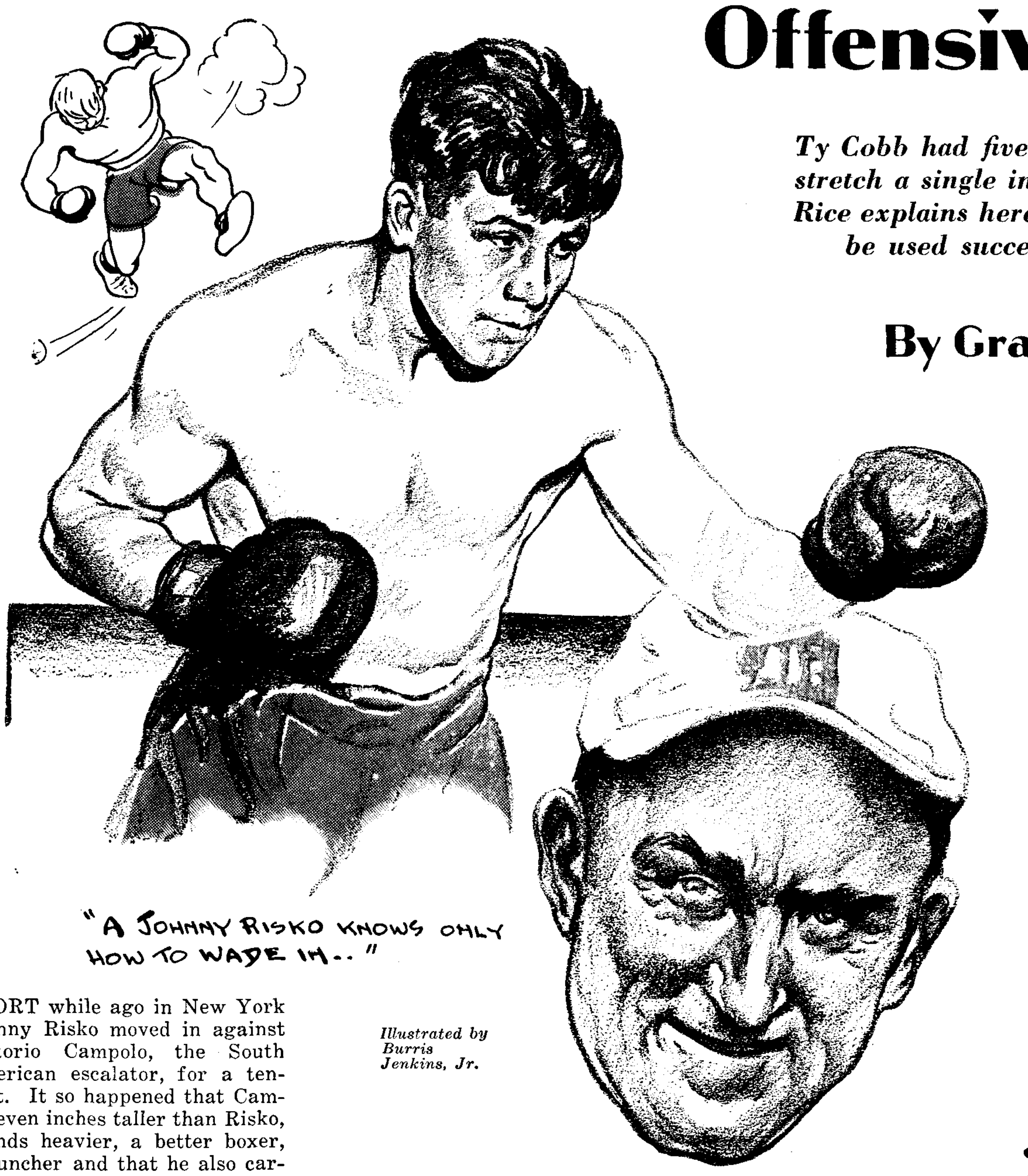
Her yellow hair was not bobbed, but was knotted at the back of her head. You knew at once that it was so long she could sit on it. Her tilted nose was

(Continued on page 52)

Offensive Conduct

Ty Cobb had five reasons for attempting to stretch a single into a two-base hit, and Mr. Rice explains here how offensive tactics may be used successfully in other sports

By Grantland Rice



"A JOHNNY RISKO KNOWS ONLY HOW TO WADE IN.."

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

A SHORT while ago in New York Johnny Risko moved in against Victorio Campolo, the South American escalator, for a ten-round joust. It so happened that Campolo was eleven inches taller than Risko, thirty pounds heavier, a better boxer, a harder puncher and that he also carried greater speed.

Risko's only outside chance was to take and keep the offensive. This is just what he did. And while he lost seven of the ten rounds his unceasing assault was enough to catch the fancy of the crowd and the votes of one judge and the referee.

Had he ever paused to let Campolo start an offensive campaign the Cleveland baker might have been knocked out. At best he would have been too badly battered to get anyone's vote when the fight was summed up.

In almost every sport the majority of the champions and winners concentrate upon the offensive side. I asked Ty Cobb recently why this side was so important in sport. He had an interesting answer ready.

"Many times I went from the plate to second base on a single," said Cobb. "I figured it out this way—I knew exactly how long it took me to run two bases. There was seldom any variation, not more than a half step. And on a hit to center, right or left center especially, I knew that several things could happen: First—the ball could take a bad bound; second—the ball might take a good bound and not be handled cleanly or swiftly; third—the ball might take a good bound and be picked up all right but the throw to second might be poor; fourth—the throw might be perfect, but it might take a bad bound away from the baseman; fifth—everything might work for the defense and I might still slide away from the tag.

"I soon saw what a big advantage the offensive side had and my idea was to put every outfielder on notice that he had to pick up a clean bound and handle it quickly. It is surprising how many times a good base-runner can stretch a single if he only takes the chance."

Cobb was a good defensive player, but it was his headlong attack that lifted him to greatness, that scored so many runs and won so many ball games.

It was upon the offensive side, naturally, that Babe Ruth bounded into glory. Up through 1918 when he worked as a pitcher and a substitute outfielder his batting average was barely .300 and his home-run crop was scant. But he had been studying Joe Jackson's method of hitting a ball and he copied this, with a few changes and interpolations of his own.

By 1919 he had begun to get control of the home-run swing, although his strike-out record at bat was still above normal. He batted .300 in 1918, .322 in 1919 and .376 in 1920. It was his concentration on offensive tactics that changed him from a fine left-handed pitcher into the greatest slugger in the history of baseball.

One to the Chin

John McGraw of the Giants was a firm believer in the hit-and-run and the steal rather than the sacrifice hit. The sacrifice usually cost an out, or one third of an inning. McGraw believed in the stronger or more positive side of offensive play and this system was no small part of his pennant-winning campaigns.

To many of our younger net players, offensive tennis consists largely in knocking the cover off the ball. Tilden was a terrific hitter, but that was only part of his attack. Like Ty Cobb, he worked out a system for upsetting the mental balance of his opponents. He might slash one across the net and then, with apparently the same stroke, cut the next one over at an entirely different pace.

Offense involves more than speed or sheer power. It also calls for a keen mind. Tilden destroyed his opponents' mental balance with a change of tactics. In the same way, Vinnie Richards soon discovered that the best way to bother Tilden, if not to beat him, was an attack down the middle of the court and consequently Richards gave Big Bill many of his hardest tennis battles.

One of the main reasons why the fight game has taken such a slump is that about ninety per cent of the modern maulers have been working on defense, rather than attack. They have been busy with methods to protect their chins and stomachs instead of concentrating upon reaching the other fellow's chin or body. It was Dempsey's superb offensive that made him such a tremendous drawing card.

The natural human inclination is to play things safely, to protect oneself. The boxing world may be divided into those who think in terms of offense and those who think in terms of defense. A Johnny Risko knows only how to wade in. That is all Dempsey ever thought about. A Phil Scott would much rather wait and let the other side make the assault.

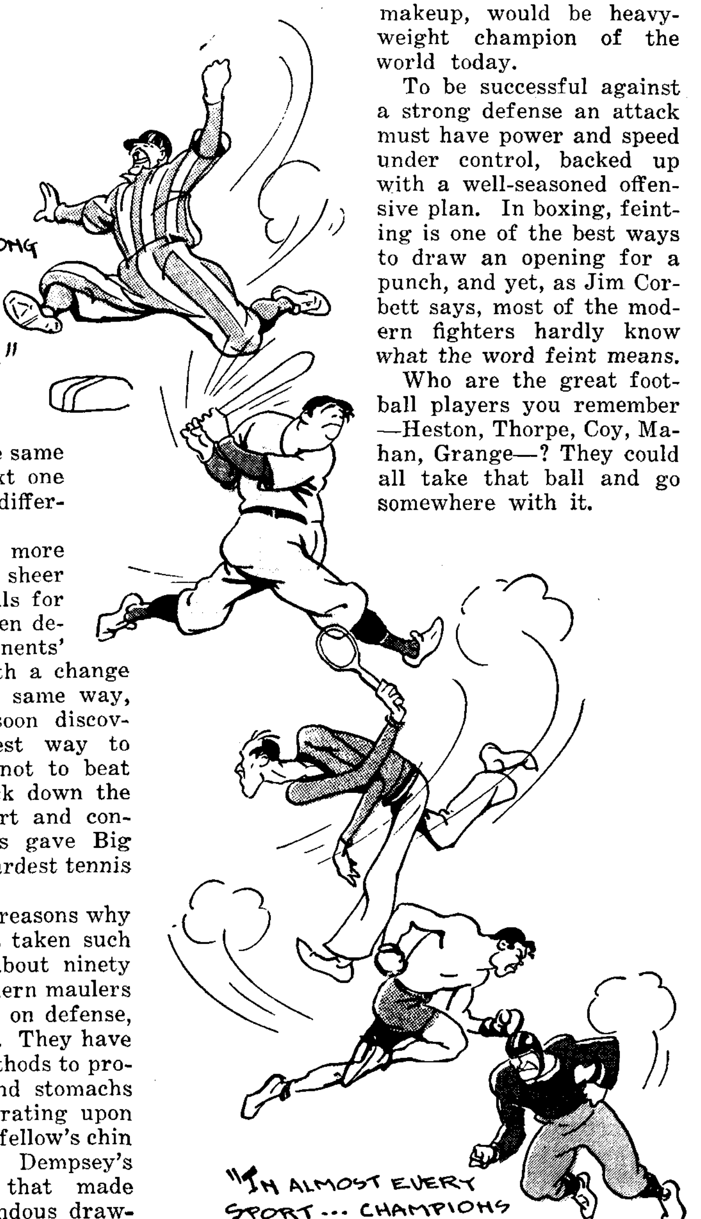
Tunney is still confident that it was an offensive policy that gave him the championship. "I won that fight," he says of the Philadelphia affair, "in the first round when I suddenly stepped in and hit Dempsey on the chin with a hard right. It wasn't a counter punch. It was an idea I had figured out in advance, knowing that I was expected to hold back and let Dempsey come to me."

They Play to Win

The inclination toward either attack or defense at the start is largely a matter of temperament or disposition. Stribling, with an offensive makeup, would be heavyweight champion of the world today.

To be successful against a strong defense an attack must have power and speed under control, backed up with a well-seasoned offensive plan. In boxing, feinting is one of the best ways to draw an opening for a punch, and yet, as Jim Corbett says, most of the modern fighters hardly know what the word feint means.

Who are the great football players you remember—Heston, Thorpe, Coy, Mahan, Grange—? They could all take that ball and go somewhere with it.



"IT WAS COBB'S HEADLONG ATTACK THAT LIFTED HIM TO GREATNESS.."

"IN ALMOST EVERY SPORT ... CHAMPIONS CONCENTRATE ON THE OFFENSIVE ..."

At the Seeking Seat of Glory

By Roark Bradford

Preacher Noah stood the jeering. Then he said, "Come 'round afteh de showah, fools"

The theater in which we sat lay between two great halls. In one, ten thousand men and women were shouting their protests against atheism. In the other, a bewildering crowd was cheering Russia's efforts to outlaw God. We heard neither. Before us on the stage Roark Bradford's simple tales of Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun were being presented in Marc Connelly's The Green Pastures. From that stage we received the answer to both those neighboring throngs

The littlest angel gets a bone in her throat at the heavenly fish-fry

RELIGION is a dangerous subject to argue about. A man who will give a beggar his last dime, will shoot his best friend in a religious argument. Which perhaps is the reason why a dozen Broadway producers turned down The Green Pastures, the play which sent the dramatic critics to their thesauri for new superlatives to tell about this all-Negro religious offering. It was doubtless the same reason that caused a number of publishers, three years ago, to decline the honor of printing Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun, the group of Negro Bible stories upon which the play was predicated.

The book was printed and the play was produced. Neither play nor book has offended even the most sensitively devout; and both are enormous successes. It has been suggested that some of the royalties be invested in assorted horse laughs for distribution among the editors and producers who refused to stand sponsor for these studies of the religion of the Southern Negro. But there will be no horse laughs. Friendly chuckles, perhaps, but no guffaws.

Somewhere in the Bible—not the St. James version but the version of Rev. Wesley Henning, the spiritual leader of the Mississippi River bottoms cotton farm where I was born and from whom the bulk of these tales came—is this passage:

"'Now, chillun,' say de Lawd, 'I done led y'all about de wilderness for fawty years. 'Cause why? 'Cause I had to learn you how to take yo' time.

"'Did I uplift you f'm de turnip greens and hoe cakes of old King Pharaoh and set you down in de Promise Land, all de same day—well, y'all 'd jest gorge and founder. All de fun you'd git outn Canaan would be nuthin' but de bellyache.

When Adam awoke, the Lord thrust a strange creature into his arms, with his blessing. "Yessuh, Lord," said Adam. "Yessuh, please. Anything you say, Lord, thankyuh"

"'So I marched y'all fawty years to let you git rested up f'm dem turnip greens, and I let you eat my berries and psalnuts. 'Cause I want you to ack like you had some manners when you gits to Over Yonder. I don't want you to rush up to de table whar all dat fish and biled custard is at, and ack like you ain't never been nowheres. I want you to take yo' time.'"

Patience, humility and an understanding of the other fellow's viewpoint form the basis of the joyous religion of the Southern Negro. And it takes all these qualities for a white man to understand it. Collecting the stories required more patience and humility than what is generally called "tact," a thing that white people who deal with Negroes directly are reputed to require.

The Pee-zal Tree

Mr. Marc Connelly, the author of The Green Pastures, had to exercise these two qualities a great deal to arrive at an understanding of the people about whom his play was to be. He and I rode all over Louisiana, visiting obscure churches and talking with preachers and devout juba-jumpers, frequently spending days hunting for some specific thing and utterly failing to find it, but ever finding something else which frequently was even better than the thing we were searching for.

As to the faith necessary, take Uncle Wes's allusion to psalnuts. He pronounced the word: "pee-zal-nuts." The first I remember of psalnuts was when I was about six or seven years old. I was repeating to the unlettered old preacher, whom I adored, my own Sunday-school lesson, which happened to be about the journey of the Children of Israel through the wilderness.

"Uncle Wes," I asked, "what was this manna that the Lord fed them on?"

"Manner?" he said. "Eatin' *manners?* Dem chillun didn't had no manners. You jest got hit mixed. De Lawd fed dem on berries and squirrels and 'possums and stuff outn de woods. And de manner you yared Miss Stella tawkin' about was de manner which de Lawd shook dem psalnuts down for 'em."

"Psalnuts?" I repeated.

"Yeah. Right offn de psaltrees. Dey was mo' psaltrees in dat wilderness den dey is cypress in yo' daddy's swamps."

The reason I asked no further questions about these strange trees was because Wes had taught me never to question any sort of a story. When, at odd times, he spun long yarns about the people and the animals about the place, for my enjoyment, I dared not ask questions. Once he was relating an imaginary heroic exploit of my pet dog in dragging a mule from the river, and I objected.

"Rattler is too small to drag a mule from the river," I protested, "and besides, he hates mules, anyway. Maybe it was a calf that he dragged out."

"I don't know nothin' 'bout dat," said

(*Continued on page 49*)

Fu Manchu's Daughter

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

INVESTIGATING a series of weird occurrences, revolving around the Tomb of the Black Ape in Egypt's great Valley of the Kings, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, brilliant Scotland Yard operative, makes an amazing discovery. Soon the mysterious Council of Seven—representing Si Fan, a vast body of religious fanatics—will meet. And Si Fan plans to gain control of the whole world!

Sir Denis acts quickly. With Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service; Dr. Petrie, an old friend; and Shan Greville, who tells the story, he rushes to the Oasis of el-Khârga, to which one of the plotters, "Madame Ingomar" (in reality, Fah Lo Suee, daughter of the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu, now believed to be dead), has preceded him. There he and Greville, disguised, attend the secret session of the Council of Seven—and are discovered! . . . Greville, drugged, awakens weeks later—in London! While still a prisoner, Madame Ingomar comes to him, tells him she loves him, has saved his life. . . . Weymouth comes to the rescue, and Greville makes his escape.

For months, Greville's beloved chief—Sir Lionel Barton, noted archæologist—has *been deep in a cataleptic sleep, induced by* the plotters. Greville now learns that Sir Lionel has at last been awakened, through the use of a drug sent to Dr. Petrie by a mysterious "Doctor Amber," of whose identity no one is aware! . . . Greville takes a room at a hotel. Various strange people arrive, among them a "Mr. Solkel of Smyrna"—a Turk who had attended the session in the desert. . . .

Greville learns that an attempt is to be made on the life of Swâzi Pasha, who is adviser to the Turkish dictator (an enemy of Madame Ingomar) and who has a suite just below Greville's. To save the man, Greville hastens to his apartment. The door opens. Nayland Smith—whom he had believed dead—greets him! . . . then follows an exciting encounter in the darkness of the suite. It terminates with the capture of an Arabian dwarf—a killer—and "Mr. Solkel," who, it appears, is Swâzi Pasha's twin brother and his bitter enemy. . . . For months the conspirators had tried to enter the Tomb of the Black Ape. Why? Nayland Smith now has the answer: Dr. Fu Manchu (whom the world regards as dead) had hidden all his weird secrets and murder lore there. The plotters now possess those secrets—and *Fu Manchu is alive!*

X

"IT ALL seems so peaceful," said Rima, clinging very tightly to my arm; "yet somehow, Shan, I never feel safe here! Last night, as I told you, I thought I saw the Abbots Hold ghost from my window. . . ."

"A natural thing to imagine, darling," I replied reassuringly. "Every one of these old monastic houses has its phantom monk! But, even if authentic, no doubt he'd be a jovial fellow."

As is the fashion of such autumn disturbances, a storm which had been threatening all the evening hovered to the west, blackly. There had been remote peals of thunder during dinner, and two short but heavy showers. Now, although angry cloud banks were visible in the distance, immediately overhead the sky was cloudless.

We sauntered on through the kitchen garden. A constant whispering in the trees told of moisture dripping from leaf to leaf. But the air was sweet and the path already dry. Rima's unrest was no matter for wonder, considering the experiences she had passed through. And when Sir Lionel had suggested our leaving London for the peace of his place in Norfolk, no one had welcomed the idea more heartily than I. In spite of intense activity on the part of Inspector Yale and his associates, all trace of Madame Ingomar—and of her yet more formidable father—had vanished.

But Nayland Smith considered that Sir Lionel—having served Fah Lo Suee's purpose—might now be considered safe from molestation and we had settled down in Abbots Hold for a spell of rest.

"The queer thing is," Rima went on, a deep, earnest note coming into her voice, "that since Sir Denis joined us I have felt not more but *less* secure!"

"That's very curious," I murmured—"because I've had an extraordinary feeling of the sort, myself—"

"I suppose I'm very jumpy," Rima confessed. "But did you notice that family of gypsies who've camped beyond the big plantation?"

"Yes, dear. I passed them today. I saw a boy—rather a good-looking boy he seemed to be, but I was some distance off—and an awful old hag of a woman. Do they worry you?"

Rima laughed, unnaturally.

"Not really. I haven't seen the boy. But the woman and man I met in the lane simply gave me the creeps—"

She broke off; then:

"Oh, Shan! What's that!" she whispered.

A deep purring sound came to my ears—continuous and strange. For a moment I stood still, whilst Rima's fingers clung close to mine. Then an explanation occurred to me.

Not noticing our direction, we had reached the corner of a sort of outhouse connected by a covered passage

with part of the servants' quarters.

"You understand now, darling," I said, and drew Rima forward to an iron-barred window.

Bright moonlight made the interior visible; and coiled on the floor, his wicked little head raised to watch us, lay a graceful catlike creature whose black-spotted coat of gold gleamed through the dusk.

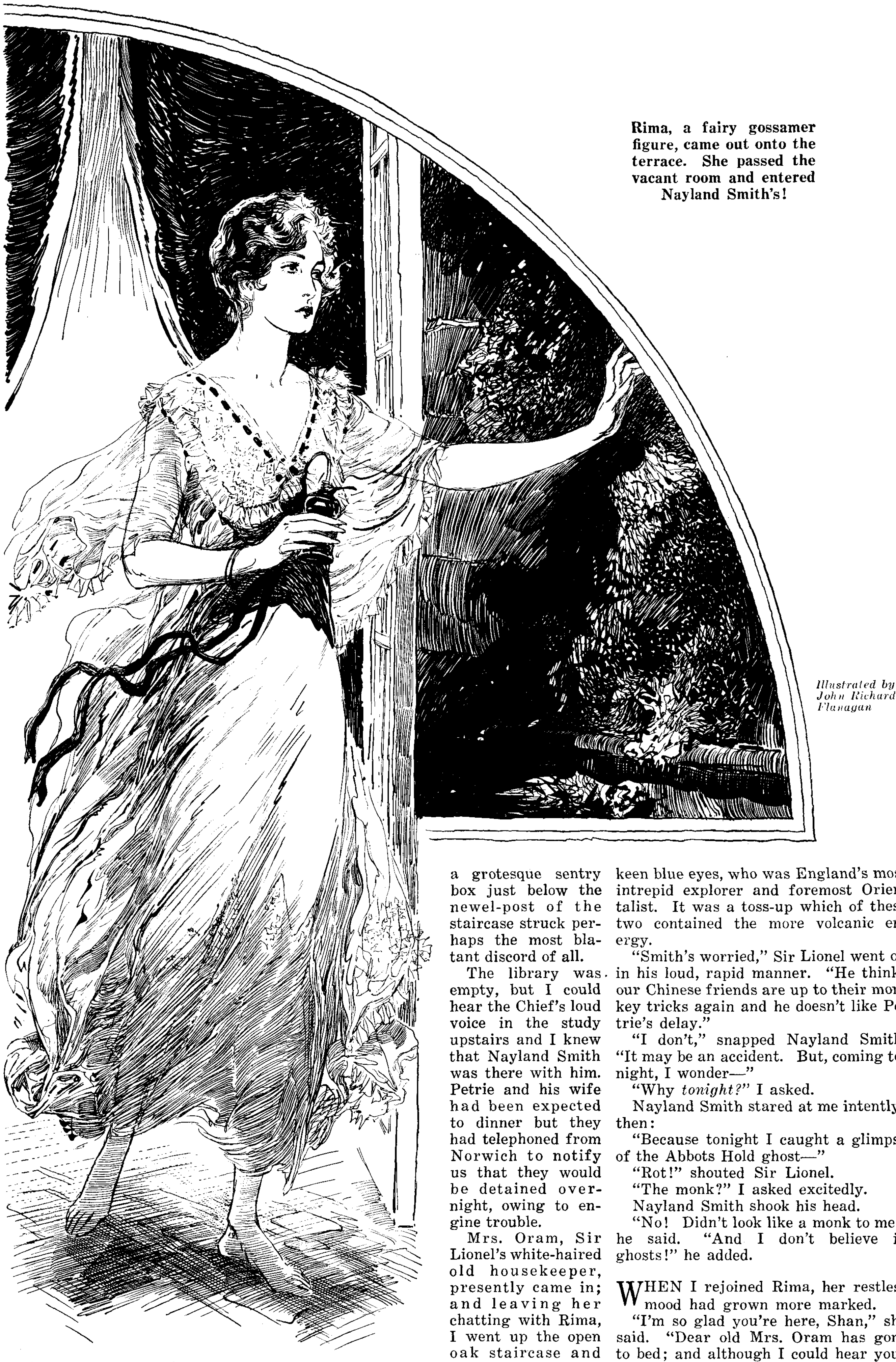
It was Sir Lionel's Indian cheetah—although fairly tame, at times a dangerous pet. Practical zoölogy had always been one of the Chief's hobbies.

"Oh, thank heaven!" Rima exclaimed, looking down into the beautiful savage eyes which were raised to hers—"I might have guessed! But I never heard him purring before. . . ."

"He is evidently in a good humor," I said, as the great cat, with what I suppose was a friendly snarl, stood up with slow, feline grace, yawned, snarled again and seemed to collapse wearily on the floor. The idea flashed through my mind that it was not a bad imitation of a drunken man!

This idea was even better than I realized at the time.

We walked on, round the west wing



Rima, a fairy gossamer figure, came out onto the terrace. She passed the vacant room and entered Nayland Smith's!

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

of the rambling old building, and finally entered the library by way of the French windows. Sir Lionel had certainly changed the atmosphere of this room. The spacious apartment with its oak-paneled walls and great ceiling beams displayed the influence of the Orientalist in the form of numberless Eastern relics and curiosities, which seemed strangely out of place. Memories of the cloister clung more tenaciously here—the old refectory—than to any other room in Abbots Hold.

A magnificent Chinese lacquer cabinet, fully six feet high, which stood like a grotesque sentry box just below the newel-post of the staircase struck perhaps the most blatant discord of all.

The library was empty, but I could hear the Chief's loud voice in the study upstairs and I knew that Nayland Smith was there with him. Petrie and his wife had been expected to dinner but they had telephoned from Norwich to notify us that they would be detained overnight, owing to engine trouble.

Mrs. Oram, Sir Lionel's white-haired old housekeeper, presently came in; and leaving her chatting with Rima, I went up the open oak staircase and joined the Chief in his study.

"Hullo, old scout!" he greeted me as I entered. "If you're going to work with *me* in future, you'll either have to chuck Rima or marry her!"

He was standing on the hearth rug, dominating that small room, which was so laden with relics of his extensive and unusual travels that it resembled the shop of a very untidy antique dealer.

Nayland Smith, seated on a corner of the littered writing table, was tugging at the lobe of his left ear and staring critically at the big brown-skinned man with his untidy, gray-white hair and keen blue eyes, who was England's most intrepid explorer and foremost Orientalist. It was a toss-up which of these two contained the more volcanic energy.

"Smith's worried," Sir Lionel went on in his loud, rapid manner. "He thinks our Chinese friends are up to their monkey tricks again and he doesn't like Petrie's delay."

"I don't," snapped Nayland Smith. "It may be an accident. But, coming tonight, I wonder—"

"Why *tonight?*" I asked.

Nayland Smith stared at me intently; then:

"Because tonight I caught a glimpse of the Abbots Hold ghost—"

"Rot!" shouted Sir Lionel.

"The monk?" I asked excitedly.

Nayland Smith shook his head.

"No! Didn't look like a monk to me," he said. "And I don't believe in ghosts!" he added.

WHEN I rejoined Rima, her restless mood had grown more marked.

"I'm so glad you're here, Shan," she said. "Dear old Mrs. Oram has gone to bed; and although I could hear your voices in the study I felt quite ridiculously nervous. I'm terribly disappointed about the Petries."

During their short acquaintance Rima and Mrs. Petrie had established one of those rare feminine friendships which a man can welcome. In Mrs. Petrie's complex character there was a marked streak of Oriental mysticism—although from her appearance I should never have suspected Eastern blood; and Rima had that Celtic leaning toward a fairyland beyond the common ken which was part and parcel of her birthright.

"So am I, darling," I said. "But they'll be here in the morning. Have you been imagining things again?" I glanced at the French windows. "Peters has locked up, I see. So you can't have been nervous about gypsies! . . ."

It was strange that Rima, who had shared our queer life out in the Valley of the Kings, should be so timorous in a Norfolk country house; that she should fear wandering gypsies, who had never feared Bedouins!

"No." She looked at me in her serious way, apparently reading my thoughts. "I'm *not* afraid of gypsies—really. I have spent too many nights out there in the wadi in Egypt to be afraid of anything like that. It is a sort of silly, *unreal* fear, Shan! Will you please do something?"

"Anything! What?"

Rima pointed to the Chinese cabinet at the foot of the stairs.

"Please open it!"

I CROSSED to the ornate piece of furniture and flung its gold-lined doors open. The cabinet was empty—as I had expected.

Rima thanked me with a smile, and:

"I've been fighting a horrible temptation to do just that," she confessed, "for a long time! Thank you, Shan dear. Don't think I'm mad but, truly"—she held out the book she had had on her knees—"for ever so long past I have been sitting here reading and rereading this one line—and glancing sideways at the cabinet. You seemed to wake me out of a trance!"

I took the book—a modern novel—and glanced at the line upon which Rima's finger rested. It was:

"I am near you. . . ."

"Could anything be more absurd?" she asked, pathetically. "What's wrong with me? . . ."

I could find no answer, then—except a lover's answer. But I was to learn, later.

When at last we said good night, I noticed as Rima stood up that she had a scent-spray on the cushions beside her, and laughingly:

"What's the idea?" I asked.

She considered my question in an oddly serious way In fact, her mood was distrait in an unusual degree; but finally:

"I had almost forgotten," she replied, with a far-away look; "but I remember, now, that there was a fusty smell, like decaying leaves. I thought a whiff of eau de Cologne would freshen the air. . . ."

My room was on the southwest front of Abbots Hold. It was one of those in the Georgian wing, and an ugly stone balcony stretched along before it. Beneath this balcony ran a sort of arcade behind which iron-barred windows belonging to the domestic quarters faced on sloping lawns. Above were these fine, spacious rooms reserved for guests, and the prospect was magnificent. Next to me was Nayland Smith; then there was a vacant room, and then Rima's.

On entering I did not turn up the light. There was a private plant in Abbots Hold installed by Sir Lionel. But, groping my way across, I raised the blind and looked out.

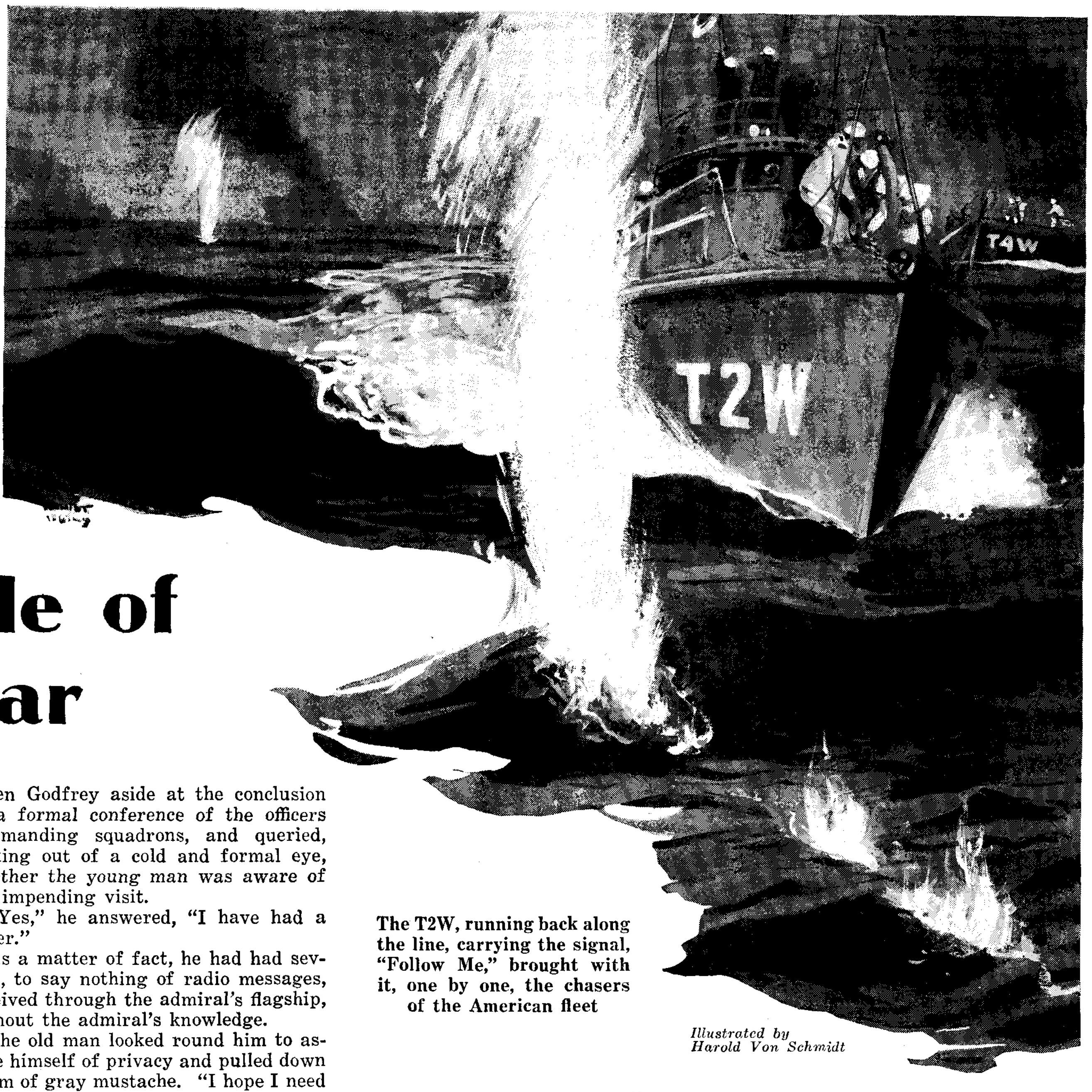
Opening the French window, I inhaled the fragrance of moist loam and newly wetted leaves. Away on the right I had a view of a corner of the terrace; directly before me the ground dropped steeply to a belt of trees bordering the former moat; beyond, it rose

(*Continued on page 40*)

By
Maxwell
Anderson

The admiral's daughter was in love with a Yankee skipper—but it did no good whatever until the Brazilians, who have a genius for romance, brought up their navy

The Battle of Gibraltar



The T2W, running back along the line, carrying the signal, "Follow Me," brought with it, one by one, the chasers of the American fleet

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

AS EVERYBODY knows, there was no battle of Gibraltar during the late war, but there was something that looked like one, and when the smoke cleared away it appeared for a time as if the Brazilian navy had won a tremendous victory. This much is true: there is a Brazilian navy of a sort and it did take part in a passage of arms off Gibraltar. What battle there was, was of major importance to none save Lieutenant T. Carl Godfrey, U. S. N., and Ethel, the daughter of an English admiral, whom, for short, we might as well call Admiral Smith.

Lieutenant Godfrey stood on the deck of his so-called flagship, the T2W, which was riding off the harbor of Gibraltar on a bright and sunny morning six days before the signing of the armistice. The deck was awash, as it usually was, for though the sun was shining the sea was running high and dropping whirls and splashes of spray over everybody so hardy as to venture above the hatches.

The T2W was 110 feet long, as were the twenty-nine other boats under Godfrey's command. These boats were keelless, soulless, cranky and vicious. They were so wet above that the hatches were almost continually battened down, and they smelled so foul below of gasoline that they made the most hardened sailor seasick in any trifling storm. They were what is known as submarine chasers, and though their crews may have loved them, they were hard to love, and harder still to live with.

The lieutenant, dressed in oilskins, his usual wear, and trying to keep dry, his usual occupation, was meanwhile engaged in cursing Admiral Smith to the limit of a younger naval officer's vocabulary. Admiral Smith was in command at Gibraltar. Admiral Smith also had a daughter named Ethel, who had announced her intention of visiting her father's quarters on the Rock within three days' time.

Godfrey had known Ethel in England for the space of an intensive week; he had not seen her for nearly six months, and now that she was about to appear on his horizon the admiral had made a point of telling the lieutenant, very testily, that the acquaintance should on no account continue. He had, in fact, taken Godfrey aside at the conclusion of a formal conference of the officers commanding squadrons, and queried, looking out of a cold and formal eye, whether the young man was aware of the impending visit.

"Yes," he answered, "I have had a letter."

As a matter of fact, he had had several, to say nothing of radio messages, received through the admiral's flagship, without the admiral's knowledge.

The old man looked round him to assure himself of privacy and pulled down a rim of gray mustache. "I hope I need add nothing to what I said in London," he continued. "We have other plans for Ethel."

"I hope you will excuse me, sir," said Carl, "if I fail to comprehend exactly."

The admiral interrupted him. "My daughter's visit will be brief," said he, "and I shall see to it that you are sufficiently busy. You will leave your position in the line only on direct order from me."

THERE was nothing for Carl to do but touch his cap and withdraw. How to fit this attitude of the admiral's with his own final conversation with Ethel at Southampton and with the letters that had passed between them since was a social problem and official problem hard, if not impossible, to solve.

Ethel had been in tears that last time he had seen her, certain that his little boat would crumple under him, or the U-boats would find him before he found them, or that, in case he survived, he would never come back that way.

"I will if you want me to," he had told her, "but will you? I never saw such a house as yours—there's a steady procession of captains and lieutenants across your lawn!"

"I never liked naval officers," she assured him. "They can come and go forever, for all of me."

"Personally, I'm not a sailor," he said. "I'm worse when I'm at home—I'm in Wall Street."

"Anything is better," she answered. "Sooner or later an officer in the navy begins to think he's God. It happened to Papa very young."

"I'm coming back," he said, "soon as the war's over."

"I'll be an old woman," said Ethel, "but I'll be here, and I hope you'll recognize me when I take off my spectacles. Oh, darling, I adore you, and you're going away!"

"No, I'm not," he said. "I'll desert! I can't believe it! There's the boat now!" He had kissed her, stepped into the boat, and was gone.

Now Ethel was arriving and he couldn't see her.

His chasers were stretched out in a long line through the Gibraltar Straits. Behind him, to the north, lay the Italian gunboats; still farther back, the Japanese cruisers, burnished and shining with efficiency; and closer in to the harbor, the English warships, the admiral's flagship riding proudly in the center.

As a usual thing, the British admiral commanding Gibraltar lives on land and eats the vegetables from his own garden, but a special occasion had arisen—the German U-boats, which had operated in the Mediterranean during the war, were known to be on their way home, and to go home they had to pass the straits. It was the duty of the chasers, with their delicate listening devices, to pick up the noise of the first submarine propeller and prevent an underwater flight toward the Fatherland. The admiral watched the patrolling with a jealous eye, eager to be in at the death.

The bigger vessels swung slowly up and down on the water, but the lieutenant's own little thirties, as far as the eye could reach, pitched and gyrated on the running sea. He thought mournfully of the hotel-like stability of His Majesty's Ship Cephalus and shifted his position on the deck to avoid a small cascade which suddenly poured from the top of the charthouse.

Then his eye was caught by a line of gayly colored flags ascending the mast of the Cephalus. The admiral was speaking to the fleet in the special Mediterranean code and what he was saying was obvious to the lieutenant without translation. He was promulgating an order of the day: The officers of the fleet were to don whites in honor of the autumn sun and fair weather.

"Does the old boy mean us?" said Carl to himself, for the officers of the chasers were lucky if they had anything white left about them, including a handkerchief, at the end of three days on the water. This same question arose on the other chasers at once, and Godfrey began to receive wireless telephone messages of protest from his flotilla.

"If he means me," said Lieutenant Johnson at the far end of the line, "I'm in B. V. D.'s and I want you to ask him if that will do."

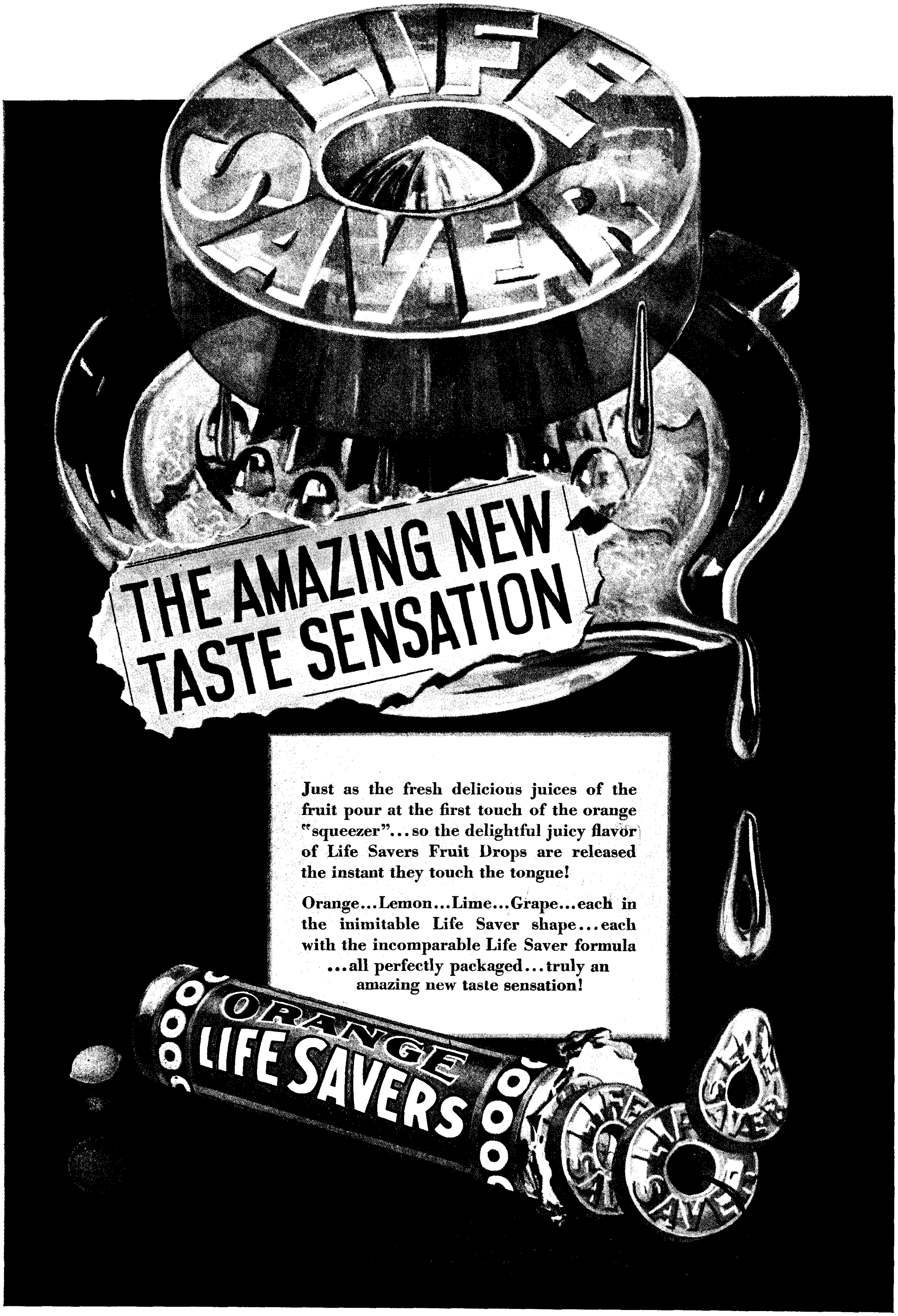
"Tell him no whites seem to come with this boat," said Albee, from half a mile away, "and we looked under the front and back seats."

LITTLE Hiram Ahern, second in command of the chasers, was even more derisive. "Inform the admiral," he suggested, "that he will be cooler if he wears his shirt outside his pants, the way I'm doing, and if he doesn't believe me, he can get out his binoculars."

"Will you kindly remember," snapped Carl in return, "that this is a round-robin telephone and the admiral can hear everything you say if he happens to be listening in."

"I thought of that," sang Ahern gayly in return, and there was laughter over all the telephones, for the officers

(*Continued on page 31*)


LIFE SAVERS
THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
ORANGE
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Just as the fresh delicious juices of the fruit pour at the first touch of the orange "squeezer"...so the delightful juicy flavor of Life Savers Fruit Drops are released the instant they touch the tongue!

Orange...Lemon...Lime...Grape...each in the inimitable Life Saver shape...each with the incomparable Life Saver formula ...all perfectly packaged...truly an amazing new taste sensation!

Have you a child born in 1918..?

(A child whose 12th birthday falls in 1930?)

Then accept this Special Anniversary Camera and Roll of Kodak Film as a Gift. Get at Kodak Dealers' without cost or obligation

Typical pictures, actual size, 2¼ x 3¼ inches, taken with the Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film.

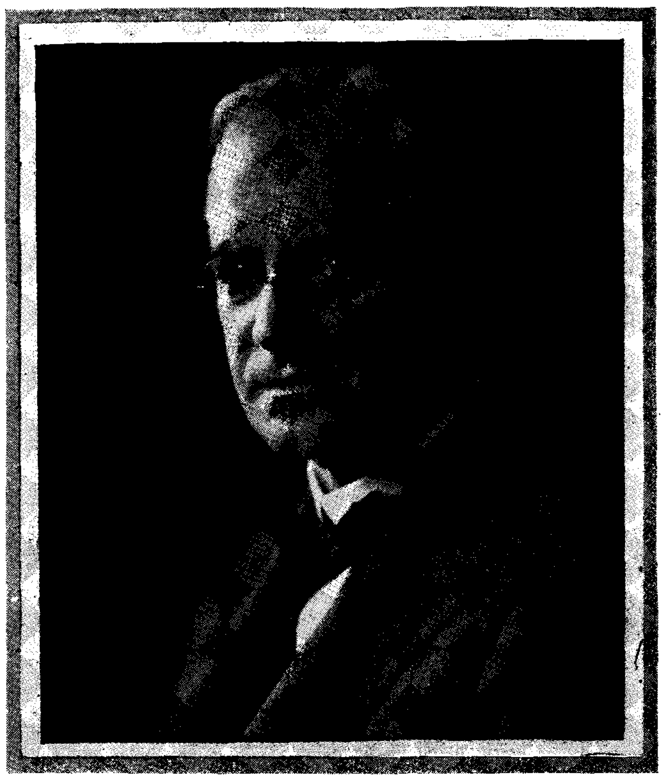
ANGELO PATRI, *famous educator and authority on child problems*

"No Parent with a Child Eligible Should Fail to Accept."

No parent with a child eligible should fail to accept for his child the Eastman Anniversary Gift Camera and film.

For, as a factor in developing observation, amateur picture-making is probably second to no other as an educational adjunct.

A Patri



George Eastman
Creator of Kodak, which celebrates its 50th Anniversary by giving away 500,000 Cameras to American Children

"A Gift to the Children of America

in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Kodak"

Geo Eastman

IF you have a child—boy or girl—whose *twelfth birthday* falls in any month of the calendar year 1930, go to an authorized Kodak dealer's and accept the camera illustrated on these pages—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—without cost or obligation.

It is a gift, made with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, to the Children of America, in celebration of the 50th anniversary of Kodak.

Editors and educators pronounce it one of the most unique public gifts in the history of American industry. *Five Hundred Thousand* cameras are being given to children, beginning May 1, 1930, under this plan.

There are no reservations to the gift, except that no cameras will be distributed *after* May 31, 1930, and *none* after the original supply of 500,000 is exhausted. Do not criticize your dealer if you delay till after his supply is exhausted.

Simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer's, on or after May 1, and get the camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film. You pay nothing, you buy nothing. This is a gift.

Why the Gift is Made

The gift is made for two reasons.

From a sentimental standpoint: As a token of appreciation to the grandparents and parents who for 50 years have played so important a part in the development of amateur picture-taking in America, and of the Eastman Kodak Company. To place in the hands of their children and grandchildren an admittedly important educational and character-building force.

From a business standpoint: As a means of interesting hundreds of thousands more children in picture-taking. And thus to raise amateur photography, among the coming generation, to even greater heights than its present remarkable peak. For, as amateur photography increases in popularity, the use of Kodak products will naturally increase with it.

A GIFT OF 500,000 CAMERAS

The camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—is given absolutely WITHOUT COST to any child whose twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930.

500,000 cameras, as illustrated, are to be given children who reach the age of twelve this year.

The gift is from the Eastman Kodak Company, with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board, in commemoration of Kodak's 50th Anniversary.

Gift Cameras will be distributed May 1, 1930, by authorized Kodak dealers, and continued until the supply of 500,000 is exhausted. None after May 31, 1930.

To get a camera, simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer. Pay nothing. Child must be accompanied by either parent or guardian.

A Parent's Duty to Accept this Important Character-Building Aid

Before this gift plan was definitely decided on, the opinions of educational authorities were sought.

Many hold that the acceptance of this gift is a duty parents owe their children—*as a definitely important character-building aid.*

For, as a factor in developing character, observation, appreciation of beauty and a depth of human understanding, they point out, amateur picture-making is probably second to no other as an educational adjunct.

It brings a child in touch, they say, with every phase of life and nature, and implants a clean interest in the formative mind, during the dangerously impressionable years, when a wholesome pastime is most needed to safeguard the future of the growing child.

That is why amateur picture-taking is widely advocated by educators today, why many hold that providing a child with the means to practice it is a praiseworthy benefaction. And every day, more and more, thinking parents are viewing it in that light.

Accept Today

The Anniversary Cameras are now at authorized Kodak dealers', ready for distribution.

Take your child to one of these stores. Get the camera. No red tape, no delay, no cost.

The gift-giving period will extend into the month of May, 1930, only as long as the supply of 500,000 cameras holds out. *To avoid disappointment, act now.* Be sure of getting one of these cameras for your child.

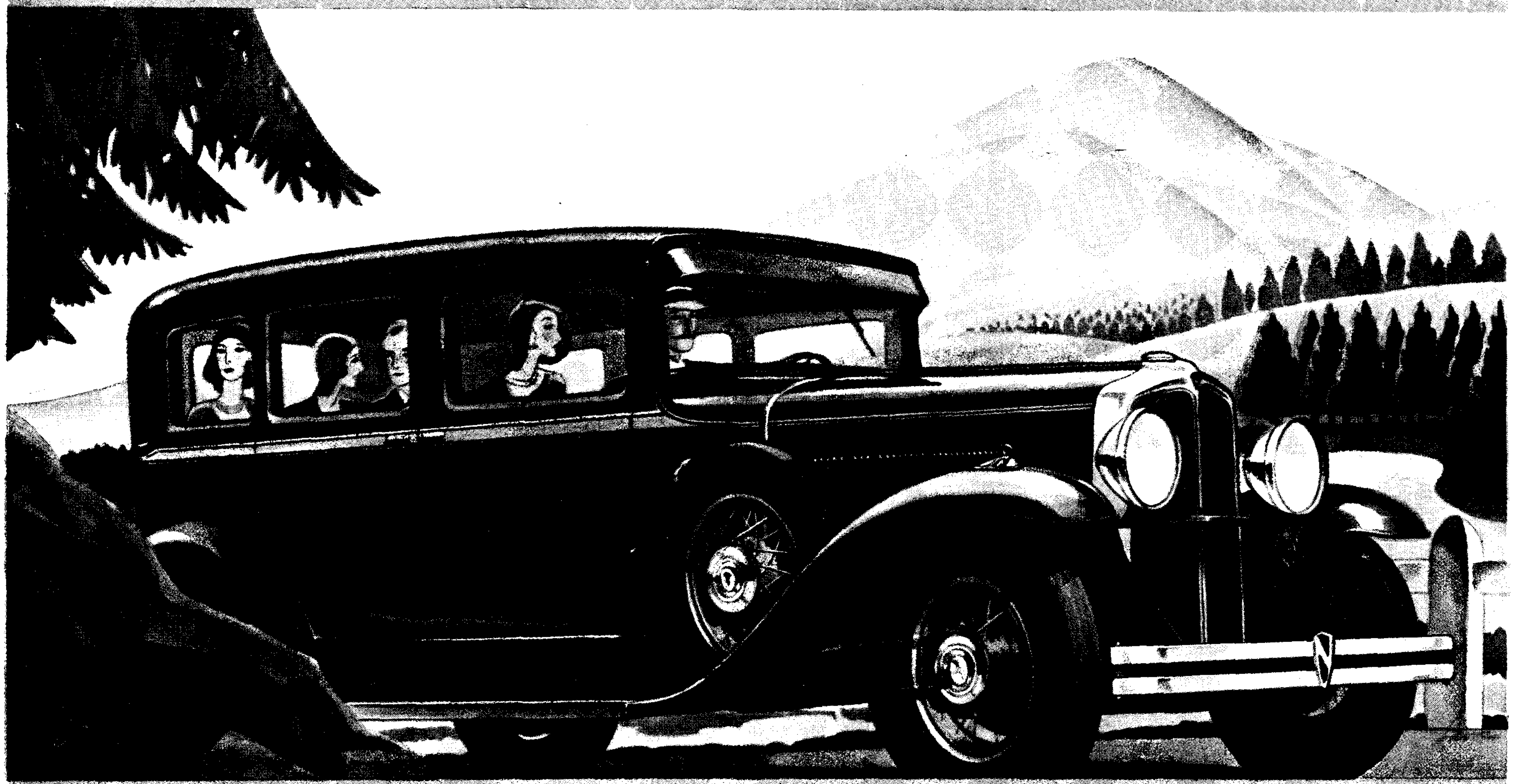
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

* * *

NOTE: In appreciation of their cooperation and loyalty through the years, this special Gift Camera will be distributed through stores of the nation-wide network of active, authorized Kodak dealers. Authorized Kodak dealers are located everywhere. Step up to the Kodak counter with your child and ask for the Gift Camera.

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



The Custom Sedan • Body by Fisher

Drive this new eight which develops one horsepower to every 37 pounds of weight

We emphasize the importance of *driving* the New Oakland Eight because only in this way can you receive a satisfactory impression of its superior performance. An 85-horsepower engine in this car of moderate weight accounts for its remarkable ratio of one horsepower to 37 pounds. And this ratio explains why, when you drive the New Oakland Eight, few cars will be able to match your speed, accelerate with you in traffic, or stay abreast of you climbing a steep hill. ◆ In designing this car, Oakland engineers succeeded in developing an engine with 251 cubic inches and at the same time in keeping the weight of the car moderate. That is why there is no car of Oakland's size today, excepting racing cars, so generously powered in proportion to its weight. ◆ Arrange to drive the New Oakland, General Motors' lowest-priced eight. You will find it delightfully comfortable and easy to handle as well as superior in performance. In a demonstration you can learn how many fine car advantages the New Oakland Eight enables you to enjoy at moderate cost.

$1025
AND UP
Seven body types. Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Company

Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Oakland Eight

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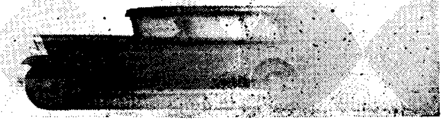


(*Continued from page 26*)

of the chasers were in open revolution.

Carl communicated with the admiral's flagship formally, asking whether the rule applied to the chasers, and received an emphatic affirmative. So he managed to find some ducks for himself and a white coat which he had been saving for Ethel's arrival and then he went on deck with his binoculars to look over the situation. So far as he could make out, there were three officers of his command in white suits approaching regulation. The rest were dressed as inappropriately as usual, and, to make matters worse, the figure of Admiral Smith was discernible on the quarter-deck of the Cephalus, his glasses trained on the American boats.

"Now he will have it in for me," sighed the lieutenant, and sure enough, within fifteen minutes he received a summary demand for his presence on board the British flagship.

He turned the T2W back toward the harbor and drew up within a few hundred yards of the Cephalus, none the happier for having received a ten-gallon splash full in the face as they crossed a particularly nasty stretch of current just outside the harbor. He was still dripping when he faced the irate admiral.

"I've heard of disorganization and inefficiency in the American navy," said the latter, looking with distaste at the lieutenant's soggy clothes. "I had expected at least a certain amount of coöperation, sir. Will you order your men into whites at once?"

"The order has been given, sir," said Carl. "You gave it."

"Look at them," said the old man. "They've got everything on, from bathing suits to sea boots."

"Our boats are pretty wet and pretty greasy," ventured Carl. "Have you ever visited one?"

"No, and I don't care to!" said the admiral. "Will you give that order?"

"To tell the truth, I don't think I'd better," said the lieutenant, "if I'm to keep the respect and confidence of my men."

"THEY ought to be court-martialed!" barked his senior.

"That's not convenient at the moment," was the reply. "I can't put the whole fleet in irons. After all, there are German submarines."

"Very well, sir," said the admiral, "you may go, and I don't mind telling you that I've been confirmed in my opinion of you and your command. You have no discipline and you take no pride in your appearance. Your decks look like those of a fish trawler and nobody knows who's running your organization!"

"We do the best we can. It's hard to keep decks or clothes clean on gasoline runabouts like those."

"You're an amateur," said the admiral, "and your whole gang's made up of amateurs. After that little squall last Wednesday I had occasion to run past three of your boats and was highly edified to find the officers on two of them leaning over the rail, seasick as landsmen!"

"It does happen," said Carl. "It's the gasoline."

"I dare say," growled the admiral, and the interview ended.

As Carl left the quarter-deck a radio officer approached him and slipped a yellow envelope into his hand. "Got it this morning," he said under his breath.

"Thanks," said Carl, and climbed down to his boat with a remarkably lighter heart. He read the message sitting in the stern, while his men craftily threaded through whitecaps, pulling alongside the T2W not much wetter than usual, which was as wet as drowned rats.

"Look for me on the landing any time after ten o'clock Wednesday morning," the radio officer had written with official flourishes. There was no signature.

So she was coming. She was coming and he had as little chance as a proverbial something or other to be at the landing, or to get on shore at all, before her papa, who thought he was God, had shipped her back to London.

Nothing happened for two days except that the sunshine continued. The Italian officers emerged in their dirty whites, the Japanese officers in their clean ones, the British officers immaculate as usual, and the Americans like the scum they were. The lieutenant could feel a distinct area of frost between the admiral's flagship and his own. All communications were conducted according to formula.

The American officers had discovered a new game which they played when off duty on the round-robin telephone. It consisted of anonymous discussions of the British navy, of the mythical flagship called the *Pinafore*, aboard which all the officers wore white aprons, and considerable ragging of the British royal house. Carl was morally certain that the admiral sat in on this game as a furious kibitzer and held every word spoken against the commander of the American flagship.

Along toward the evening of the Tuesday before the Wednesday of his expectations, he heard from the admiral by telephone.

"Godfrey?" said the voice, when communications had been established.

"Yes, sir," said Godfrey, expecting lightning from Olympus.

"The Brazilian Government has entered the war," went on the admiral smoothly, "and has dispatched its fleet of four gunboats to aid in the patrolling of the Mediterranean. These four vessels are due off Gibraltar tonight or tomorrow morning and since you are occupying the Atlantic outpost you will undoubtedly be the first to sight them or pick up the noise of their propellers. This message is to inform you that they are our allies and are to be so treated."

"Thank you, sir," said Godfrey. "I'll look out for them."

Suddenly a voice cut across the ether. "T2W! T2W!" it said frantically. "Lieutenant Godfrey?"

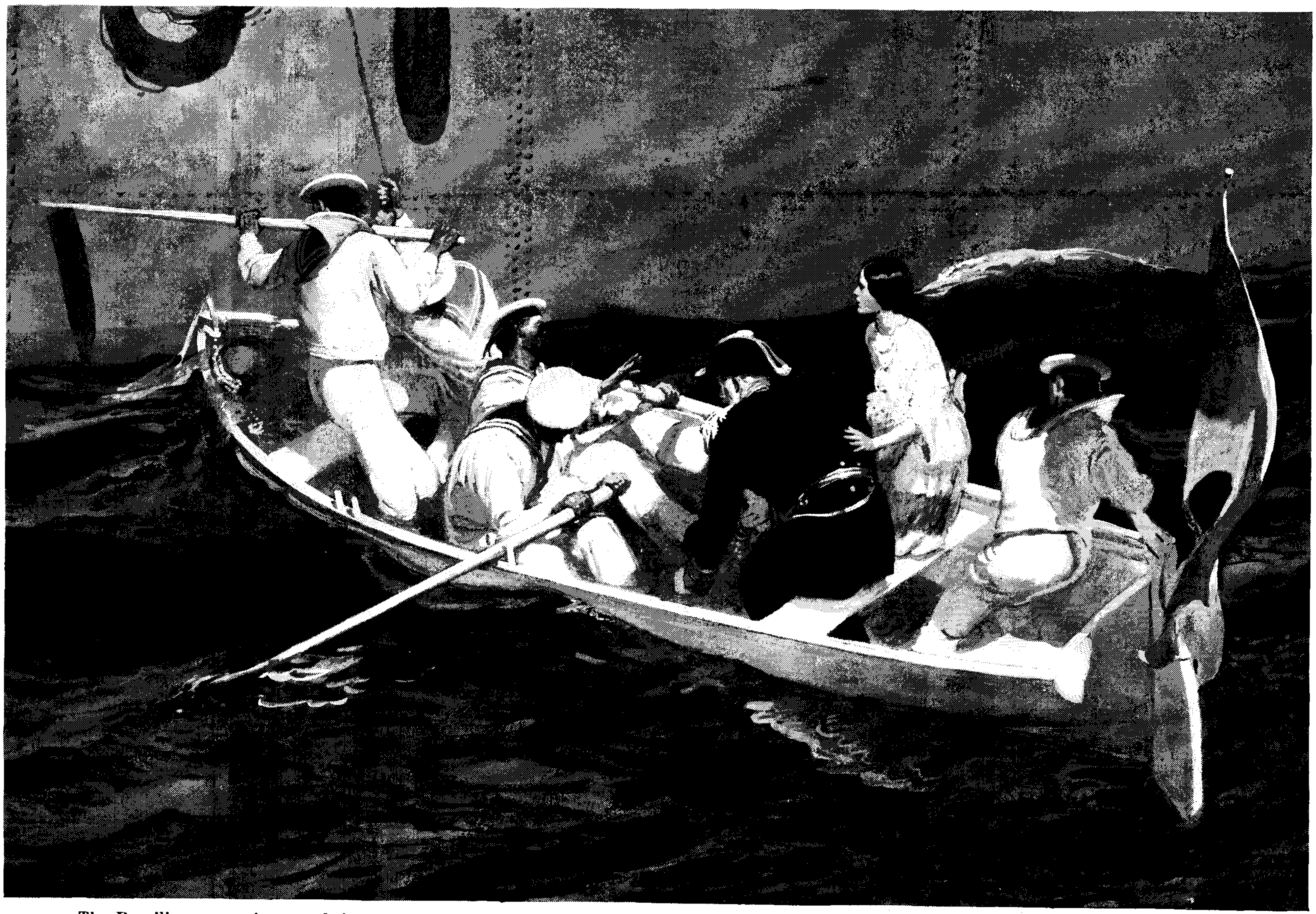
"Speaking."

"I can't find my apron and the wash doesn't come back till Monday!"

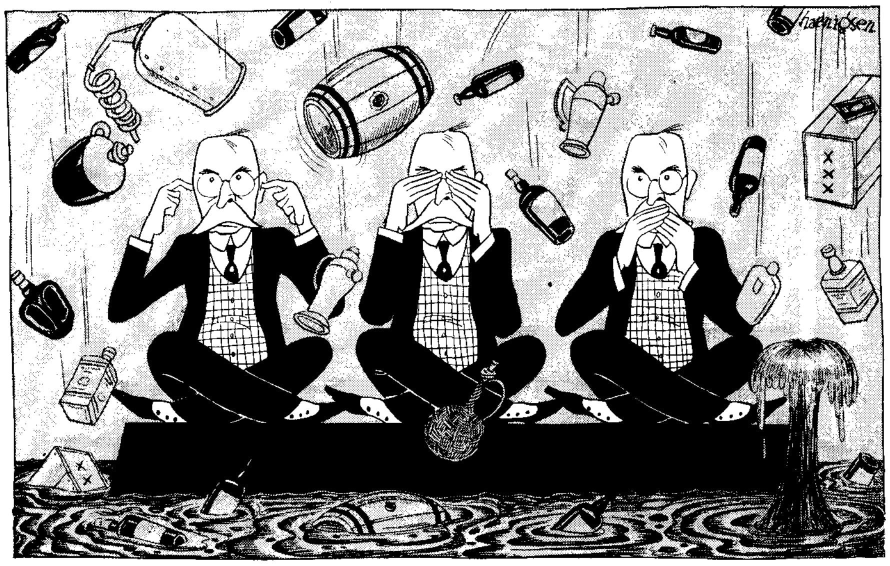
THERE was a sudden vehement snort from the admiral and then silence. Carl hung up his receiver and sat brooding silently for half an hour over the possibility of establishing friendly relations with Admiral Smith. After all, he owed the admiral an apology, and an apology might lead to a truce. He took down the receiver and tried to get the Cephalus. There was no answer, which was strange, for somebody was certainly on duty at the telephone. He then got in touch with the Cephalus by radio and received word that the British flagship's telephone receiver had gone dead. "Very likely blown out by the admiral's reaction to that last message," thought Carl, and gave it up.

The evening fell in a blue haze that

(*Continued on page 36*)



The Brazilian coxswain was obviously nervous, for he failed to allow for the swell and brought his bow with a crash against the steel plates



A Fifty Per Cent Commission

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

MR. GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, chief scientist for the President in the scientific investigation of prohibition enforcement, recently made two astonishing statements to a congressional committee. One was that the dry law was as well enforced as other laws. And the other was that the legalization of 2.75 per cent beer was not worth considering as a means of making the prohibition law more enforceable.

The first statement contradicts the evidence of police reports—which show more arrests for drunkenness than ever before—and the testimony of everyone's eyes that whisky or gin is obtainable at a moment's notice anywhere in this country.

What becomes of the fifty million gallons of alcohol made annually from corn sugar, besides the alcohol made from cane sugar, from beet sugar and from molasses? And of the whisky brought in from Canada and from abroad?

As for the legalizing of a light beer as a means of lessening the troubles of prohibition enforcement, almost everyone except, possibly, Mr. Wickersham, has heard of beer running as the main activity of the gangs in Chicago, the main cause of the bloody fights over territory among the gangsters.

Mr. Wickersham, who started out as a wet when he opened his scientific investigation, finds it very hard to remain a wet and to say that enforcement by the President, who appointed him, is a failure. The Republican party is moving steadily toward the dry side of this controversy, and Mr. Wickersham as a Republican and the appointee of a Republican President moves with his party.

Passing the Bock

One trouble with Mr. Wickersham is that the country moves faster in attacking the prohibition problem than he does. He started out with the idea that its solution lay in dividing the burden of prohibition enforcement between the Federal government and the states.

Nearly a year ago that plan was exciting. Now it is as novel, as true and as important as the notion that the sun revolves around the earth.

It is President Hoover's idea, so far as one can learn. Sooner or later the drys will take it over and make it their own and Mr. Wickersham will be one of the heroes of the Anti-Saloon League.

In his absorption in that idea one may find the explanation of Mr. Wickersham's two astonishing statements just referred to. If he is going to propose a new way of enforcing prohibition he must not say that enforcement is a failure. Such an admission would weaken the case for his scheme. Also, being committed to another plan, naturally he is impatient with the idea of legalizing light beer.

By the Nose

So while the country moves forward to a frank fight on prohibition in the next national election, a fight the first skirmish of which will be held next November when an actual test of the determination of the wets will be held, Mr. Wickersham is working to take prohibition out of national politics. Nobody really wants it taken out of national politics now. Everybody is looking forward to a settlement of the question in the good old way of counting noses.

The drys won originally by getting a majority of the country. The wets now hope to overturn the drys at the polls.

Mr. Wickersham's plan is either a plan for making prohibition enforcement more effective or a plan for winking at the failure of prohibition enforcement, for relieving the Federal government of all responsibility for ignoring the Eighteenth Amendment in the states where the prevailing sentiment is wet.

In either case it is in the interest of the drys; in the first case obviously, and in the second because it will lessen the interest of the wet states in the repeal of the amendment, or the passage of a Federal dispensary law.

If Mr. Wickersham's idea of shifting most of the actual responsibility for prohibition upon the states means that the wet states will then be free to ignore such responsibility, the liquor traffic will remain surreptitious and corrupting, as it is now—only the Federal government may then shut its eyes to the contempt in which the Eighteenth Amendment is held.

The Wickersham plan will, therefore, get us nowhere, so far as solving the abuses of prohibition is concerned. It will merely get the prohibition issue off the Republican party's doorstep. It is doubtful whether any honest dry or any intelligent wet will accept Mr. Wickersham's plan as anything more than a political dodge. It is an old rule that where responsibility is divided there is no responsibility.

Meanwhile Mr. Wickersham, head of the Hoover commission investigating prohibition enforcement, grows more steadily dry.

Traveling in Style

Continued from page 12

worse than dizzy heels tilting perilously about on slanting decks while their wearers giggle—unless, indeed, one considers the miscellaneous collection of scarfs tied round the heads of those who imagine that here at last is the time to go piratical. A plain flat band matching the second color of the costume is permissible, but a béret is just as good and one may wear it in to lunch.

There are still a great many women who seem to think that a shipboard game of contract—or whatever is the favorite diversion of the older set—calls for a change of costume. But this is not the case. Play in the clothes in which you sat on deck. Leave the dressed-up spectator sports things, the town printed silks and the afternoon skirt lengths till you arrive at your destination, and you'll be a model traveler.

No Joseph's Coat of Stickers

At dinner, one is always sure to see a great many lace dresses—these are the first choice of ocean-going commuters because they pack and shake out so easily and don't suffer from the damp air. Those in black are the most useful, and, in a pinch, if such a dress were smartly cut yet not too noticeable, one could wear it every night. Other good lace shades are peach and pale seagreen. Flowered chiffons are good sailors too—not a fashion high-light of this particular season, but something no season seems to be able to do without. Over these frocks, cut ankle length and not too alarmingly décolleté, one is likely to wear a velveteen wrap of some sort. Formal, elaborate evening dresses with trains and so on, evening wraps in sumptuous fabrics or in delicate furs are not in the least in the picture. A sports fur coat to slip on for a turn round the deck between dances is a good thing to have on hand, if you have the space for it in packing.

The art of dressing for the train trip is something very different. Here one scarcely considers the gallery at all, except to be as inconspicuous as possible. The woman who knows her way round the fashion time-table chooses her clothes primarily for comfort, and resistance to dust, to cinders and to crushing—especially if the trip is to be long and hot. Nothing is better than one of the new printed silk suits—not in a feminine floral pattern, but in a small geometric, a polka dot or a tiny conventionalized flower design which is really nothing but a colored spot on a dark background. With it goes a blouse in the same print, perhaps a second in one of the colors in the design, if we are to be en route for several days. It's a good idea, too, to keep a frilly lawn blouse to put on at our destination, for nothing is harder on the morale than to arrive feeling bedraggled whether we look it or not.

With the silk suit it will be wise to choose a hat in one of the new jersey straws that doesn't tire the head when we lean back. Shoes should be of kid, not suède, which is fine for town but an omnivorous dust-eater in transit; and of course the heels shouldn't be too high. Stockings are of beige silk, but in a trifle darker shade than we wore last year. Gloves, whether white or beige, should fit easily and be of the plain washable type—and women who hate to have dirt grimed into their hands will have pairs and pairs and pairs! A furless topcoat in cheviot or basket weave in the tone of the ground color of the print—a bag to match the shoes, which also match the hat—all of them taking their cue from the original background shade—and we're equipped to meet Jerry's father, who is president of the road.

Of course we don't need to confine ourselves to silk, if the trip isn't of the hop-through-Hades variety; the conventional travel costume is a woolen suit, a roughish woolen, not too sportsy, or a men's suiting material like sharkskin or gray flannel. With such a suit, if not too tailored, might go a rather plain and well-cut novelty jersey blouse; a blouse made of shirting silk would be more appropriate with a suit of mannish type. The hat in either case should be of felt, or of one of the new novelty jerseys with a scarf to match.

But let's not go on either train or ship without giving a thought to the way our luggage is going to look—so many otherwise smart women seem to be blind as to what constitutes smart luggage. You'll see them with an assortment that includes all kinds of leathers and colors—an overnight bag that was an oversight present, a hatbox picked up to piece out, in some spot where a good stock wasn't available, an old suitcase dragged out of the attic. Luggage is just as much a part of the traveler as her clothes or her accessories; and if a friend with a good-looking car meets a descending guest surrounded with odds and ends, the conjunction isn't favorable for a thoroughly blissful visit.

Very few people bought all the luggage they now possess on a single shopping expedition. But the wise ones decided on a color and a leather or fabric that suited them and a type that was always available, just as the same women bought open-stock china for general use, knowing that replacements would fit into the original scheme.

If, however, the present reader is guiltily conscious that her existing pieces, too good to junk, present all the variety of a rummage sale, let her have covers of waterproof canvas made for them in dark gray or light brown. This is not only smart and scrubbable but inexpensive into the bargain. Such covers have the additional merit of being easily picked out from the mound that accumulates at every Pullman door, at a popular stop.

Everybody knows, of course, that one shouldn't allow a Joseph's coat of hotel and steamship stickers to accumulate on luggage of any kind. The more thoughtful hotels won't put us up against such a problem of rubbish removal; the trademarks of those that act first and think afterward should be taken off at the first opportunity.

For the Air-Minded

In conclusion, I might say that if this article had been written for European readers, or even for those of South rather than North America, I should never have dared to talk as though steamship lines and railroads were the only public carriers. I should have taken for granted that a great many long-distance jumps were made by air, and I should have said, of course, that one dressed for a plane as for a train, since the comforts inside are similar and the quarters equally small. But everybody tells us that we aren't an air-minded nation . . . and yet, did you know that the Department of Commerce estimates that 3,527,000 American passengers rode aloft during 1929? To be sure, many of these were mere thrill-hoppers who went up and came down in the same spot, but the taste for such transportation is easily acquired.

"Me pay 50¢ for a tooth paste? let me laugh"

"I paid that for years—thought I had to in order to have nice teeth.

"But I don't pay that much now. I've had a small but worth-while lesson in economy.

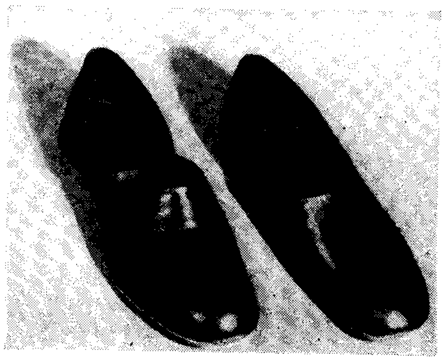
"It occurred to me one day that all tooth pastes are pretty much alike. If that was so, what was the use of paying fancy prices; that led me to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. Been using it right along now, and figure I save myself about $4 a year. What's more, my teeth look cleaner and whiter than ever and my mouth feels simply great!"

That's the way a lot of men and women talk. Actually, more than a million people have rejected costly dentifrices for this modern one which sells for 25¢, the large tube. And while the price has been a consideration, the deciding factor in their selection was the outstanding quality of this tooth paste and the remarkable results achieved by it.

If you aren't already using Listerine Tooth Paste, do so at the first opportunity. Note how swiftly but how gently it erases discolorations and tartar. And how lustrous it leaves the teeth. Contained in it are new polishing and cleansing agents. They are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and consequently do not hurt it.

We are willing to wager that once you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will not return to soapy, gritty, or prettily colored dentifrices which accomplish no more. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy house slippers with what it saves



Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves you about $3 per year per person compared to dentifrices in the high-price field. Spend that $3 as you please. Slippers is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hose, neckties, cigars, cigarettes are other possibilities.

25¢
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Motor oil is made–not

a dozen oils of widely different

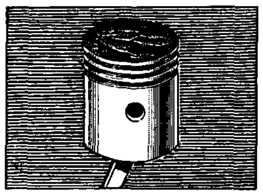
As an experienced motorist, you know the importance of getting the best oil for your engine. But if you ask for an oil because it is made from a particular crude, can you be sure that it is the correct oil for *your engine?*

The crude oil base does not in itself determine the quality of a lubricating oil. A dozen oils of widely different character may come from the same crude oil.

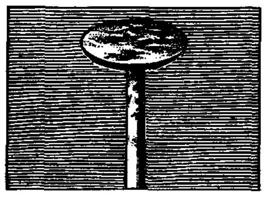
DEFICIENT OILS ARE COMMON

To make sure of quality in an oil, you need to know the refining skill and experience behind that oil. You need to know whether it contains ALL of the essential properties of an oil in correct proportions. If any properties are missing, or present in incorrect proportions, that oil is *deficient.*

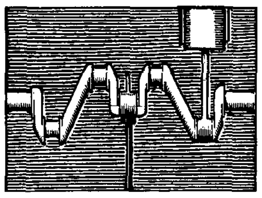
A DEFICIENT OIL MAY



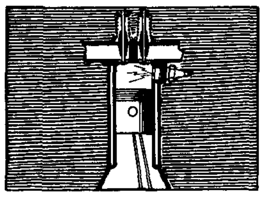
—pile up hard carbon deposits on cylinders, pistons and valves. You sacrifice power, and incur the expense of over-frequent carbon removal.



—oxidize. This results in valves gumming and sticking—restraining the action of your engine. Your oil system also is apt to clog up.



—lack sufficient oily character to keep down wear in your engine. Your car grows old before its time, and your engine begins to loosen up.



—lack heat resistance—"use up" too quickly. With modern fast driving, to be efficient and economical, an oil must *last!*

WHY MOBILOIL IS A FULL-DUTY OIL

In Mobiloil all the properties needed for complete lubrication are present. And in the type of Mobiloil recommended for *your* engine, they are present in the correct proportions *for that engine.*

These are the essential properties:

Carbon Control—keeps hard carbon deposits from piling up in your cylinders.

Heat Resistance—gives ability to last long under high temperatures of modern fast driving. Keeps down oil consumption.

Oily Character—protects precision metal surfaces from friction and wear. Keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

Oxidation Control—keeps valves from sticking and gumming. Keeps your oil system from clogging.

FULL-DUTY LUBRICATION REQUIRES DIFFERENT TYPES OF MOBILOIL

No *one* oil contains the essential properties in the correct proportion for *all* engines. The proportions must vary

DEALER:
This oil was made from good crude

found . . .

character can come from the same crude

with each type of engine. That's why there are different types of Mobiloil. The difference in these types of Mobiloil is more than a difference in "body," as is the case with most oils. It is a difference in the proportion of the essential properties as well.

Your car of today was designed with greater precision than the cars of yesterday. Finer adjustments call for finer distinctions in lubrication. The Mobiloil technical staff is the most experienced in the lubricating oil world. Its members have thoroughly studied each type of engine and they *know* its lubrication requirements.

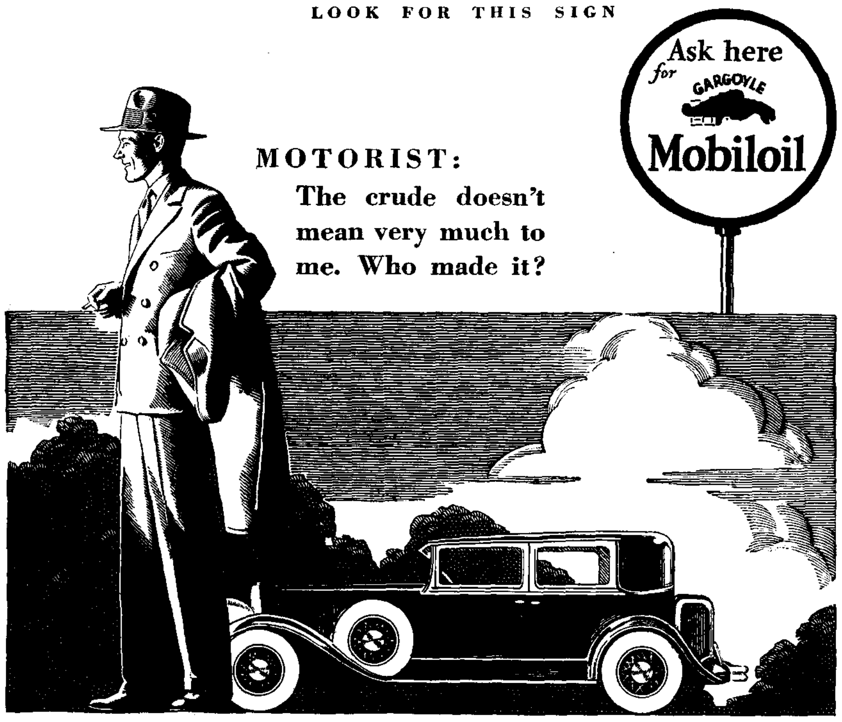
When you go to your Mobiloil dealer, ask him for the correct grade of Mobiloil as shown on the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations at the right. With full-duty Mobiloil in your crankcase, your engine is safe.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Mobiloil

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN


Ask here for
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
MOTORIST:
The crude doesn't mean very much to me. Who made it?

You cannot lubricate your car with crude!

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

Straight EIGHT
100 Horsepower
125" Wheelbase
$1195

AUBURN

Straight EIGHT
125 Horsepower
130" Wheelbase
$1495

Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. Equipment other than standard extra.

The Battle of Gibraltar

Continued from page 31

merged gradually into a gray mist, shot through with warm, blowing rain. Carl went to bed disconsolate. The Brazilians would, of course, be late. Nobody would expect a Brazilian battleship to be anywhere on time, and if he were to remain the western outpost of the fleet until their arrival, Ethel would wait futilely for him at the landing. He might get word to her by radio, but if he sent from his own set, the message would be picked up by everybody in the vicinity, including the admiral, and if he made a special trip to the Cephalus to send a private message, his presence on board would be difficult to explain.

Moreover, he didn't know how to send a message to the admiral's house on the rock without running the risk of its falling into the admiral's hands. Ethel, poor girl, was unaware of his plight and probably thought that since he was in command of his own squadron he could meet her whenever he liked.

HE WAS in a mood to chew iron as he climbed into his rocking berth and tried to arrange himself so that the roll of the boat would not fling him periodically against the supports. For two or three hours he lay awake, breathing gasoline.

He awoke to hear Hatcher, the first mate, pounding on his door.

"Picked up something," said Hatcher. "Something bigger than a submarine, coming up from the west!"

"Can't you see it?" Godfrey asked.

"Can't see more than a mile. There's a mist and it's going to be hot today."

Carl put on the first clothes at hand and went forward to put his ear to the listening device. True enough, he could hear the regular thump, thump, thump of a propeller, and then, more faintly, of another propeller in the background. It was the Brazilians. He took his glasses and went on deck to watch for them through the fog.

His mind searched frantically for some excuse for leaving his post. He was under orders to remain where he was. He could be court-martialed if he kept that appointment at the landing, and for some reason or other one doesn't like to leave a post of duty, even when one knows that the offense is slight and without importance. Was it part of his function to greet the Brazilian vessels and escort them into the harbor? He had not been told so. If he tried it, the admiral would send him back. The admiral certainly knew that Ethel was coming this morning and would come down to the landing to meet him.

As for the Brazilians, they were getting lost. For two hours the noise of their propellers was lost; then, at nine, they were picked up again and shortly afterward a moving mountain of black smoke appeared not more than a mile away and seemed to be approaching the harbor.

"It would be just like those bloody South Americans to salute us," said Hatcher, and even as he spoke there came a flash and a report from the Brazilian flagship.

"My God, they're doing it! They'll scare every U-boat into the Nile River. Say, what's that? They're using shells!"

A geyser had lifted out of the sea a furlong to the north.

"Maybe they haven't got any blanks!"

Another gun spoke from the Brazilian ship and this time the geyser rose within tossing distance of the T2W.

"They're firing on us!" said Godfrey. "They think we're submarines!"

Again the Brazilian fired and this time the shell dropped uncomfortably close.

Now, legally and officially, there was only one thing for Lieutenant Godfrey to do, and he knew it. He must ask the admiral's permission to retire, or else stay where he was. The fog had lifted sufficiently so that he could communicate with the admiral by signal. He could also send a radio message, but either message was required by regulation to be in code and would go through a dozen different hands before any action could be taken.

"I'm going to disobey orders," said Godfrey. "Run up a signal to follow us and we'll turn around and run down the line."

It was nine-thirty and Ethel would be at the landing at ten. The T2W swung around sharp to starboard and started back, just as a chance shell dropped in the sea where she had been rolling two minutes earlier.

The Brazilian gunboats, scenting victory, put on full steam and came forward in battle formation, firing lustily and missing by extraordinary margins.

The T2W, running back along the line, carrying the signal, "Follow Me," brought with it, one by one, the chasers of the American fleet, and the whole thirty made ungallantly toward the harbor of Gibraltar on the north. As they went, they passed the Italian gunboats. These latter, with great presence of mind, joined the retreat with a will, and being somewhat faster than the chasers, passed them in a headlong dash inland.

The stolid Japanese, good sailors and as quick on the trigger as anybody, stayed not on the order of their going, either, but departed before a shell had come nearer than one-half mile away, and before long the entire fleet was sweeping past the English flagship in a rush of white water, dotted occasionally with fountains from the Brazilian shells.

A maze of signals began to erupt upon the mast of the Cephalus, beginning with "Where are you going?" and proceeding through "Keep your stations!" and ending with "Reform in the harbor!" This last admonition was the admiral's concession to the fact that he was going too. The admiral was evidently now up and had his boots laced, and although the British ships were last behind the breakwater, they spared no time getting there.

THE little T2W was for a moment within hailing distance of the Cephalus and the admiral could be seen, purple-faced, upon the quarter-deck.

"Now, what do you think you've done?" he bawled through a megaphone at Lieutenant Godfrey.

"I'm bringing in the Brazilian fleet!" yelled Carl, and in the confusion went on toward the landing pier, arriving at ten o'clock, and leaving it to the Brazilians to explain. He was over the side before the lines were fast, expectant and happy. But there was no one to greet him.

He waited for a moment in the shade of a toppling pile of bales marked "Supply Department," his eyes fixed on the carriage road that wound up the Rock. She was late and it was just too bad, for already the admiral was running up the inevitable call to conference, and Carl must attend. He gave Ethel a few more minutes and then reluctantly climbed aboard.

Meanwhile, a gigantic disentangling was taking place among the Allies inside the breakwater. The Brazilian admiral, having arrived under the guns of Gibraltar, came to and decided that there must have been a mistake. Tentative overtures were tried in different languages, ending in a conversation, through interpreters, which convinced the Brazilians that they had done something considerably out of the way and to be regretted. The effusiveness of the apologies of the Brazilian commander was only comparable to the stiffness with which those apologies were received by Admiral Smith, who said, in his anger, several things about South Americans in general and in particular which could not be softened in translation.

He then had Lieutenant Godfrey on the mat. "You are aware, I presume," he told him, "that this disgraceful rout could have been avoided by a little presence of mind on your part?"

"Why, no," said Carl, "but if so, I'm sorry."

"You no doubt arranged the whole proceeding to suit your own purposes," said the admiral, and his eye flickered toward the pier, where Ethel could now be seen, sunshade in one hand and white kerchief fluttering from the other.

"It could have been better arranged," responded Carl morosely, saluting as he turned away.

"You will reform your patrol," the admiral snapped after him, "and remain in line!"

SO CARL and his chasers went back into line and remained there for three days of fairly smooth and bearable weather. Some slight exchange of missives went on between the T2W and the admiral's house on the Rock, but nothing calculated to ease the heart of a young naval lieutenant when the girl he loves is dangled just out of his reach.

Ethel raged at the admiral as much as she dared, and more than was politic. But with Lieutenant Godfrey safely insulated from his daughter by several miles of salt water the admiral began to feel at ease and even made the most of the occasion of Ethel's visit to extend his social relations with the fleets. There were other girls at Gibraltar, all of them glad to be entertained on board, and a great feasting and dancing became the order of the day after the Brazilians arrived, for though they knew little about naval maneuvers, they could dance to any music.

On the afternoon of the third day after the battle Ethel and her father had agreed to go to tea on the Brazilian flagship. Ethel had no interest in this expedition but she went as she had done many times in these three days, in the hope of conciliating her paternal ancestor.

The sea was calm, with a very gentle swell, and there seemed no risk in traversing the quarter mile between the two vessels, even with Brazilians at the oars. Admiral Pinhiero sent his best gig for Ethel and her father and they came up beside the Cephalus capably enough, though with no great amount of seamanship.

The little voyage across was uneventful except for the fact that it happened to coincide with an errand of Lieutenant Godfrey's from the extreme west to the extreme eastern end of his line, where he was to deliver spare parts for an ailing engine which had cracked an engine-casing and left Lieutenant Johnson temporarily crippled.

Ethel saw the T2W, and Carl, who was not at the moment unobservant,

(*Continued on page 38*)

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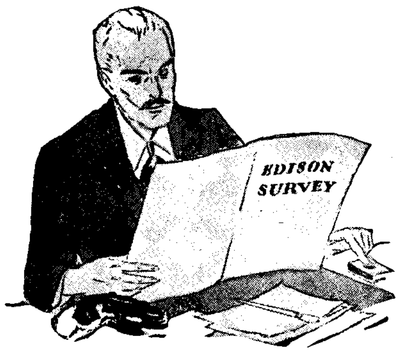

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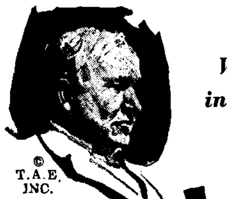

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The Battle of Gibraltar

Continued from page 36

saw his Ethel in the cockleshell, and for some reason best known to himself slowed down to watch the transfer. Perhaps even Carl could not have given a reason for slowing down. The order passed his lips without volition on his part. His heart was beating terrifically against his side and he could actually see the girl's face turned toward him. Did he imagine it or had her lips formed some word that she wanted to say?

While he stood thus in a daze the T2W continued circling nearer to her under his orders. If he had been asked by some stern superior at that moment just what his conduct meant, he would probably have said that he was only making sure the little boat should arrive at its destination safely before going on.

It was certainly no part of his intention to fluster the admiral's convoy, but the Brazilian coxswain was obviously rendered nervous by the chaser's proximity, for he failed to allow for the swell and brought the starboard quarter of his bow with a crash against the steel plates. This possibility had been unforeseen. The boat began to leak and go down by the head with incredible rapidity.

TWO life savers that were thrown out tangled in descending and hung just out of reach. A sailor in the bow caught a line and an effort was made to pull the boat up to the steps before it swamped, but before any effort had either succeeded or completely failed the T2W had been swung around with a precision acquired through long practice of its commander in laying this particular boat against a dock without scraping the paint, and the wooden ladder which ran down her side came gently into position within reach of Admiral Smith. There was no time for hesitation. The chaser could not long maintain her place. The admiral and his daughter stepped to the ladder, and both they and the Brazilian sailors became passengers on the chaser.

The admiral's mustache was stiff with rage as he climbed in over the side and assisted Ethel to the deck. His first fire was directed at the Brazilians. "Do you speak English?" he asked the coxswain, and at his, "No, señor," launched into a vituperative attack in the aforesaid language, with emphasis upon the indiscriminate affections of his feminine ancestors. He then turned his attention briefly to his daughter, implying that she had dragged him into the Brazilian engagement, whereas the contrary was the case. Having disposed of these two, he allowed himself to see Lieutenant T. Carl Godfrey.

"I'm sorry for this intrusion, sir," he began.

"Can I set you down anywhere?" asked Carl. "You were going to tea?"

"No!" roared the admiral. "What I want is to get back to the Cephalus and if I ever leave it again in the company of greasers that handle their boats like so many water wagons, I'll go prepared to drown! How did you happen to be here?"

Carl responded, "Rushing some spare parts," et cetera. He felt it sounded fishy to the admiral, who had thought him capable of suborning the Brazilian navy to enable him to meet Ethel at the dock.

"You had an errand, then?" said the admiral.

"I did."

"We will not take you out of your way. If you had an errand, fulfill it and take us back to the Cephalus at your convenience."

"Very well," said Carl, and then to Ethel, "do you mind?"

"I'd love it," said Ethel. These were the first words they had exchanged.

The currents that flow through the Straits of Gibraltar are various and deceptive. Even on a bright and sparkling day the water that appears from the deck of a liner or a battleship to heave only with a pleasant swell is capable of tossing a yacht or a chaser as the proverbial terrier shook the proverbial rat. One of these nameless and changeable currents had come to the surface in the path of the T2W and was wavering along the whole chaser line, like a three-mile sea serpent. As a good seaman, Carl should have avoided this coiling, watery monster, but instead he nosed into it and carefully stayed there.

The admiral had led Ethel amidships and the two were ensconced in the nearest thing to deck chairs available on board. For half a minute Admiral Smith sat there, unflinching and stern, holding the chair, with some effort, to the deck beneath him. Then a far from negligible section of the Mediterranean rose up over the bow of the boat, looked down in a human and curious manner at these strangers in the vicinity, and descended. The decks ran ankle-deep to the stern and the air was filled with warm, flying salt water.

Ethel stood up like a young goddess and raised her dripping arms to the sky. "It's glorious!" she cried, which was not the admiral's reaction.

Like all born sailors, he hated getting wet. "Can we have these chairs placed in a more sheltered position?" he asked, looking down at his drenched flannels.

"Certainly, sir," said Carl, and even as he said it another curious wave hesitated on the boat's starboard quarter and broke with the effect of a cloudburst.

A sailor dragged the chairs aft and the admiral retreated with him. Carl apologized for the crankiness of his craft and offered to return, but again the admiral refused to hear of it.

"Stick to your course," he ordered, and then rose suddenly.

He rose to meet a third crisis in the form of twin whitecaps that lifted to left and right of the little vessel's stern, curtsied to each other across the deck, and met overhead in the general shape of an umbrella. Descending, they washed the admiral clean of his last inhibitions.

"DO YOU think this is funny?" he called to Carl. "Is this the way you handle a boat in the American navy? Is there any place where an officer can keep dry on this damn' tub?"

"It's not very pleasant below," rejoined Carl. "The gasoline—"

The admiral interrupted him. "I'll go below," he stated.

"I like it here," said Ethel.

"You will come with me," the admiral directed, and the hatch was lifted for them. The Brazilians also chose to go below.

Had the admiral known the interior of the chaser better, he would have thought twice before descending into its depths. Carl led them to his own cabin, a fairly clean but tiny compartment with two small closed portholes. The hold of a chaser is not very far from the upper deck, a fact which accounts for the disastrous mixture of disastrous odors that permeated the cubicle. Dominant and most significant among them was the stench of gasoline.

The admiral sat down distastefully on the edge of the bunk. Ethel glimpsed her own photograph pinned carefully and quite alone to the one available bit of wall space, and henceforth found nothing about the place to dislike. Carl left them there and went on deck.

If he had had this current made to order for him, he could not have arranged it better for his purposes. Never exactly repeating itself, it found a thousand new and disastrous ways to annoy the solar plexus.

One by one the Brazilians climbed through the hatchway and staggered across the deck to the rail. Carl watched these manifestations and awaited further results.

Below, Ethel felt herself turning pale and rose to go on deck. "I think I'll have to get some air," she said to her father, and then noticed that he looked paler than she felt.

"I'll go with you," he answered, and started to rise, but sat down again. "We'll stay here a while," he announced.

"I can't," gulped Ethel, "I really can't!" and bolted.

A sailor opened the hatch for her, and once in the open air she felt better.

Carl was at her side in a moment. "How are you?" he asked.

"Keep on rocking the boat!" she whispered. "Dad's going under."

"Are you all right?"

"I'm going to be. Just let me hold on to something."

He gave her his arm. "And you don't mind being wet?"

"I love it. All this time I've been longing to be on your boat with you."

"God bless the Brazilians!" said Carl. "They missed fire the first time, but they have a genius for romance. They were bound to bring us together."

WHEN the T2W drew up alongside Lieutenant Johnson and hove to to transfer the parts, Carl and Ethel were standing together at the bow, oblivious of the sea, the wide world and even the admiral. But the admiral was not oblivious of the sea, the world or himself. He climbed through the hatchway, a pale and shaky figure, and made, before the assembled officers and sailors, for what passed on the T2W for the rail. He leaned over it and confided something to the waves. Then he drew himself together and approached Carl. After all, he knew when he was beaten.

"Young man," he began, in a voice a little more shaky than he would have desired, "do you mean to say that you live on this thing seven days in the week?"

"It's my misfortune, sir," said Carl. "Everybody else was promoted off this infernal tugboat and so I was left here for my sins."

"Whatever you've done," said the old man, "it's punishment enough. I think you were right about that gasoline."

"Don't apologize," Carl said. "It gets everybody at first."

"Well," said the admiral, "while we're on the subject, I want to say that was a pretty piece of work the way you picked us up when that damn' boat swamped, and I think I'll take back what I said about your organization. I couldn't have done it better myself."

Carl began to warm to his superior. "It's really too bad about the tea," said he, "and in all hospitality I couldn't ask you to have tea on the T2W—"

"We'll have tea on the Cephalus," said the admiral. "Ethel makes good tea."

And she did.

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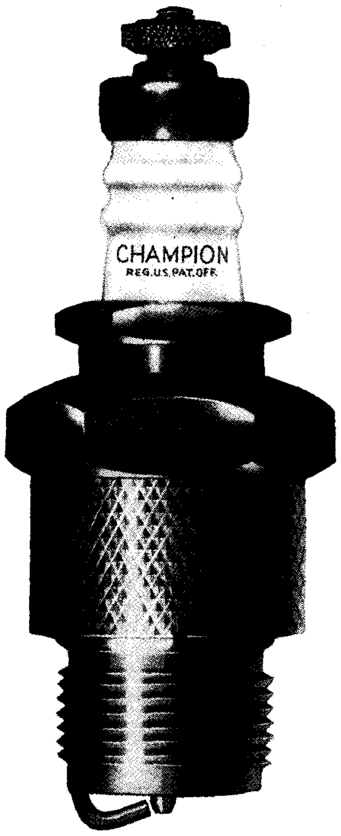

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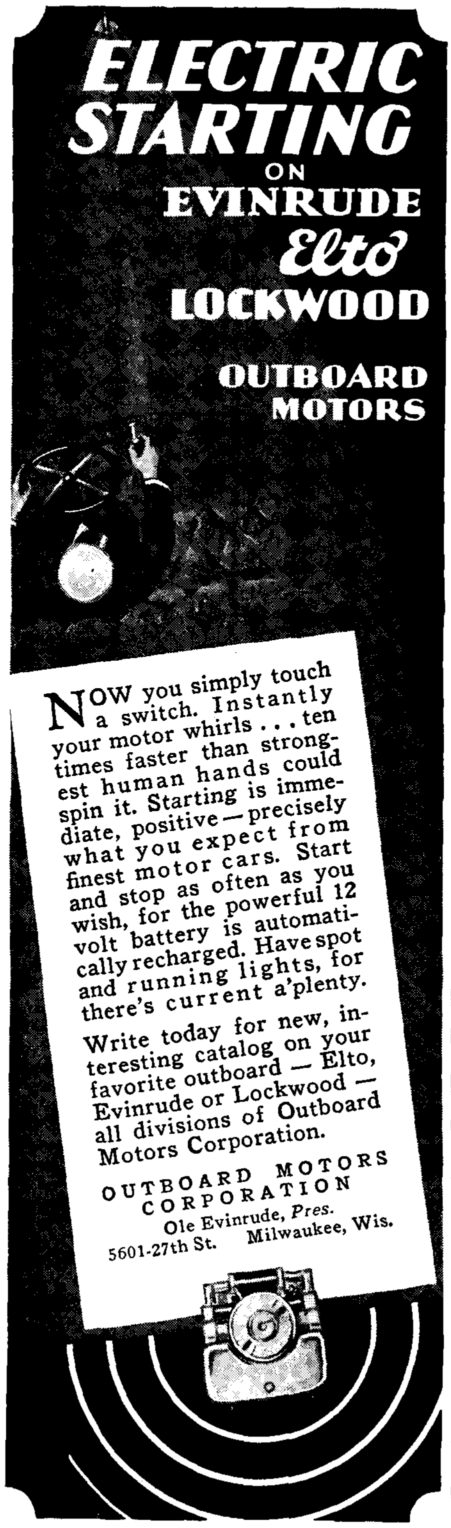

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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 25

again, and two miles away, upstanding weirdly beyond distant park land, showed a ruined tower, one of the local landmarks, and a relic of Norman days.

Clearly visible against a stormy background, one little point of light high up in the tower appeared and disappeared like a winking eye!

I clenched my teeth, craning out and watching intently. A code message was being transmitted from the tower! For a while I watched it, but I had forgotten Morse and the dots and dashes defeated me. Then, came inspiration. . . . Someone in Abbots Hold must be receiving this message!

Instantly upon the birth of the theory, I acted.

The geography of the neighborhood, which I knew fairly well, told me that this message could only be intended for Abbots Hold. Neglectful of the fact that the leaves were drenched with rain, I quickly got astride of the ledge, and began to climb down the ivy.

I dropped into wet bushes without other mishap than the saturating of my dinner kit, and, keeping well within the shadow of the house, I began to work my way round in the direction of the terrace. I passed the dining-room, glancing up at the rooms above it, and proceeded. The whole house was in darkness.

Below the terrace I paused, looking again toward the distant tower.

The top remained visible above the trees . . . and there, still blinking, was the signal light!

I stepped out farther from the building, cautiously, looking upward to the left.

"Ah!" I muttered.

Dropping down upon the sloping lawn, its turf still wet from the recent downpour, I crept farther northward, until I could obtain a clear view of the study window.

The room was in darkness, but the curtains were not drawn. A light, probably that of an electric torch, was coming and going, dot and dash, *in the Chief's study!*

I came to the end of the terrace, and taking advantage of a bank of rhododendrons, crept farther away from the house, until I could see not merely the reflection, but the actual light being operated.

Faintly as it glowed in the darkness I could detect the figure of one who held it. . . . And at first I was loth to credit what I saw.

THE legend of Abbots Hold; Rima's fears; memories—dreadful memories—of my own, must certainly, I determined, be influencing my imagination.

The man signaling to that other on the distant tower—for a man I assumed the signaler to be—was wrapped in a sort of *cowl* . . . his head so enveloped in the huge hood that in the dim reflection of the torch it was quite impossible to detect his features!

"Good God!" I muttered. "What does this mean!"

Stooping below the level of the bushes, I turned. Regaining the shelter of the terrace, I ran for twenty paces. Then, leaping into the shrubbery, I located the thick branch of ivy which was a ladder to my window, and began to climb up again, my heart beating very fast, and my thoughts racing far ahead of physical effort.

Scrambling over the stone balustrade, I stepped toward the open French window of my room. . . .

Out of the shadows into the moonlight a figure moved.

It was Nayland Smith!

"Ssh! Speak quietly, Greville!"

I stared in amazement, standing there breathing heavily by the open window, then:

"Why?" I asked in a low voice. "What's happened?"

"Close the window," said Smith.

I obeyed, and then, turning:

"Did you see me climbing up?" I asked.

"No. I heard you. I was afraid to show myself. I was expecting someone else! But you are bursting with news. Tell me."

QUICKLY I told him of the light beyond the valley—of the cowled figure in the study.

"Too late to trap him now, Sir Denis!" I finished, starting for the door.

He grabbed my arm.

"Not too late!" he rapped. "Here he is!"

I threw a quick and startled glance around the room, as:

"Where?" I demanded.

"There!"

Nayland Smith pointed to my bed.

Amazed to the verge of losing control, I stared at the bed. A rough, camels'-hair garment lay there. . . . I moved, touched it. Then I knew.

"It's the robe of a lama monk!"

Nayland Smith nodded grimly.

"Together with a certain sandbag," he said, "it has formed part of my baggage since that eventful meeting of the Council of Seven at el-Khârga!"

"But . . ."

"Why did I play ghost? Very simple. I suspected that some member of the household was in league with the enemy. I believe, now, I was wrong. But I knew that wherever my private inquiries led me no one would challenge the hooded monk of Abbots Hold!"

"Good enough," I admitted. "But you were signaling from the study!"

"I was!" Nayland Smith rapped. "I was signaling to Weymouth, who was watching from the tower. . . ."

"To *Weymouth!*"

"Exactly! Weymouth reported in that way to me—as had been arranged; and I gave him certain instructions in return."

I looked him squarely in the face, and:

"Does the Chief know that Superintendent Weymouth is standing by?" I asked.

"He does not!" Nayland Smith smiled, and my anger began to melt. "That rather takes the wind out of your sails, Greville!" He grasped my shoulder. "I don't trust Barton!" he added.

"What!"

"I don't trust *you*. . . . Both have been under the influence of Fah Lo Suee. And tonight I don't trust Rima!"

I had dropped down on to the bed, but now I started up. Into the sudden silence, like growling of angry beasts, came an echo of thunder away eastward.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Ssh!" Nayland Smith restrained me; his gaze was compelling. "You heard me say tonight that I had had my first glimpse of the ghost?"

"Well?"

"It was true. The 'ghost' slipped through my fingers. But the ghost was *Fah Lo Suee!* . . . Don't raise your voice. I have a reason for this. Just outline to me, without any reservation, what took place from the time that you left Barton's study to the time that you said good night to Rima."

I STARED blankly for a moment, then:

"You are her accepted lover," he added, "and she is very charming. I congratulate you . . . and give you my permission to leave out the kisses. . . ."

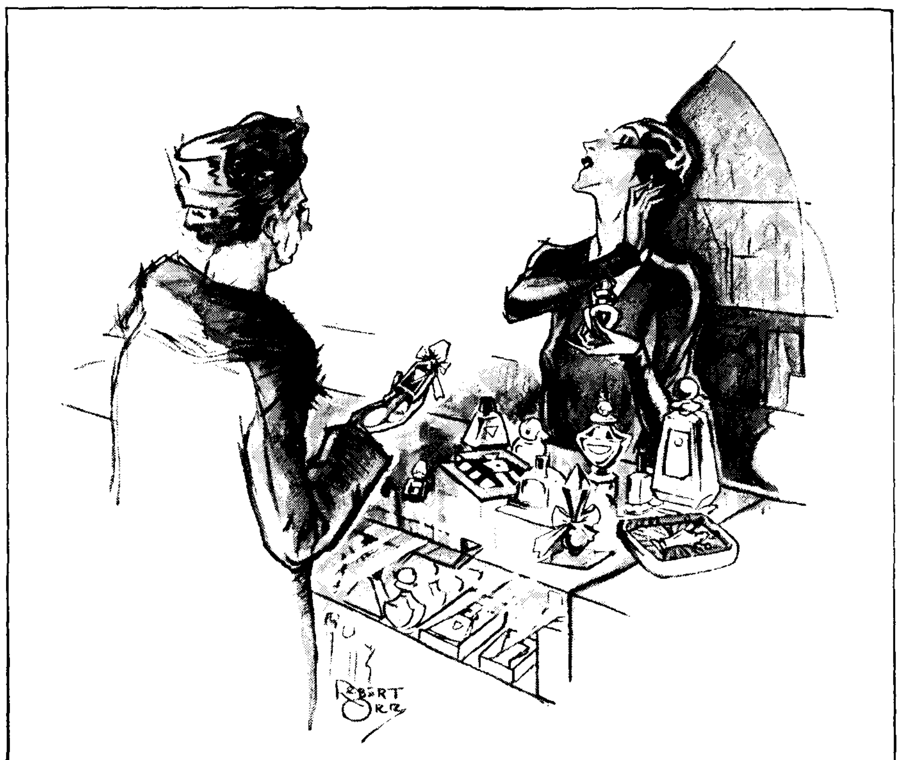
"Rima was obsessed with the idea," I said, "that someone was hiding in the big lacquer cabinet. But her frame of mind seems to have been such that she wouldn't dare to test this suspicion."

"Very characteristic," Nayland Smith commented. "You may remember that I left Barton's study some time ahead of you?"

"Yes."

"The cabinet in question stands beside the newel-post of the staircase and, as the library was lighted tonight, in deep shadow. It has certain proper-

(*Continued on page 45*)



"—and you put a touch on your lips, and a touch behind your ears—"

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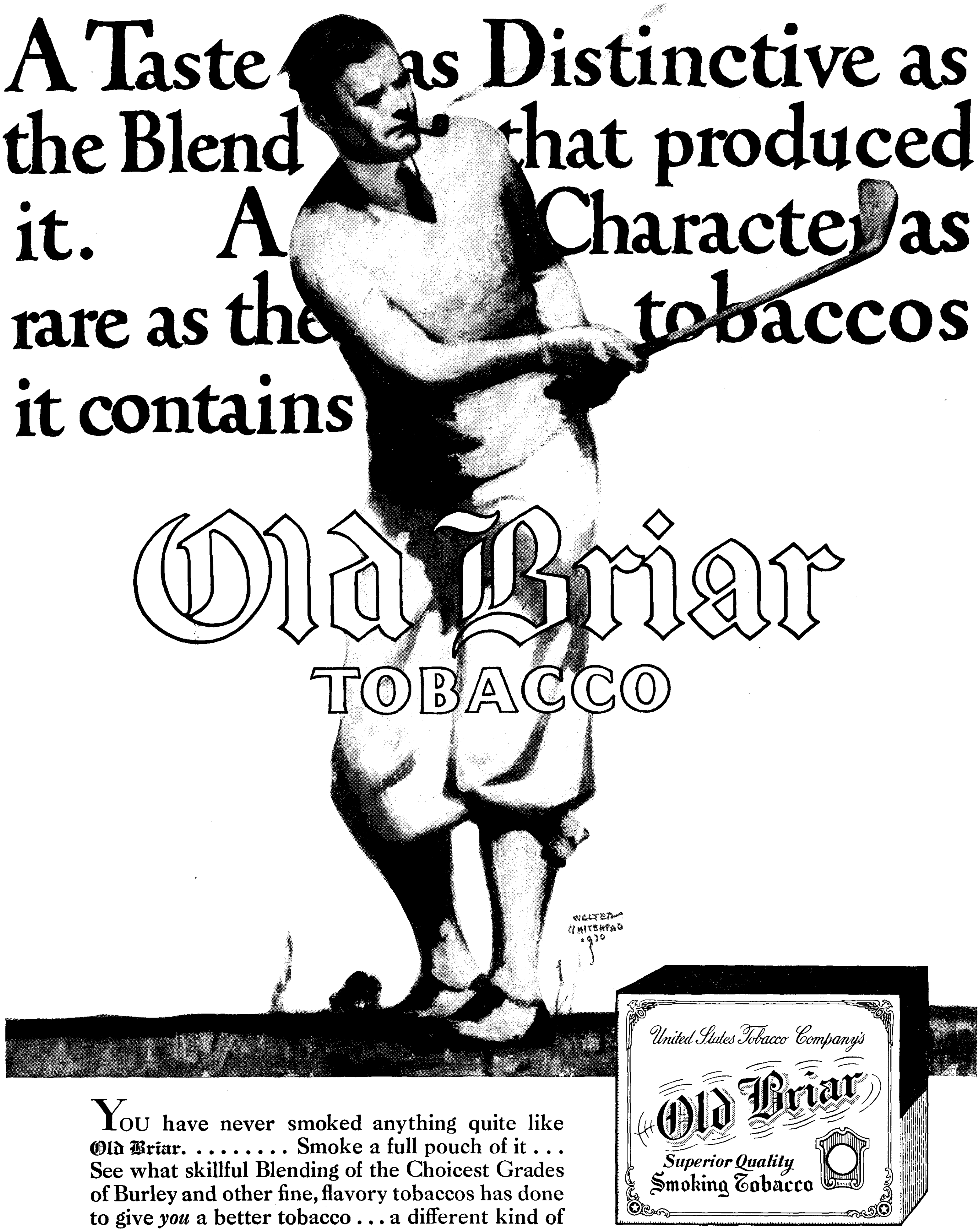
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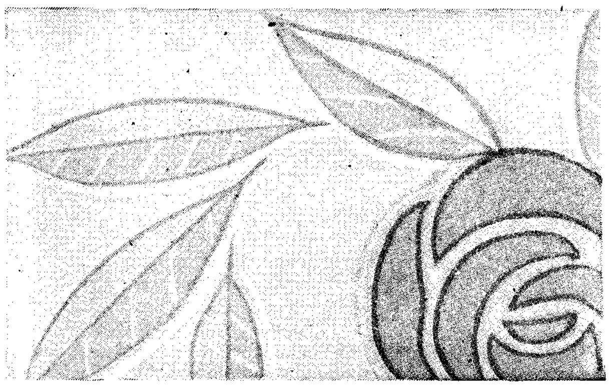

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Plan now—start soon—to follow leafy shores through lazy days. And own your Sea-Horse or Johnson Motor Boat by paying as convenient out of income.

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Johnson Sea-Horses—always noted for ease and certainty of starting—this year offer non-stall electric starting optional on models "32," "24," and "16." They also have auxiliary rope-starting, and Johnson's great Release Charger that makes starting 50% easier. All three are equipped with the famous Vacturi Carburetor that increases speed by 200 to 300 r. p. m., and reduces fuel consumption by 20% to 30%.

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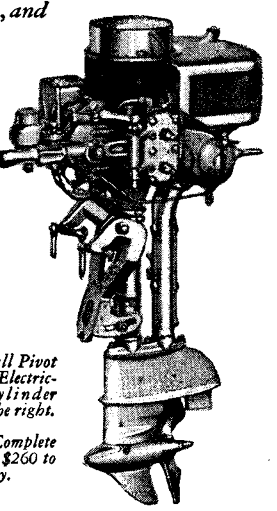
These Johnson Matched Units include an entirely new type craft—the electric-starting Aquaflyer.



Sea-Horse "Single"—only 27 lbs. Full Pivot steered, $125. Others up to $395 for Electric-starting Sea-Horse "32"—the 4-cylinder monarch of outboards, illustrated at the right.

Boats alone from $135 upward. Complete Matched Unit of boat and motor, $260 to $1065. All prices f. o. b. factory.

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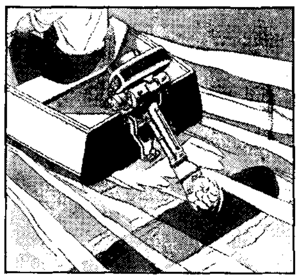
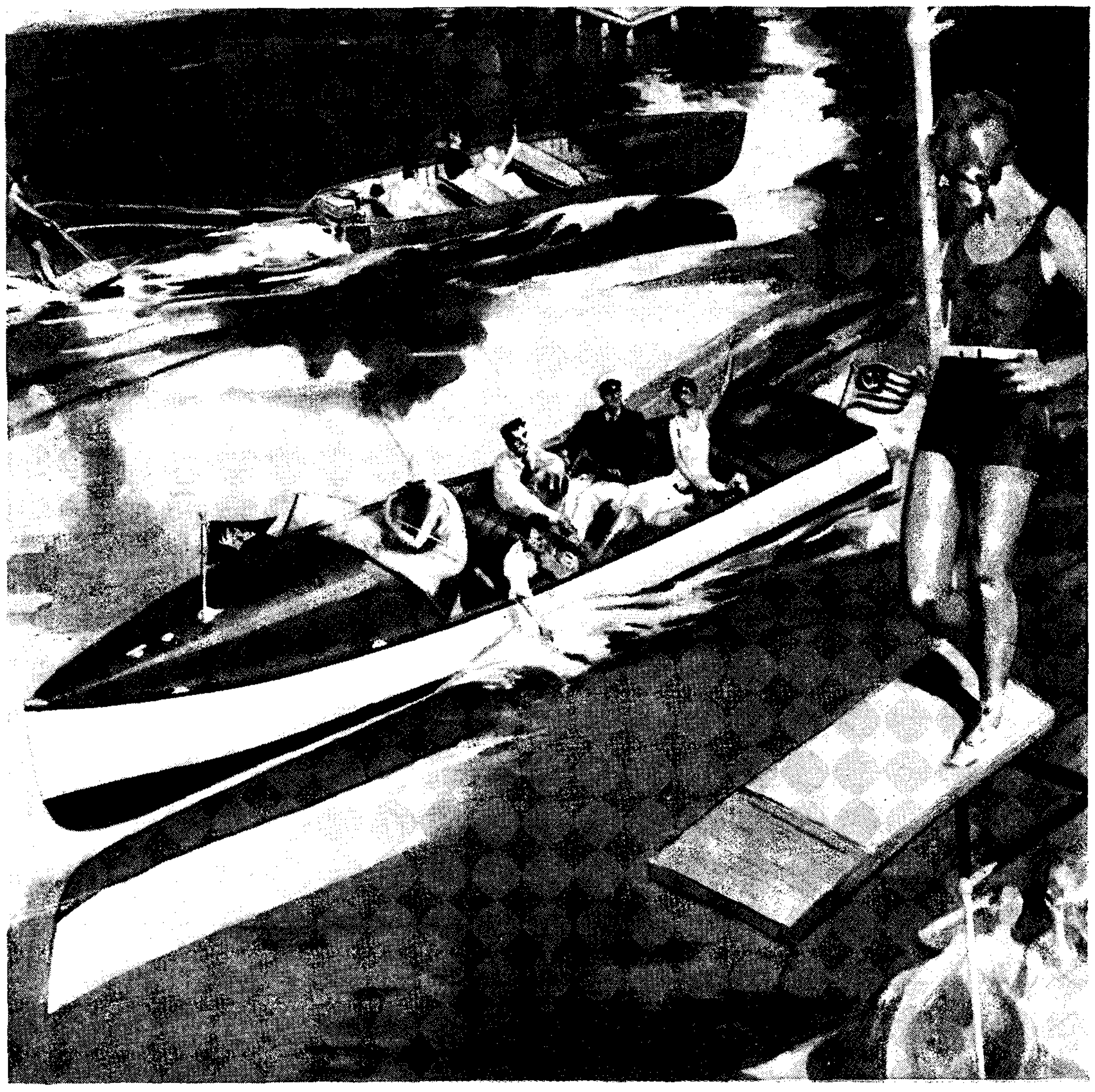
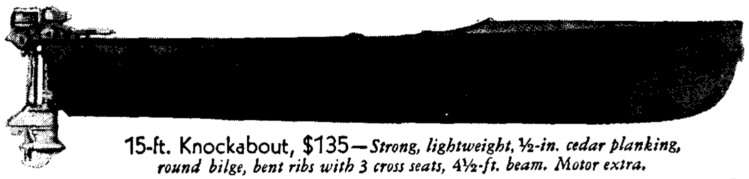


Propeller tilts automatically on striking obstructions and passes over them. Permits navigation in shallow waters—avoids disablement in deep waters. Tilts out of water for removing weeds or beaching boat.



In the foreground—Johnson 20-ft. Prestite Philippine Mahogany Aquaflyer with 4-cylinder electric-starting Sea-Horse "32," complete, $1065. In the distance—Johnson Utility "B," complete with new Sea-Horse "12," $470.



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Matched UNITS *SEA-HORSE MOTORS & BOATS*

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 40

ties, Greville, with which I am acquainted but which may be unfamiliar to you. It's a very old piece and I had examined it in the past. It has lacquered doors in front and a plain door at the back!"

"Do you mean . . ."

"Precisely! As I came out of the study, I noticed a curious passivity in Rima's attitude which aroused my interest. Also, she was not reading, as your account would lead one to suppose—but, twisted around in her chair, was staring rigidly at the French windows! The staircase, you remember, is not visible from outside!"

"Then—"

"Her suspicion—which came later—was based on fact! *I* was in the cabinet!"

"But when—"

"DID I withdraw? Husband your blushes. I escaped at the moment you entered the room, and slipped unnoticed through the door leading to the servants' quarters below the staircase. I made my way back to the study via the east wing, and waited for Weymouth's signal. I had another small problem to investigate en route and so I grabbed my useful ghostly disguise!"

"What was the small problem?"

"The cheetah!"

"The cheetah?"

"A tame cheetah, Greville, is more sensitive than any ordinary domestic animal to the presence of *strangers*. He is used to Barton's guests, but an intruder would provoke howls calculated to rouse the house. I suspected that the cat had been doped. . . ."

"By heaven, you're right!"

"I know I'm right! When I went round there in my monkish disguise he was snoring like an elephant! But please go on."

To the best of my ability I outlined what Rima had told me of her mood of passive terror. I tried to explain that I had reassured her and had finally parted from her confident that she was restored to normal; but:

"There's something wrong," Nayland Smith rapped irritably; "and time is important. She went out of the library—I'll swear to fetch something—just before you came in—and she opened and then reclosed the windows."

"I'm sorry!" I exclaimed—

"Ssh!"

"I had overlooked it, Sir Denis—although it isn't of the slightest importance. She had gone to her room to get a scent-spray containing eau de Cologne. . . ."

Nayland Smith, who had been walking across and across the rug beside the bed, pulled up with a jerk.

"Not of the slightest importance? It's what I've been waiting to hear! At last I understand the strong smell of eau de Cologne which I detected on the terrace outside the library. . . . Quick! *You* are privileged. . . . Steal along to Rima's room. Take your shoes off. Go by the balcony. Her window is open, no doubt. If she's awake—which I think unlikely—ask her for the eau de Cologne bottle. Explain things as you like. If she's asleep, find it—and bring it to me! Take this torch. . . ."

The strange theft was accomplished without a hitch. Rima slept soundly. Although her dressing-table was littered with bottles, I found the spray easily enough, for it was the only one of its kind there. I hurried back to my room.

Nayland Smith took it from my hands as though it had been a live bomb. He opened the door and went out. I heard him turn a tap in the bathroom. Then he returned—carrying the spray. I saw that it was still half-full.

"Take it back," he directed.

And I replaced it on Rima's dressing-table without arousing her.

"Good," Smith acknowledged. "Now we enter a province of surmise. . . ."

He began to pace the mat again, deep in thought; then:

"*I* am the likeliest!" he snapped suddenly; and although I couldn't imagine what he meant, went on immediately: "Conceal yourself in the south corner of the balcony. The ivy is thick there. Keep your shoes off. We must be silent—"

As the paving was still wet, my prospect was poor; but:

"If anyone moves in Rima's room," he continued rapidly, "don't stir. If anyone comes out on to the balcony—watch. But whoever it is, do nothing. Just watch. If necessary, follow, but don't speak and don't be discovered. Off you go, Greville!"

I had already started, when:

"It may be a bit of an ordeal," he added, "but I count on you. . . ."

Past the open window of Smith's room I went and past that, closed, which belonged to the vacant room. Then, creeping silently, I went by Rima's window and crouched down among a tangle of wet ivy in the corner formed by the stone balustrade.

The sky directly above was cloudless again, and part of the balcony gleamed phantomesque in silvery moonlight. But, another part, including the corner in which I lay concealed, was in deep shadow. From somewhere a long way off—perhaps over the sea—came low drumming of thunder. About me whispered leaves of rain-drenched foliage.

I saw Nayland Smith go into his room. . . .

What were we waiting for?

Abbots Hold was silent. Nothing stirred, until a soft fluttering immediately above set my heart thumping!

An owl swept out from the eaves and disappeared in the direction of the big plantation. From some reed bed of the near-by river a disturbed lapwing gave her eerie, *peewit* cry. The cry was repeated; then answered far away. Silence fell once more.

Presently, I heard the big library clock strike—and I counted the strokes mechanically.

Midnight.

I reflected that in London, now, folk would just be finishing supper.

Then . . . *I saw her!*

I SUPPOSE—I hope—I shall never again experience just the sort of shock which gripped my heart at this moment. Vaguely, I had imagined that our purpose was protective; that I was on guard because Rima's safety was at stake in some way. To the mystery of Nayland Smith's words "*I* am the likeliest," I had failed all along to discover any solution.

Now, the solution came . . . hazily at first. . . .

Rima, a fairy gossamer figure in the moonlight, came out barefooted onto the terrace!

Unhesitatingly, she turned right, passed the vacant room and entered the open window of that occupied by Nayland Smith! I could not believe the evidence of my senses. Just in the nick of time I checked her name as it leapt to my lips.

" . . . You must be silent. It may

(*Continued on page 46*)

F R E E !

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Small-bubble lather permits closer shaving . . . by softening the beard at the base, right where the razor works . . . . . .

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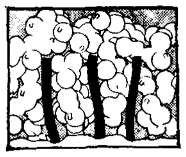

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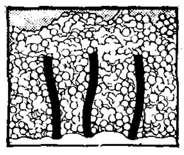

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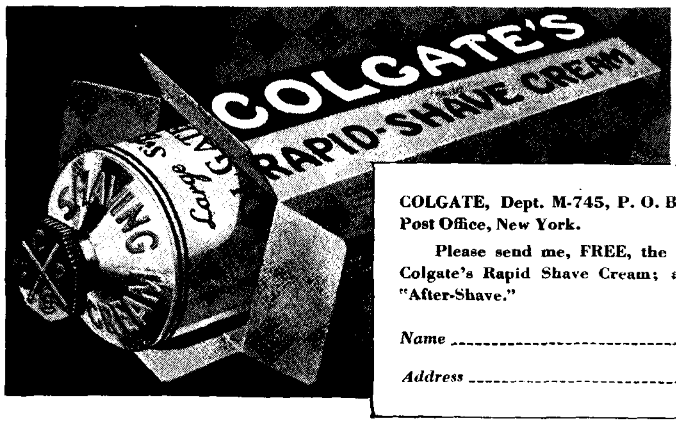

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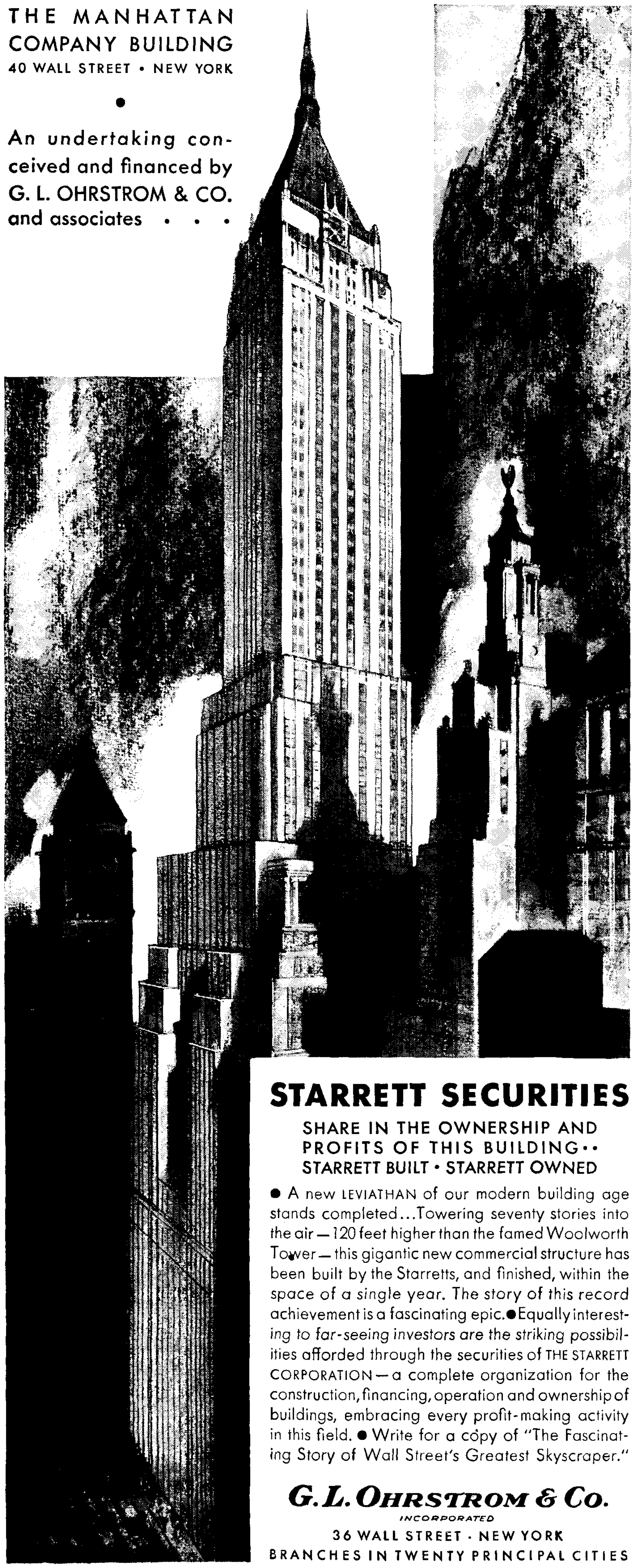

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(*Continued from page 45*)

be a bit of an ordeal—but I count on you. . . ."

Rising slowly to my feet, I stole along the terrace. The moon shone into Smith's room as it shone into mine. Just before reaching the window, I dropped down on my knees and cautiously craned forward to peer in.

Nayland Smith was in bed, the sheets drawn up to his chin. His eyes were closed . . . and Rima stood beside him.

Something that had puzzled me in that first stunning moment now resolved itself—grotesquely. I had realized that Rima carried a glittering object. I saw it clearly as I peered into the room.

It was the scent-spray!

And, as I watched, I saw her stoop and spray the face of the motionless man in the bed!

She turned. . . . She was coming out again.

I drew back and hurried to my shadowy corner. Rima appeared in the moonlight. She looked unnaturally pale. But with never a glance to right or left she walked to her room and went in. Her eyes were wide open—staring.

Absolute silence. . . .

Then Nayland Smith appeared. He was fully dressed but he had removed his shoes.

He signaled to me to approach Rima's window. A man stupefied—horror, amazement, incredulity, each fighting for a place—I obeyed. Dropping to my knees again, I peered in. . . .

Rima, at the green marble wash-basin, was emptying the scent-spray! She allowed hot water to run for some time, and then carefully rinsed the container and the fitting. Replacing the latter in position, she put the bottle on the dressing-table where I had found it . . . and went to bed!

Nayland Smith beckoned to me. I rose and walked very unsteadily along the terrace to his room.

"*Rima!*" I said, "*Rima!* My God, Sir Denis! What does it mean?"

He grasped my shoulder hard.

"Nothing!" he replied.

HIS keen eyes studied my amazement.

"Nothing?"

"Just that—nothing. I warned you it might prove to be an ordeal. Sit down. A peg of whisky will do us both good. . . ."

I sat down without another word. And Nayland Smith mixed two stiff pegs. Handing one to me:

"Here's part of the explanation," he jerked—and held a book under my nose. "Smell. . . . Only *one* sniff!"

A sickly sweet odor came from the open pages. The book was the one which Rima had been reading in the library.

"Familiar?"

I nodded; and took a long drink. My hand was none too steady. It was a perfume I could never forget. It formed my last memory of the meeting of the Seven at el-Khârga; my first memory of that dreadful awakening in the green-gold room in Limehouse!

"Hashish!" snapped Nayland Smith—"or something prepared from it. Rima, by means of this doped book, was put into a *receptive* condition. It's a routine, Greville, with which Petrie is unhappily familiar . . . hence Petrie's detention on the way!

"Fah Lo Suee is an accomplished *hypnotist!* For this piece of knowledge I am also indebted to the doctor: he once all but succumbed to her . . . and she was only in her teens in those days! She was posted outside the closed French windows of the library tonight. In some way, and at the psychological moment, she attracted Rima's attention—and obtained mental control over her!"

"But . . . is this possible?"

"YOU have seen it in full operation!" he answered. "Rima was given hypnotic orders to go to her room for a scent-spray. She obeyed. That was when from my post in the Chinese cabinet I heard her hurry upstairs. She brought the spray, opened the window—I heard her—and gave it to Fah Lo Suee (whose name, by the way, means 'Sweet Perfume'!). It was emptied, recharged and returned to her. She reclosed the window . . . having received those detailed post-hypnotic instructions which we have seen her carry out tonight!"

"But"—my bewilderment was increasing—"I *spoke* to her after that! I even asked her why she had fetched the scent-spray! And she said she had detected a sickly smell—like decaying leaves—and thought it would freshen the air."

"Part of her orders!" he rapped. "Next, she was instructed to go to bed and sleep until midnight; then to spray *me* with the contents (which I preserved for analysis and replaced with water!) and then to remove all traces—as we know she did do! My dear fellow! Rima is utterly unaware that she has played this part! . . . And doubtless it would have been an easy death!"

"You mean, when she wakes, she will know nothing about it?"

"Nothing whatever! Unless, perhaps, as in Petrie's case, the memory of a troubled dream. However, I have hopes . . . if my Morse orders were promptly obeyed—"

"You mean your signal to Weymouth?"

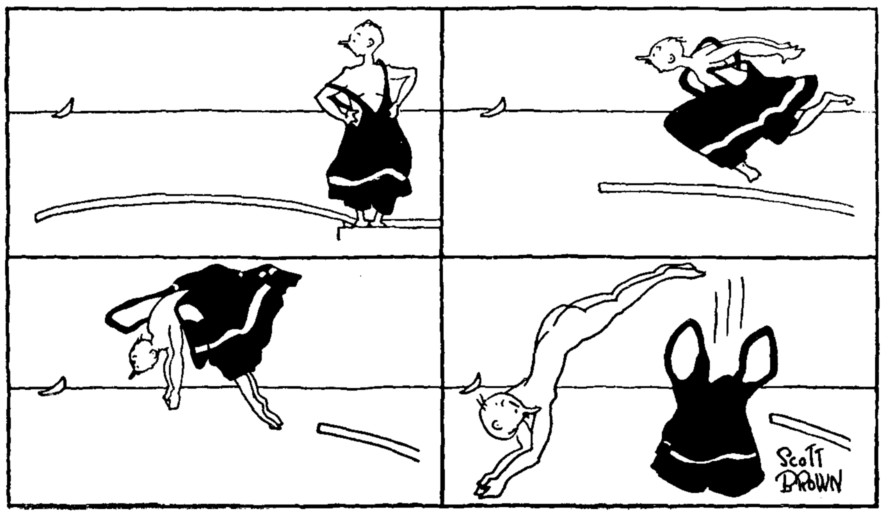
He nodded, and:

"The 'gypsies,' " he rapped.

"What!"

"Three are dacoits—and one posing as an old hag! The 'boy' of the party is Fah Lo Suee!"

(*To be continued next week*)



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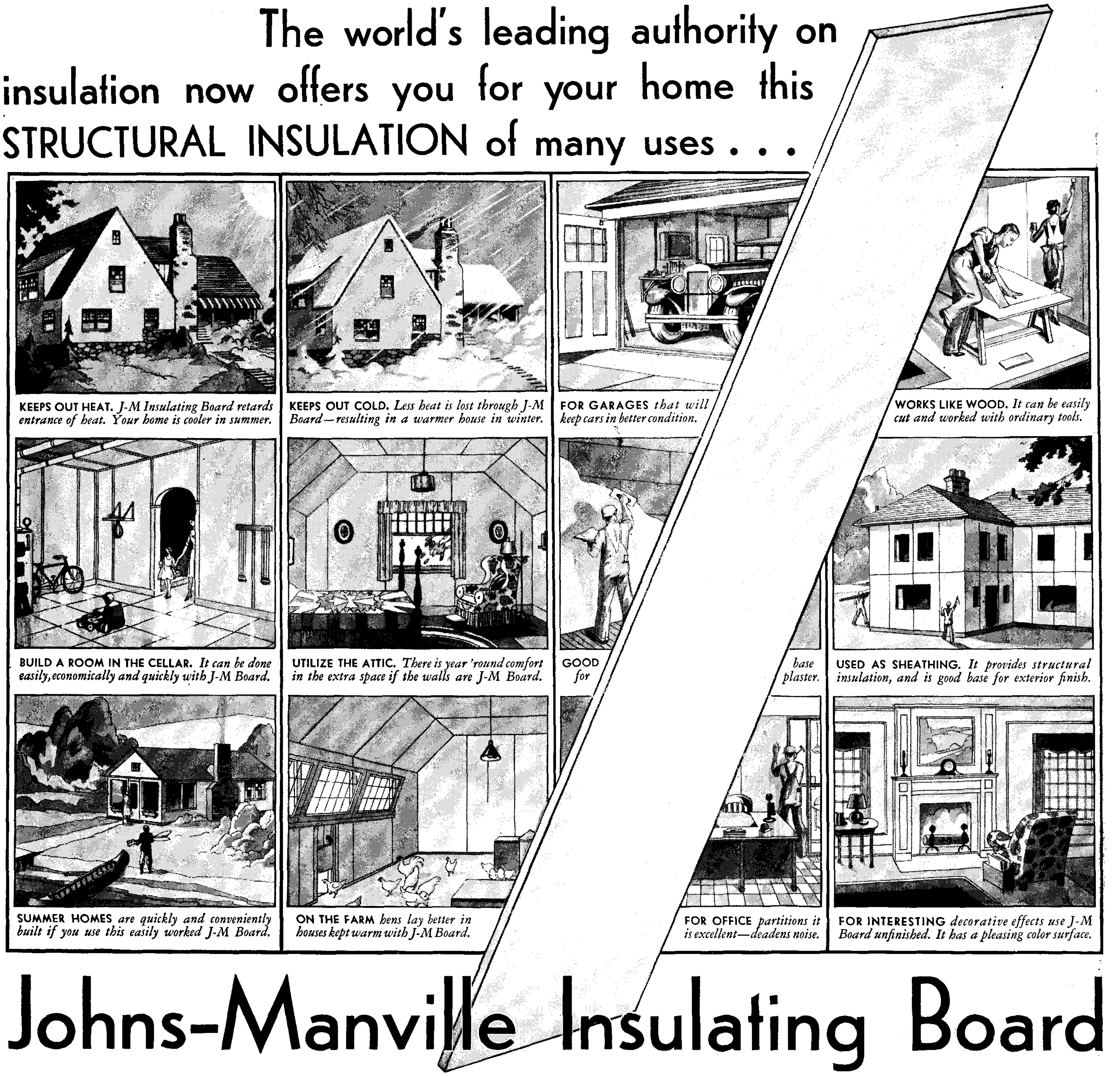

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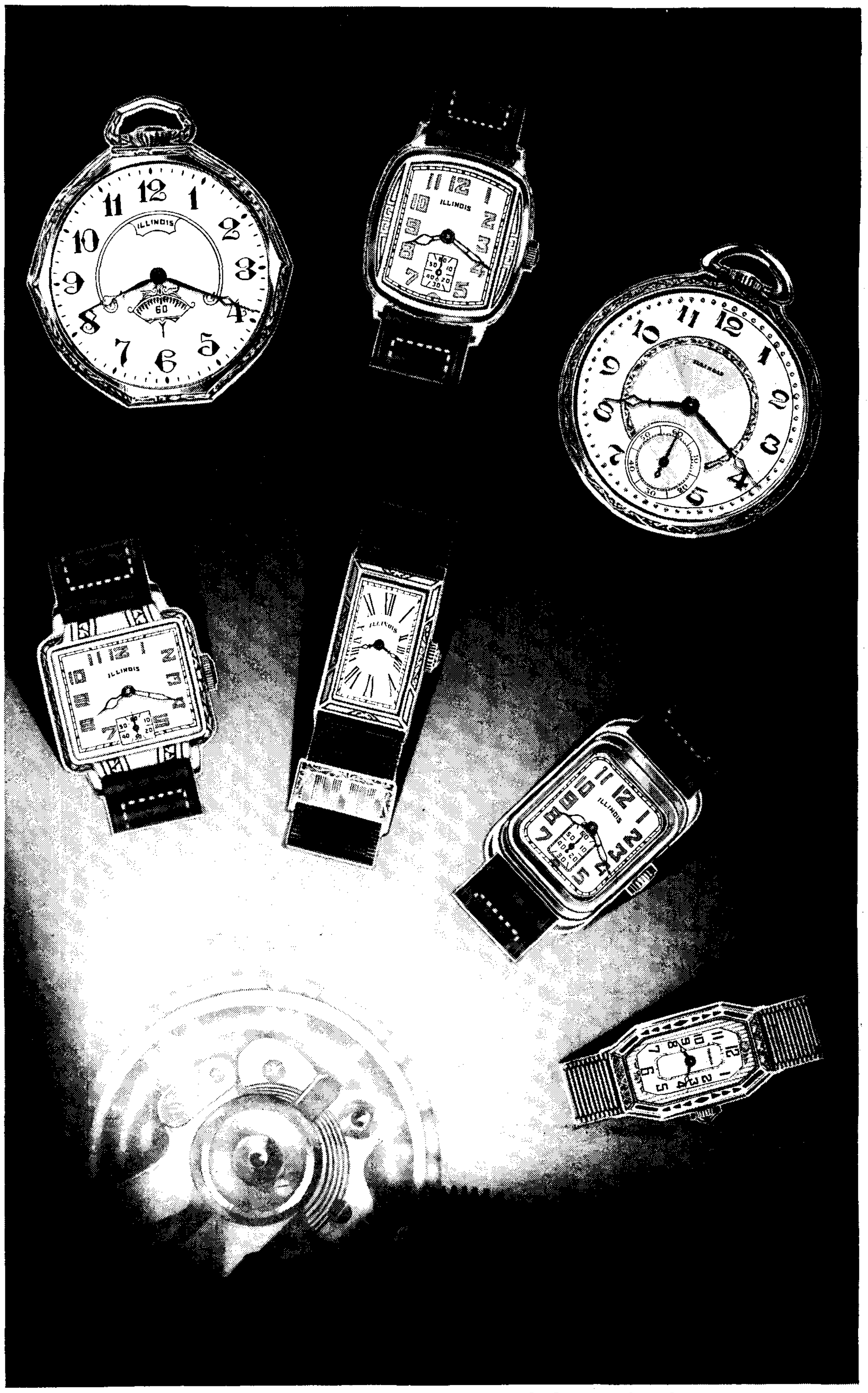

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At the Seeking Seat of Glory

Continued from page 23

Wes. "All I know is de tale say hit was a mule—dat ole blue, jack-striped mule wid de game leg which is been loafin' 'round de lot all summer. De tale say he fell in de river and Rattler pulled him out."

"But Rattler couldn't have," I said positively.

"All right den," agreed Wes. "Efn you knows more den de tale know, how come you devilin' me to tell you? You knows too much, efn you knows more'n de tale. And I ain't gonter tell you no more."

So, regardless of what my Sunday-school teacher said about manna, I knew that the Lord fed the Children of Israel on berries, 'possums, squirrels and psalnuts. I have never seen a psalnut, but they grow on psaltrees. An etymologist might explain that the illiterate Wes, who had to spell out strange words before he hazarded them, must have become confused over the word "psalter," the musical instrument mentioned in the Book of Exodus. But I'm no etymologist, and personally I'd rather have a pocket full of psalnuts than a forty-piece orchestra of psalteries with four bull fiddles and a drum thrown in.

The Rev. Black Billy Sunday

When Mr. Connelly decided to write the play from the book he came to New Orleans to satisfy himself that such a simple, joyous, brotherly, yet definitely and immensely respectful faith in the Lord, was held by the Negroes. He wanted to go to a Negro church and hear a sermon.

My favorite preacher calls himself the Rev. Black Billy Sunday. He is tall, very black and more dignified in the pulpit than any other preacher I have ever seen; but he manages to interpret the Scriptures in the homely language of the everyday life of his congregation and at the same time keep it very reverent. He was absent from the city. So we went to another church—one selected at random. We trusted to luck—and had bad luck.

We sat through fifteen minutes of dull, pedantic discussion of some obscure point of doctrine that I did not understand. Then we left.

Our next venture was in a church, the congregation of which was not quite so high-toned. Unfortunately, again, the preacher was away, and a student minister was wading through a rather dull sermon on Paul's Message to the Church. He seemed much more interested in remembering his high-sounding phrases, that evidently had been carefully written, than he was in reaching his congregation with his message. But when the sermon was over, the head deacon, a kindly old fellow who by weekdays is a carpenter, arose.

"While the choir sings, we will take the collection," he said. "God loveth a cheerful giver. And I reckon God loveth Abraham Lincoln, too, but don't think He likes to see Lincoln pennies in the plate. God made buffaloes the same as He made Lincoln. And God also loves to look at the picture of that pretty woman they put on dimes, too."

It was the first real touch of the genial but reverent attitude toward the Lord that Mr. Connelly had.

But city life has brushed off much of that old-fashioned ease and comradeship with the Lord. We went into the country.

The way Mr. Connelly had tentatively planned the play, was to have the major crisis take place when King David developed into an old voluptuary. Up to the crisis, the Lord is a God of vengeance, but each time His anger is aroused He finds hope in His heart that at least one person is fit to carry on His work. Consequently, He in turn saves Noah, the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and eventually He elevates the simple-hearted, song-singing son of Jesse. The original plan was to have God renounce mankind when little David developed into a sinful, lecherous ruler.

"That will be good theater," Mr. Connelly explained.

"Not very good Nigger, though," I said.

"Why?" he asked. And I didn't know. I just didn't think it would be. So we went to the peaceful West Feliciana Parish and visited with Rev. Leon Wickliffe, an ex-slave, and the spiritual force of his people in that community. Leon can read, but he cannot write. As a matter of fact, his reading is rather a tedious process, but it is a point of pride with him. We talked casually. He was extremely interested in the millennium, and questions about David invariably were turned to his pet theme.

"King David gonter jedge, too, I bet," he explained. "You see, de Book say old Satan gonter be bound a thousand years, to give God a chance to catch up wid de judgin' of de quick and de dead. Now dese niggers around hyar don't like dat kind er tawk much, but dey gits it. Dese niggers got in dey haids dat quick as dey die, dey goin' right smack to heaven. But wid all dis wet weather and bad licker and all, God ain't got time to jedge dese sinners as fast as dey die. Hit's gonter take him a thousand years to ketch up. I tells dese niggers about dis millinnium, and dey don't like it. But hit don't do 'em no good. Cause when dey dies and I preaches dey funeral, I preaches 'em in de ground a thousand years. And I bet old St. Peter better not ketch one of 'em at de gate befo' he gits in his thousand years in de ground, too."

"Do you think King David lay in the ground a thousand years?" I asked.

"King David?" repeated Leon. "Lawd, Lawd! King David wa'n't mo'n ha'f daid to old St. Peter was bringin' out his harp and wings!

"De Lawd Love David"

"You see," he said, "De Lawd knowed David mighty well. David, he was made outn meat, like de rest of us, and he kicked over de traces, purty often. But, den, David had a heap er temptation, too. He was de king, and de women was crazy about him. And de Lawd was kind er slack, too. And efn he hadn't been such a good man, in his heart, he'd 'a' been a heap worse, under de circumstances. And de Lawd know all dat. De Lawd love David, 'cause David done de best he could.

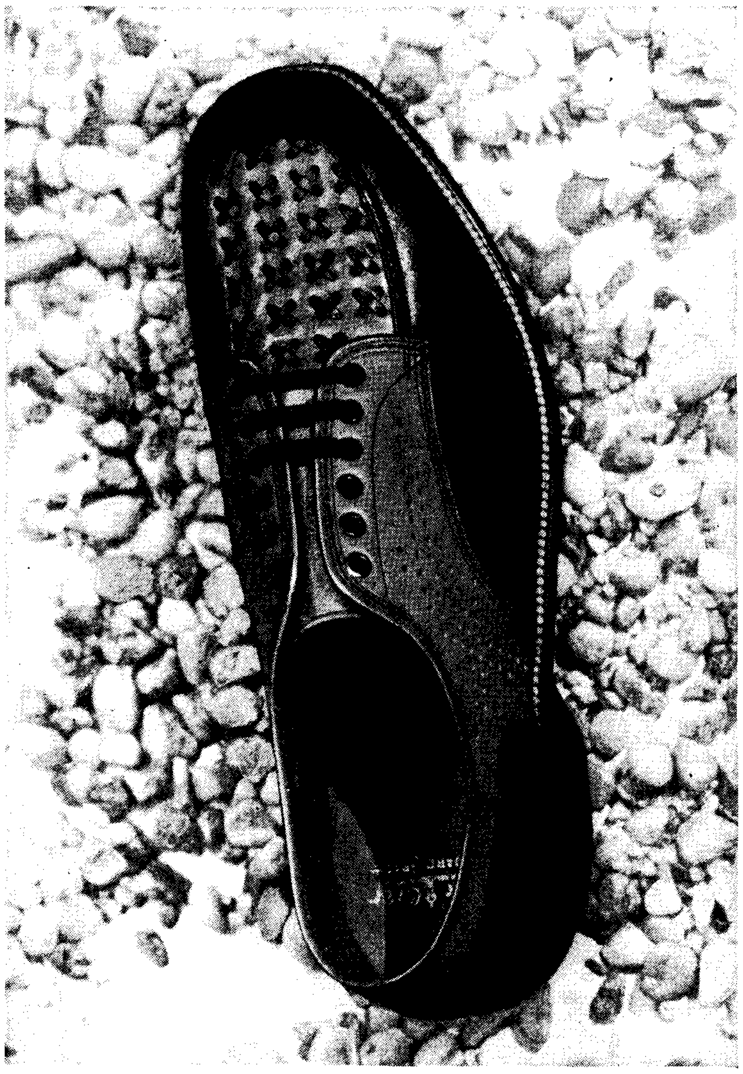
"'Cou'se I ain't sayin' David done right, all de time. He had his faults, same as ev'ybody else. But still, and at de same time, he wa'n't bad in his heart. De Lawd know a man is bound to raise a little hell ev'y now and den, and He don't hold dat against no man, so long as de man is resistin' sin as hard as he kin.

"But, you see, David, he was de king, and a fine-lookin' man, and rich. And de womenfolks was jest as bad in dat day and time as dey is now. So de Lawd took all er dat into account for David. He wouldn't 'a' put up wid all dat sin f'm nobody else, maybe, but David was kind er de Lawd's pet, I

(*Continued on page 50*)

Breeze through
WARM WEATHER

in this Walk-Over that lets the breeze through. Besides being unlined and ventilated by "clear-through" perforations it has these features: No counter (nothing stiff around your ankle). Soft toe. Cross-woven forepart. Flanged, fibre spring heel. Flexible sole. Combinations of brown and beige calf or black calf and white Elko. $8.50.



WALK-OVER Shoes

Geo. E. Keith Company
Campello, Brockton,
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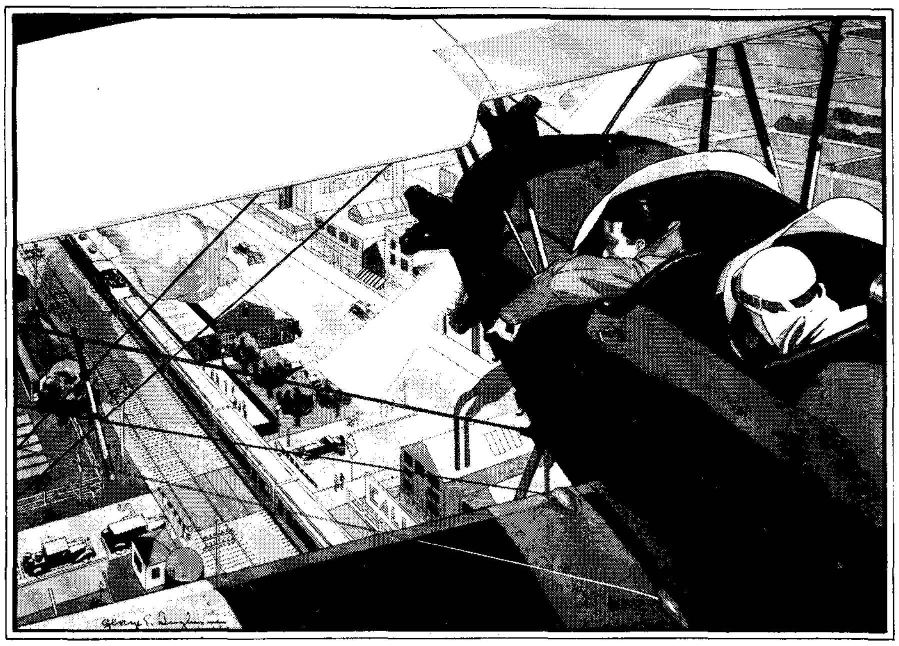
My Boy . . My Business
and our Travel Air



My boy began his flying like some of the youngsters in my day began their swimming—in secret. He broke the news only after his first solo flight. Of course I was proud, but I was also disturbed. I did not know what sort of plane and what kind of pilot Phil was going up with. Then I decided that if he was going to fly, it would be in a plane of proved reputation and performance.

After a thorough study of the different types and makes of aircraft, we bought a Travel Air biplane. It was really "one for Phil and two for me," for I soon found that a plane fitted happily into my business picture. You see my home and my factory are at Oldtown—114 miles by road, three and one-half hours by rail, from my office and showroom in the city. By air it's 90 miles, *by Travel Air* 45 minutes.

Now Phil pilots me to the city three times a week. I save the salary of a city manager and Phil gets all the flying he wants. And his mother and I don't worry, because we know that the airplane he is flying is the very last word in safe and sturdy construction.

Weekends! The Travel Air doesn't rest then either. It has carried Phil, my daughter and me to every good golf course within a radius of 150 miles. Of course all the young folks in the neighborhood want to go along too and I am often crowded out of the party. All in all we are certainly getting our money's worth from our Travel Air.

The Travel Air 3-place, open cockpit biplane is powered with Wright Whirlwinds of either 165 or 225 h.p. giving speeds up to 132 miles per hour. Every Travel Air owner is entitled to full Curtiss-Wright day and night service at more than 40 bases throughout the country.

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Stalwart and rugged, designed to withstand every strain, rigorously tested in construction and flight, the Travel Air is the "Ironsides" of the skies. A large percentage of commercial planes are of this make. Travel Air planes are speeding air mail, transporting passengers, flying hither and yon on swift industrial missions. Many of the Travel Air records are unsurpassed.

Full particulars about these planes, their construction and performance in commercial, industrial and private flying, will be gladly sent you. Write Dept. T-10.

TRAVEL AIR COMPANY
Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT
27 West 57th Street New York

A PLANE FOR EVERY PURPOSE
TRAVEL AIR

(*Continued from page 49*)

reckon. And he done de best he could. And so long as a man do de best he kin, de Lawd ain't gonter jedge him too hard."

Mr. Connelly switched the major crisis from David to a Babylonian king!

Nor does the Negro's religion include in it any sectarian prejudice. There are all sorts of divisions in their Christianity. Most of them, in slavery, followed the religion of their white masters, and since have approximately held to that creed.

Those of the Catholic faith manage to adapt the teachings to everyday life chiefly by keeping the various saints intensely human. Those of the Protestant churches form into congregations and deal directly with the Lord. One old song expresses it very clearly:

I'm gonter talk right straight to Jesus,
On my knees.
I'm gonter talk right straight to Jesus,
On my knees.
Matthew, Mark and Luke and John,
All dem prophets daid and gone—
I'm gonter talk right to my Jesus,
On my knees.

Nor does the difference in the congregations arouse ire. The chief divisions of the Protestants are Methodists and Baptists—whether the congregations are independent or affiliated with the national organizations of these sects. The chief difference is that the Methodists sprinkle and the Baptists immerse at the rites of baptism. But the song that is common to all of them illustrates their feeling in the matter:

Oh, the Baptists go by water
And the Methodists go by land.
But if you want to get to heaven, my friends,
You must go hand in hand.

The Baptists are subdivided, variously. There are, for instance, the Sheep Callers and the Free Wills, the Running Waters and the Still Waters, the Foot Washers and the Gravelers. The Sheep Callers believe in missionary work among sinners, while the Free Wills wait for the sinners to come into the church of their own accord. The Running Waters will baptize only in a river. The Still Waters will baptize wherever it is convenient. The Foot Washers, clearly an adaptation of the old Primitive Baptists, include the bathing of one another's feet before taking Holy Sacrament. The Gravelers "gravel and moan" their sins away before taking Sacrament.

When seen and understood, it all becomes a very gentle and sweet religion. It is blunt in words occasionally, but only to the point. It may look ridiculous at a distance to hear a minister stop in the midst of a sermon and address a woman who is showing signs of shouting: "Go on and shout, Sister. God don't care how much you shout. Me neither. What God cares about and what I care about is: did you pay your grocery bill last night? Are your children in school? Do you bear false witness? Are you a gossip? Shout all you want to, but if you ain't right, God won't pay you no mind. You won't be shoutin'; you will just be makin' a racket."

I heard the Rev. Black Billy Sunday say that very thing to a woman in his congregation one Sunday, and it did not sound in the least ridiculous.

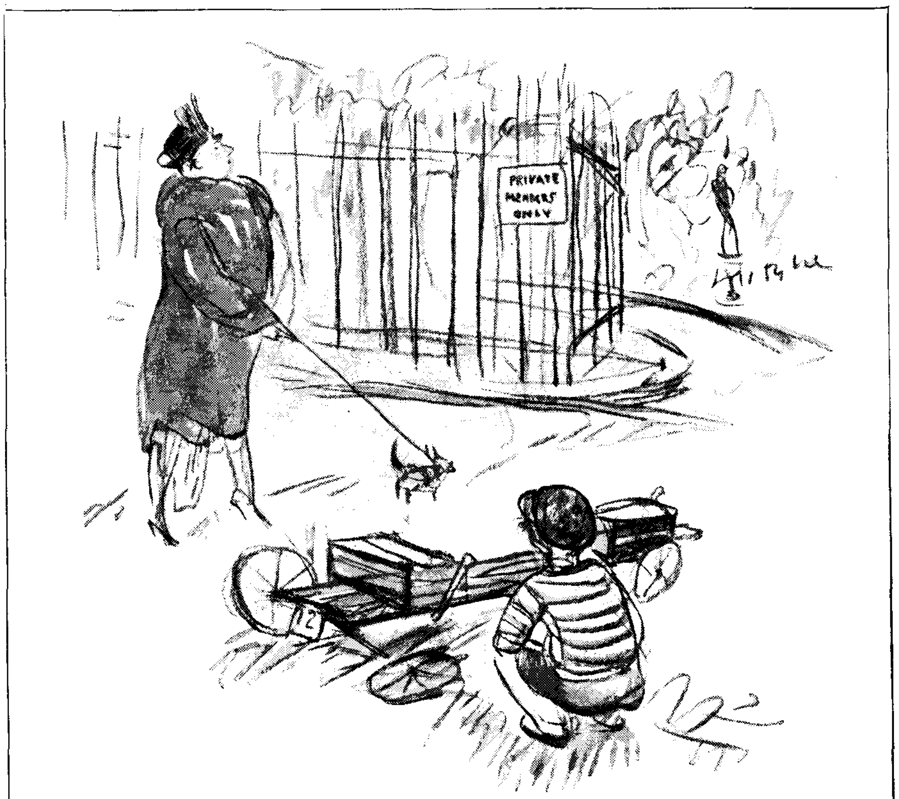
A Practical Religion

Nor, during a doctrinal sermon to a group of candidates for baptism, did it sound ridiculous when he said: "Now, don't think jest because I'm stickin' y'all under de water, y'all is heaven bound. You ain't. If you's a sinner when I stick you down, you ain't gonter be a thing but a wet sinner when I lifts you up.

"Maybe you don't like to get ducked under de water? Maybe you think you'd druther get yo' head sprinkled? All right. Go jine de Methodists and get sprinkled. Hit's all right wid me, and hit'll be all right wid God. Me and God don't care. Reason I'm duckin' you is cause de Lord got ducked and what is good enough for de Lord ought to be good enough for you. But God don't care whether yo' head is wet or your britches is wet, or is you dry all over. God want to know is yo' heart wet wid goodness and glory. And a wet sinner ain't got no more chance den a dry sinner when he stands before the Throne of Judgment."

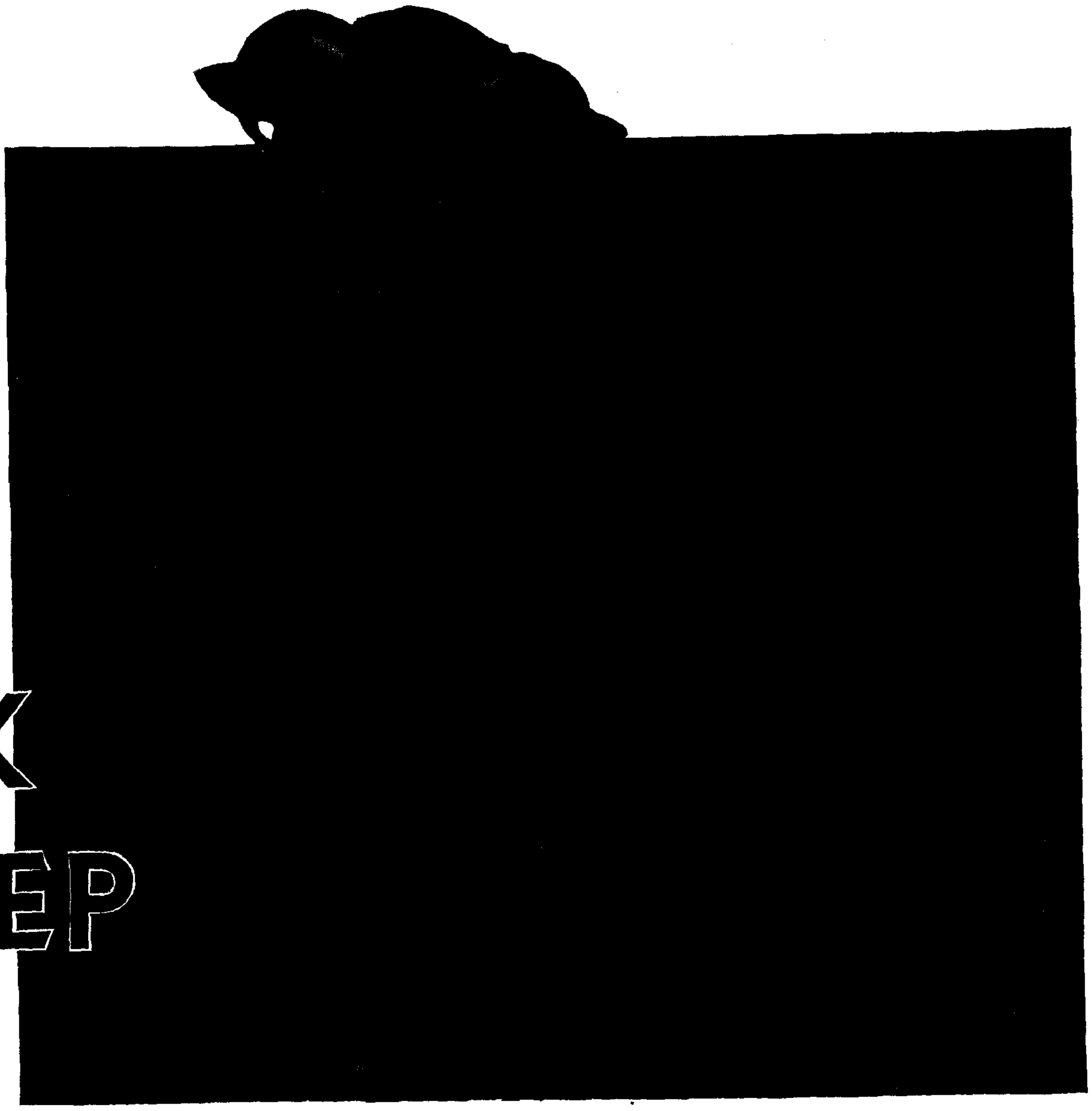
No doubt it is bad theology, but it works out to be a very practical religion among these gentle golden-hearted black people. Of course it would never do for white people.

But it just about suits the Negroes.



"Lady, what's the chance of borrowin' a hairpin?"

THE BLACK SHEEP



FREAKY, different from his fellows, the black sheep has always symbolized the no-account.

You find him occasionally among the best families of human kind—the black sheep, one who is of less value to society than his brothers.

You find him *often* in a gallon of motor oil—one quart that is of less value as a lubricant than the other three.

It is a quart that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil—a quart that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor—a quart of waste.

But you never find this quart of waste in a gallon of Quaker State—for Quaker State Motor Oil is not refined in the ordinary way. Every gallon of Quaker State is *super*-refined—carried a step further than ordinary oils. This extra step removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining fails to remove. In its place you get a quart of the finest *lubricant.* Instead of three quarts of lubricant and one quart of waste you get *four* full quarts of lubricant in every gallon of Quaker State—you really get an *extra* quart in every gallon!

And all four quarts are made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest the world produces!

Let your motor show you what a difference Quaker State can make in smoother power, in longer life. Drive up to the green and white service station sign—and have the service man drain your crankcase and fill it with Quaker State. Your motor will tell you—in sweet-running miles—to make Quaker State your motor oil . . . for life!

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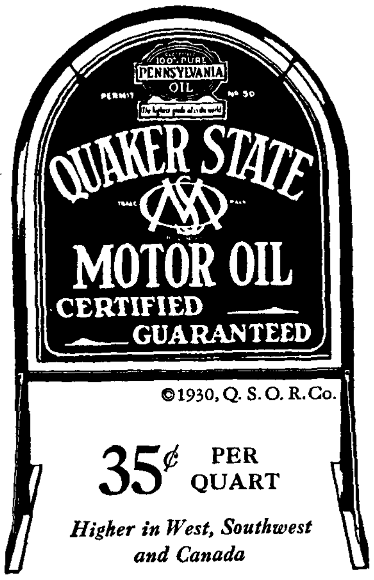

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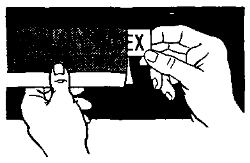
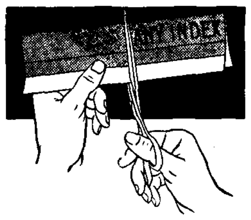
Fill in the coupon, pin it to your letterhead and mail today. We will send you a generous sample.

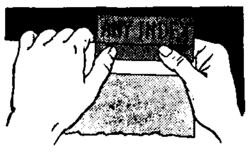
1. Type, write, or print the label.



2. Insert the label in the strip of Mak-ur-own.



3. Cut the Mak-ur-own strip to fit the label - - no waste.



4. Attach the finished Mak-ur-own tab to the index sheet.

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT COMPANY

Department C, Marietta, Ohio

VICTOR CERTIFIED SAFES . . . RAND BUSINESS SAVERS

Send me free enough Rand Makurown Index Tabs to locate at least six needles in the haystack of our records.

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Address______________________________________

Sacrifice

Continued from page 21

utterly unorthodox, and her mouth was too large to comply with beauty's canons. Above her blue eyes two dark eyebrows were completely mismated. One was straight and the other was an obtuse angle which lent an air of perpetual surprise to her face. Not beautiful, but the most entrancing young female that Harmon Randolph had seen in many a day.

She stared at him, her mouth open, exactly like a child that had been caught in mischief.

"I didn't know you were in," she said.

"And that was a lucky break for both of us," said Harmon, "otherwise you'd have been afraid to sing. Do you know who I am?"

She nodded.

"Do you know who you are?" he asked.

A blush colored her cheeks.

"Jennie Collins," she answered.

"Do you know *what* you are?"

NOW fright appeared in her eyes, the appealing fright of a child about to be scolded.

"Seventh-floor chambermaid," she replied.

"You're my leading woman in my next picture," he told her.

She backed away, in her eyes now a quick suspicion.

"I'm not kidding," he said. "If you film well, and your voice sounds the way it does now, there's a contract waiting for you with Combined Films. Three-fifty a week to start."

Now she believed him; it was incredible that any pair of eyes could express so much joy.

"Me? In pictures?" she gasped.

He picked up a telephone and got Jimmy Harper on the wire.

"Didn't take me a week," he cried. "Found the very girl I want. Arrange for a test tomorrow. Begin figuring how much it will cost to get Barrie to write the story."

"You're nuts," said Harper. "Who is she?"

"Named Jennie Collins. And we won't change her name. She looks like Jennie Collins, and sings like her."

"Where'd you find her?"

"Right in this hotel. Chambermaid here. Haven't talked to her two minutes, but that's enough. Heard her sing."

"Is this on the square?" demanded Harper.

"Come on over and meet her," said Randolph.

"I'll bring Abe with me," said the young executive.

Randolph hung up and turned to the awed girl.

"That was Harper of Combined Films," he said to her. "He's bringing Abe Daerman, president of the company, over with him. Well, what have you to say?"

"What can I say?" she asked.

"Glad?"

"Suppose you were a porter in this hotel, and Nancy Carroll offered you a chance to be her leading man, would you be glad?"

She sat down suddenly, covered her face with her hands, and began to weep. Randolph touched her shoulder.

"Listen, girlie, you mustn't cry. I don't want your eyes red when those two hard-boiled babies come in here."

"But I don't want to see them. I—it's too silly. I'm just a chambermaid."

"And a second ago you were glad," laughed Harmon. "Jennie, I slung hash in a one-armed lunch joint for three weeks. I know a big star that was a lady's maid. Nobody looks back of the film. Nobody cares a hoot where you came from or what you were. Abe Daerman used to be a pawnbroker, and I guess a chambermaid can look a pawnbroker in the eye."

Jennie Collins looked Abe Daerman in the eye. Abe, be it said, paid less attention to her eyes than he did to other attractions, but he nodded his head approvingly at the conclusion of his protracted survey.

It was a somnambulist, a walker in a dream, that turned in the chambermaid's uniform to the assistant housekeeper, that walked four blocks east and six blocks north and up five flights of stairs, to sit finally before a cracked mirror in a shabby tenement room.

Quite without vanity she stared at her reflection. Abe Daerman had spoken flatteringly; Jimmy Harper had been enthusiastic. Tomorrow morning she would report at the studio. Harmon Randolph himself was to meet her there, would advise her as to her make-up. She would be given that test before camera and mike which all three men assured her would be the prelude to a great career.

She looked back upon her past. The small town in Maine; the normal school; the winter of teaching; the desire to do something better; the journey to New York; the inability to procure a position teaching; the disappointments and rebuffs; and finally grasping at the chance to stave off starvation by working as chambermaid at the Scadmore. The generous mouth that could smile so enchantingly was grim as she contemplated the past. Then, as her thoughts arrived at nearer events, her mouth and eyes were tender.

Tommy! Tommy Kelly, who had a room on the floor below, and who was so irresistibly attractive that the policemen on the beat let him park his taxi on the street outside all night. Tommy, whose quick sympathy had discerned Jennie's poverty, who had offered to lend her money within twenty minutes after meeting her—she had stumbled on the dark stairs and he had caught her, and this had been their introduction—who had fallen in love with her, who adored her, and whom she was going to marry.

THERE was the sound of a step in the hall outside; her doorknob rattled noisily. She rose and admitted Tommy. His hands reached for her, then fell loosely at his side.

"You've taught school," he said. "And I'm just an ignorant taxi driver. But those books lie. They say that Venus and Cleopatra are the champion beauties. It's no excuse that the writers never saw you. They ought to have been looking for you. Will the loveliest girl in the world let me kiss her?"

She kissed him. And almost before their lips parted, words tumbled from her mouth. In amazement Tommy listened. She didn't notice that his gray eyes clouded.

"Three hundred and fifty per, and fame besides," he said at last. "It makes my little tale sound like nothing at all. Cranahan—you know Cranahan's Taxi Service—spoke to me today. Said he'd been on the lookout for a hard-working lad like myself. Wanted me to put my taxi in with his and quit driving. Manager of his place. Sixty-five a week and a quarter interest in the garage. But that's nothing to a movie star's salary."

(*Continued on page 54*)

42,819[+] Dentists have written for THE BITE TEST

[+] audited figures as of Feb. 2, 1930

FREE Bite Test prescribes the type of brush which fits your dental curve

UNLESS you know whether your dental curve is **U**, **U**, or **V**, you can expect trouble with your molars (back teeth).

Fifty per cent of all dental distress starts there. Because the very brush, which cleans straight front-teeth perfectly, may only half-reach and half-clean the curved back-teeth. To insure healthy molars, you must have the correct-type brush, scientifically designed for your individual dental curve.

Now, without the bother and cost of molds and plaster casts, there is a 30-second way to find out which curve is yours. A scientific way developed by Pro-phy-lac-tic, tooth brush authorities for forty-two years. It is the new way approved by dentists; 42,819 of them have written us for it.

Step into the store of any modern-minded druggist, who realizes that *one* shape of brush cannot possibly fit *three* different dental curves, and you will see the green Pro-phy-lac-tic display cabinet. Take from it one of the free folders. Bite into the sanitary dental wax. Or send the coupon below for enough Bite Tests for your family, and take the test at home.

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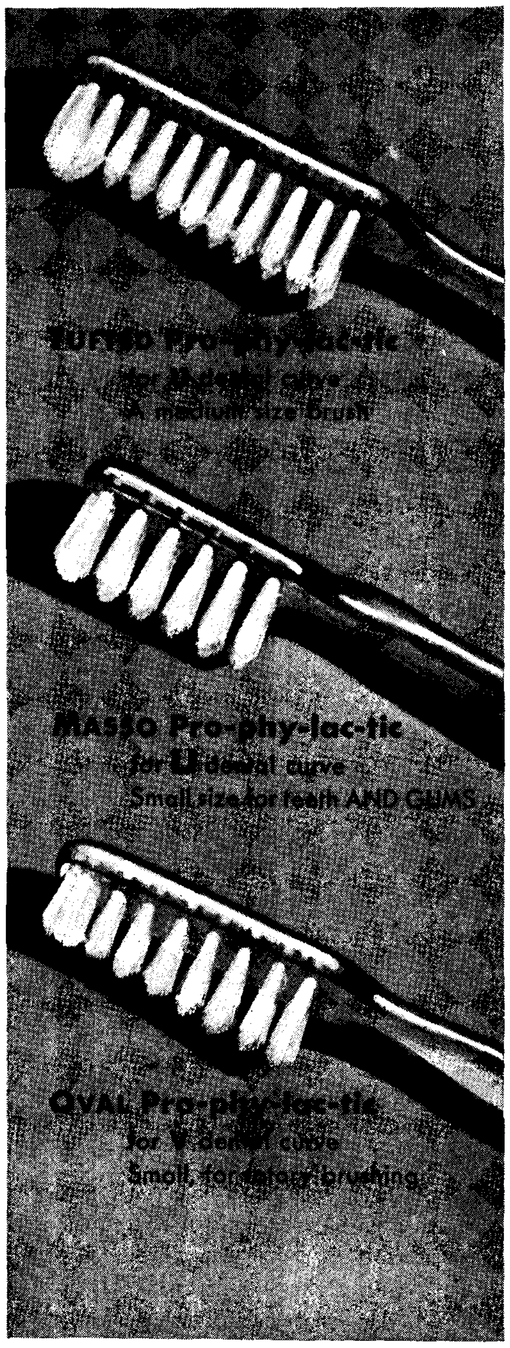
All three types of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are today's finest productions of the brush maker's art. The fruit of forty-two years' experience is apparent in the shape, spacing, and unusual resilience of the quality bristle; in the gleaming handles, in the ever-anchored tufts.

Each brush is sterilized, and reaches you untouched by hands, in the clean yellow carton. In all colors and hardnesses, 50c. Youth's brush, 35c. Baby size, 25c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.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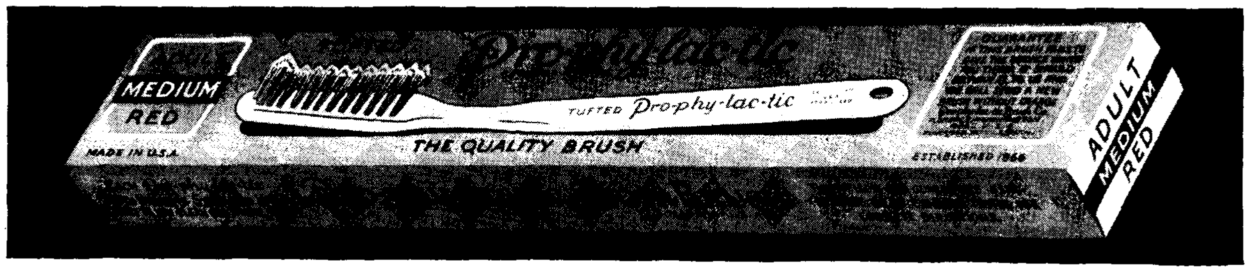
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Easy to learn—See how quickly fingers find the right keys. With a few days of practice you can type as rapidly as thoughts come.

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC, ROOM 1820, 51 MADISON AVE, N. Y. C.

Sacrifice

Continued from page 52

"I think it's wonderful, Tommy," she exclaimed. "And I haven't taken the test yet. I'll probably be awful."

"You'll probably be so wonderful that they'll be ashamed to offer you so little as three-fifty per," he told her. "Well, darling, it was swell while it lasted."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He managed to grin, but there was no mirth in it.

"Why, Jennie darling, movie queens don't marry taximen. If they do, they get rid of them. How would I fit with big swells like them?"

"I love you, Tommy," she cried, "and I'll marry you first thing in the morning."

HE SHOOK his head sorrowfully.

"Do you think I'd be low enough for that? Do you think I'd let you tie yourself up to me when Harmon Randolph and Abe Daerman are nuts about you? I'd be a fine dog, wouldn't I?"

"And do you think that success is going to make me think less of you?" she demanded.

"I'd think less of myself, and you'd have to do the same thing," he said. "With all the money you're going to make, you couldn't live—they wouldn't let a big actress live as cheaply as we'd have to live. And I certainly wouldn't take your money, Jennie."

"Are we going to quarrel about a thing like that?" she asked.

"We'd have to," he said. "A man's either a man or he's something else, and I ain't something else. The woman I marry will have to live on the money I make."

"You aren't glad at my chance," she reproached him.

"Get me straight, Jennie," he said. "I've always known you were way over my head. I never rated a girl like you. And from the bottom of my heart I'm glad. I love you so much that I'd give you up to see you get the things in the world that I can never give you. I love you so much that I'm not going to handicap you with an ignorant husband that runs taxis."

"But you wouldn't have to run taxis. We could take my money—"

"*We* couldn't."

There was an abrupt finality in his voice. Jennie wept. He kissed her, but there was good-by in his kiss. And then he laughed, joked, drove the tears from her eyes with his gayety, and took her to dinner. He ordered dishes that were luxuries for them both, and when she protested at his extravagance, he laughed.

"I'll be sitting in the balcony, bragging to myself that I took the great Jennie Collins to dinner, and I don't want to be reminding myself that it was a forty-cent meal. How about some more ice cream?"

He kissed her again as he left her at her door, but the kiss was fraternal.

"I'll be around at six tomorrow, and you can tell me all about the test, Jennie," he said. "And all the angels better tune in on me tonight, because I'm going to deliver the swellest prayer they ever listened to. And it's going to be a prayer that you knock 'em for a goal."

Jennie cried all night, and her emotion was the last touch required to make her exactly the wistful type that the star and executives of Combined Films wanted. She was made up, posed before camera, sang in the sound-proof room.

"There isn't a doubt about it," Harmon Randolph told her enthusiastically. "We won't be able to run the film until this afternoon, but it's a thousand to one you're okeh. You go home and wait for a telegram. And listen, Daerman has decided to take this picture on the coast. We leave on the Century tomorrow."

"I haven't anything to wear," said Jennie.

"The dress you have on now will do for the trip," said Harmon. "There'll be a few hours in Chicago and you can do a little shopping there. Abe will advance you money. And everything else you can get in Hollywood. Now don't be nervous. I know the test will turn out all right."

Something had been done to the sidewalks of New York. They were made of air, and one seemed to fly rather than to walk. Something had happened to the atmosphere; it was rosy and scented with a fragrance too delicious to be borne. The skyscrapers were fairy palaces; the pedestrians were angels. New York was Paradise.

Wouldn't it be funny, six months from now, when her first picture was breaking all records at the Gigantic, to take a suite at the Scadmore?

And then she thought of Tommy, and the skies became leaden and the stench of gasoline was in her nostrils, and people jostled her rudely. Tommy!

Heavily she walked home, the pavements hurting through the thin soles of her shoes, and tiredly she climbed to her room. Worn out, she lay down upon her bed and looked unseeingly at the blank walls.

At four that afternoon a telegram was delivered to her. It was half an hour before she opened it.

"Test superb stop Daerman has engaged Parker to write story stop he will travel on train with us stop be at station in plenty of time tomorrow stop congratulations."

The magic name of Harmon Randolph was signed to the message. And all the dreams that had been inchoate in her brain through all her life were realized at last. She looked at the alarm clock on a chair beside her bed. Four-thirty. In ninety minutes Tommy Kelly would arrive. She had an hour and a half in which to make her choice. Ninety minutes in which to decide whether to sacrifice her love or her career.

And at five minutes of six she tore the telegram into tiny bits and watched them flutter out the window.

TOMMY KELLY opened the door in response to her call for him to enter. In his hand he bore a paper-wrapped bouquet.

"The first flowers presented to the great star," he cried.

She shook her head.

"I flopped, Tommy," she said. "They telegraphed me that they were sorry, but I didn't film well and my voice was too thin."

"Why, they're crazy," cried Tommy. "But don't you feel badly, Jennie."

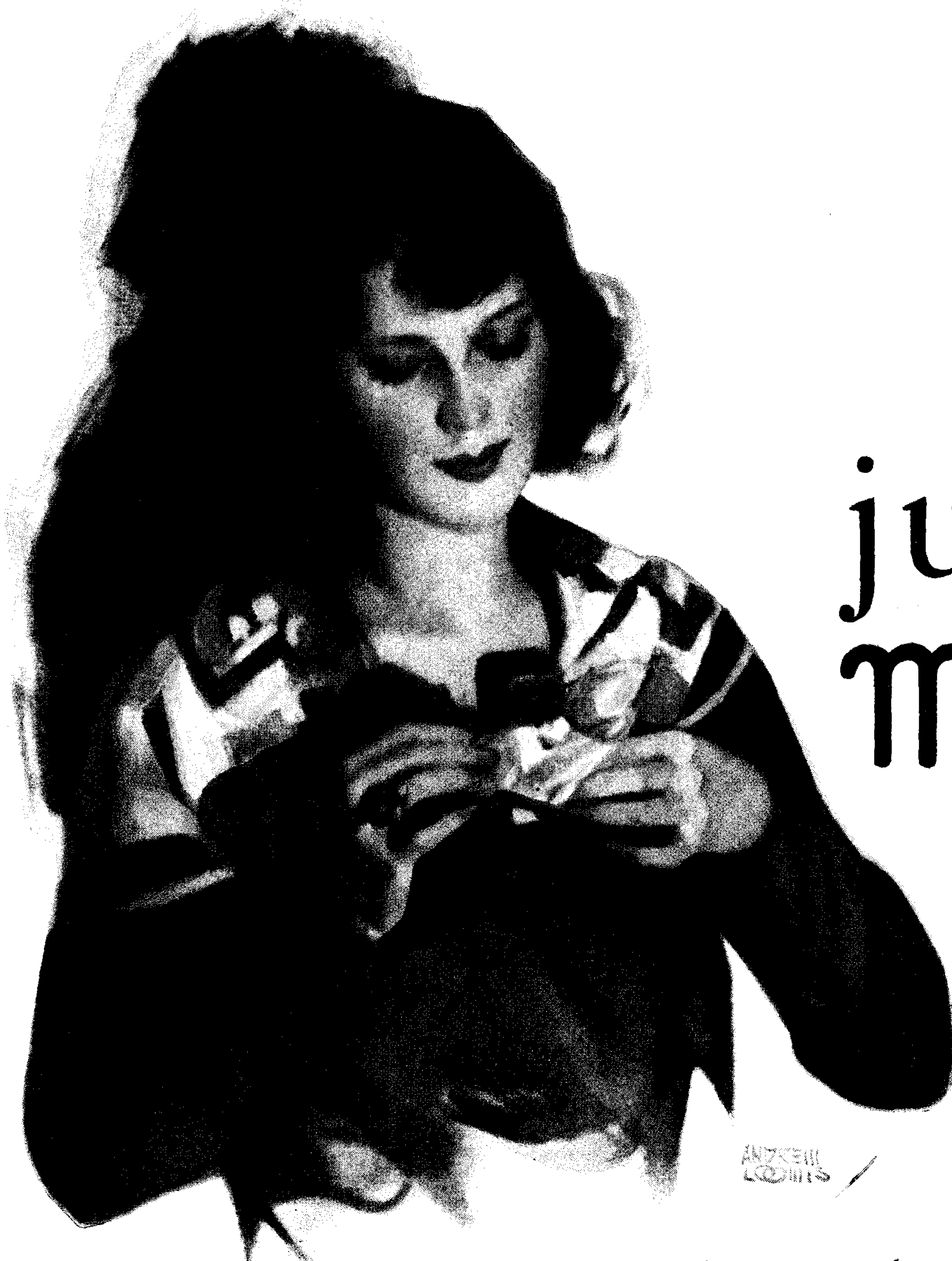
Into her eyes came that radiance which a man may see once in his life.

"I don't feel badly, Tommy," she told him as his arms went around her.

SACRIFICE: The giving up of some desirable thing in behalf of one *thought at the time* to be more desirable.

For how does twenty, ruled by the heart, know what thirty, ruled by the brain, would choose?

The Kissing Prince has grossed five million so far, but Harmon Randolph is still looking for the leading woman of his dreams.



—and just taste Milky Way *frozen*

JUST the same mouth melting Milky Way but served in a manner that makes it as refreshing as it is delicious. Imagine your same old friend Milky Way—but temptingly cold, making it just a little more chewy than usual, *that's* Frozen Milky Way.

The sure way to have Frozen Milky Way whenever you want it is to keep some in your refrigerator at home. Buy them by the box of 24 bars. It's great to have them on hand—for the youngsters—for a change of dessert—or just because they're so deliciously wholesomely good—*anytime.*

Whether frozen or not there is nothing like Milky Way. Its flavory goodness is something you can't forget. And to think of it makes you hungry for it. Isn't that true of *you* this minute? Just imagine how good one would taste right now.

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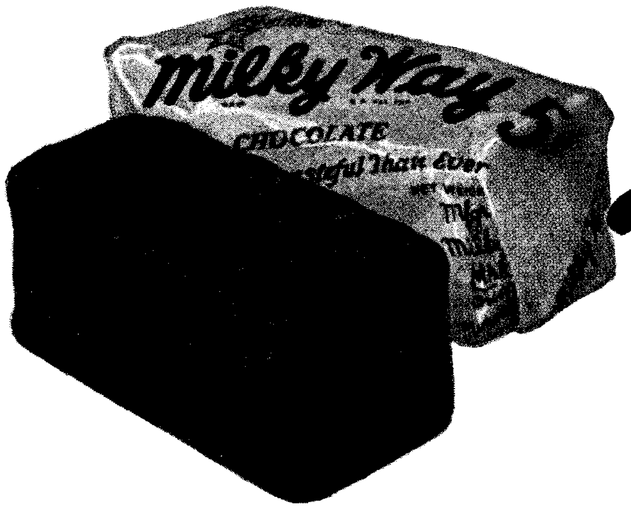


Milky Way

"When you crave good candy"

Toot Sweet

Continued from page 16

Rolfe sat with the gray-maned veteran and his sick friend for several hours. He has a vague memory of much laconic repartee in the Bret Harte manner; but a more vivid memory of no drinking whatever. Buffalo Bill was never a reformer, but Rolfe chanced to meet him at a time when he regarded whisky as a personal enemy to be fought by avoidance. One after another, Buffalo Bill and his old chum went over the names and records of their friends who had passed from life through either of two causes—bad Indians or bad liquor.

At the end of this temperance talk the sick man sat up in bed, asked Rolfe to feel beneath the mattress and pull out what he found. The eager-eyed boy did so. It was a bottle of ancient rum. The sick man explained he had saved it for his last drink in this world, on his way out to the next.

"And now you're going to renounce it?" asked Buffalo Bill, admiringly.

"The hell I am," said the sick man with sudden spirit. "Open it up, young feller," he bade Rolfe.

With qualms, Buffalo Bill joined in a farewell drink. His qualms were not so pronounced in the encore. When they left, the bottle was emptied and the sick man gaily demonstrative.

"That's the first good thing I ever saw liquor do for a man," said Buffalo Bill to young Rolfe. And he followed this by the best business advice Rolfe had received to that date.

"If I were younger," said the plainsman, "I'd go back to play England. There's lots of money for the Wild West idea there yet."

After two or three years spent as a theater orchestra man in Utica, Rolfe took Cody's advice; but then only by accident.

Boiler-Room Ballads

Rolfe remembers, out of the variegated parade of mummers, two figures as most attractive—Joseph Jefferson and John Drew—both courtly and considerate, especially to pestiferous amateurs who hung around stage doors to fawn upon the great.

It was the most obnoxious of these—a Utican who knew Shakespeare by heart but never had a chance to do more than be a tree-bearing soldier in Macduff's army—who occasioned John Barrymore's sharpest shaft of wit.

Accosting Barrymore as he left the theater one afternoon, the local novice remarked how long he had waited to see Barrymore.

"Everybody tells me," he told Barrymore, "that I'm a dead ringer for you and that we might be brothers."

"Not impossible," Barrymore retorted. "My father traveled extensively."

A theatrical orchestra conductor in Utica must venture farther afield to become a person of consequence in the show business. He has to do something besides play a cornet well and conduct a band not so well. This explains one of the Rolfe legends—of his purchase and conduct of a laundry business.

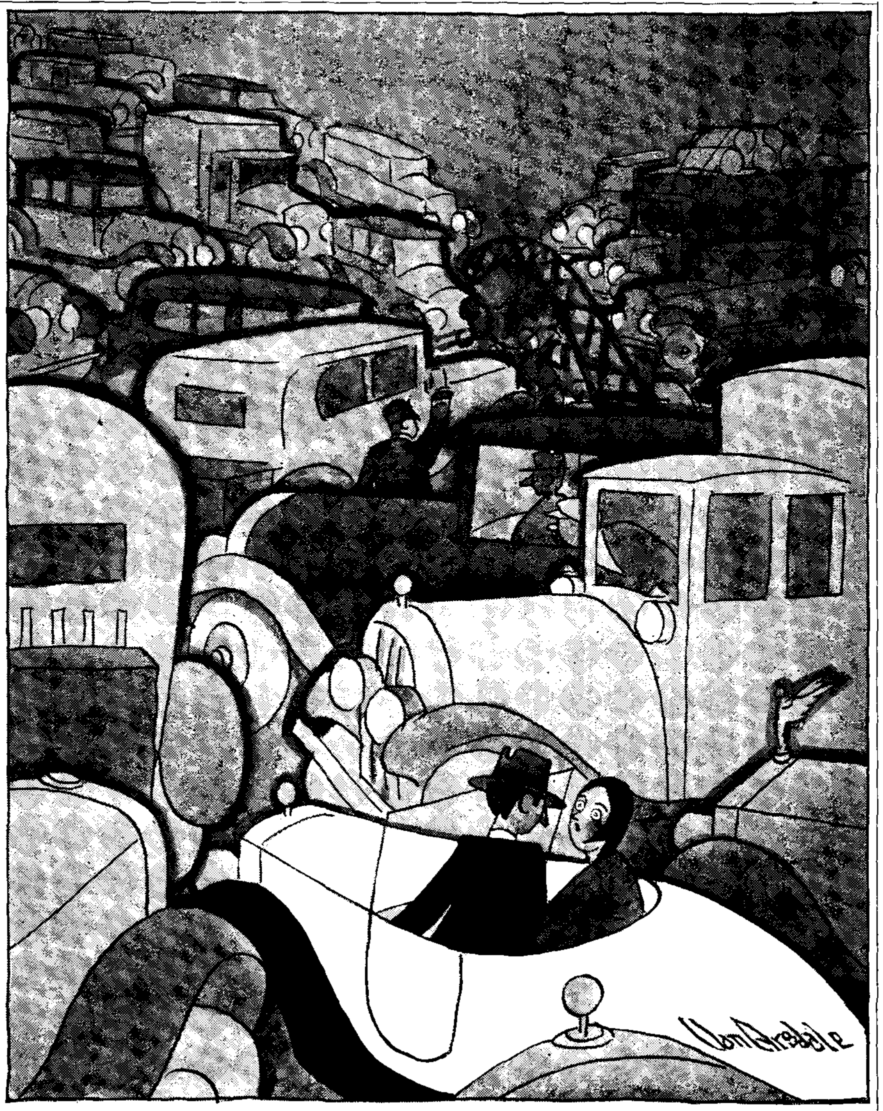
"It was while operating this laundry and performing as band leader that Jesse Lasky, then one of the leading producers of vaudeville acts, was attracted to me. He gave me my first job in vaudeville and really put me on the road to being a real showman."

There was an English interlude when Rolfe went overseas with a band combination to strut as the foremost American cornetist. Practice on shipboard brought complications. A bugler blows to announce meals on British ships. It embarrassed passengers to hear a bugle-call between meals and to find no meal awaiting them. Rolfe was haled before the captain and ordered to practice in a remote hold or the boiler-rooms.

In London he and the band were not exactly a flop, nor quite a hit. So when a compatriot in the Savoy bar narrated that no American showman had taken much money from England since the Buffalo Bill invasion, Rolfe was fired by inspiration. He converted some of his musicians into cowboys, picked up others, hired a concession at Wembley Park, the great exposition grounds in London, and put over the first American rodeo on foreign soil.

A not too noticeable feature of that show was the rope-slinging of a lanky lad from Oklahoma, who got exactly $40 a week in English money and was glad to get it. His name was Will Rogers.

Succeeding with his London venture, Rolfe was able to return with a plume in his hat and some cash in pocket. He and Lasky and William Harris went into business together as producers of acts. Not altogether bright is the record of that association.



"Why don't you blow your horn?"

A happy break for Rolfe at just about that time was a chance to step into motion pictures. His brother cornetist—Lasky—had invaded the racket and progressed to marvelous heights in minimum time. Rolfe reasoned that since he was a much better cornet player he should therefore be a much better picture producer.

He found himself at the head of an organization that had contracts with such stars as Francis X. Bushman, the muscular hero of pre-war flappers; June Mathis, the scenario writer, and Mary Miles Minter, an ill-starred young star.

"Musicians have temperament—those first movie stars reeked with it," says he. "I soon found that the most valuable man in my organization was the property man. A veritable genius, and one I would not trade for any star or combination of stars. We were making a picture in the New York studio once, in January. There was an Oriental scene, and to give it a perfect touch of atmosphere, to suggest a fetid market place, I decided to have flies—ordinary, unpleasant black flies. Everybody laughed. Good idea, but how to get flies in January?

"My property man, a bony Irishman named O'Day, got into his ulster and departed. About an hour later he was back with two hundred flies—by actual count. He had got them from no less scientific an outfit than the Rockefeller Foundation. Resourceful? We gave him a bonus of $200—a dollar per fly. We were lordly in those days, which may explain why we didn't remain in business."

They were versatile, too, even to the property man. Mr. Bushman was fairly idolized by the public, and not much less by Mr. Bushman. His self-esteem—natural and justified, for what artist can be arty without it?—got on the nerves of the studio help. When he made Romeo and Juliet with Beverly Bayne, Bushman haughtily told the property man at the end of one day to get a bier for shooting the tomb scene the following day. Simple soul, the property man took Bushman literally. To property men there is only one meaning when bier is pronounced.

Bushman asked for it the next morning and a ten-gallon keg of beer was rolled out. The star sensed an affront. He spoke harshly and called the property man names. Mr. O'Day promptly smacked Romeo squarely on the mouth. Uproar and consternation and a furious fight. His secretary rushed to Rolfe in an office downstairs, calling him to hurry and stop it. Rolfe hesitated. The secretary rushed back to the scene of strife, then back to Rolfe:

"Don't stop it," she bawled, "Bushman's getting licked."

In all, Rolfe supervised the production of more than a hundred films—good, bad, indifferent and atrocious. He might have continued producing pictures; but Harry Houdini put an end to that. Rolfe contracted with Houdini for the exploitation of his amazing escape feats in motion pictures.

Houdini was a stickler for detail and looked into the development of every foot of film in which he appeared. One morning there was commotion in the studio—a banging of doors and weak cries. When attendants opened the darkroom, Houdini walked out, very angry—as who wouldn't be when imprisoned behind a trick door all night and in the dark without a chance to try his specialty of lock-picking?

What Price Television?

"I prefer to forget that part of my rather dashing career," says Mr. Rolfe. "Houdini was a master of escape. But he saw that I didn't wriggle out of my contract with him when it meant every asset I had to live up to it. I don't blame him a bit, even though he gave the sheriffs of the country too much exercise chasing me from spot to spot, wherever I happened to be showing.

"For I had deserted pictures and returned to my first love—the cornet, thanking the Lord, betimes, that I had more than one stop to my bugle.

"The post-war dance craze struck the country. I organized orchestras and—well, well. Need I say more?"

He did. Showmen will always say more, when pressed, pursued, or confronted with the records of other showmen.

"With the radio coming I sensed that kindergarten theory would be sure-fire stuff. I developed a technique to avoid common jazz and yet retain its swiftness with more articulation and dignity; the combination of waltz and polka rhythm. It calls for the simplest arranging, in fact a really competent arranger would ruin the effect. So, perhaps, would an unusually able conductor.

"You see, I don't conduct, I pantomime—without a baton. What's a baton, anyhow? Just the extension of the conductor's hand. I learned how to use my hands when I doubled as club juggler between acts in a Tom show."

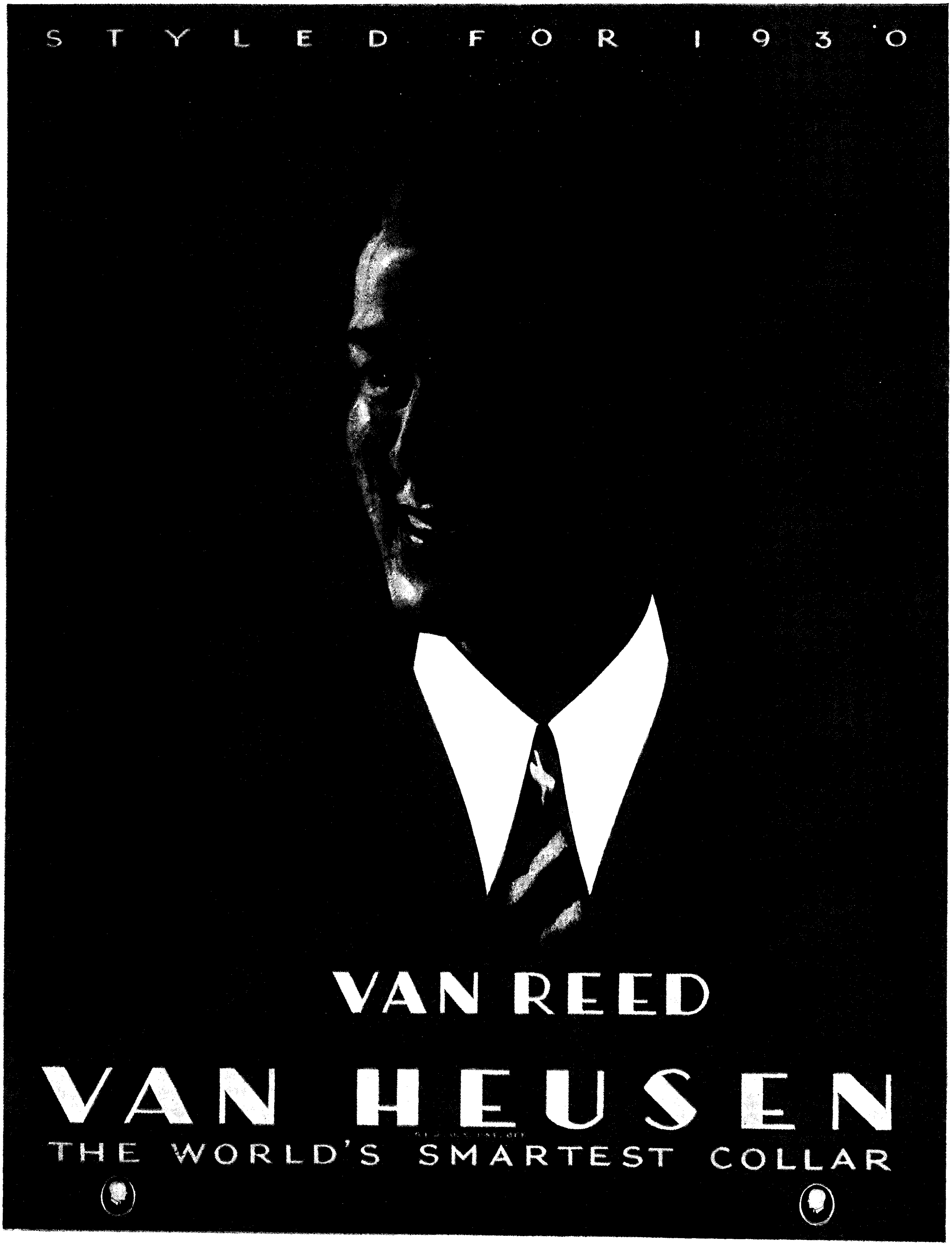
To illustrate, he raised hands that might belong to any overfed butcher. His band obeyed and a charming brunette stepped over the floor in a bright, graceful fox trot to prove his timing was correct for the millions imitating her—via radio—in their homes that night.

He seemed, smiling there before his fifty players, a satyric god of the gay and garish. The television on which he banks his future would bear out that impression; except that when it does the god may have two or three more chins.

And the last question put to him, as with a flip he dismissed band and brunette, should have been the first.

"No—I'm not at all German as far as I know," he replied. "Benjamin Rolfe, who arrived in Haverhill in the next boat but one to the Mayflower, is my ancestor. You'll see his name on a tablet dated 1708 up in Haverhill, Massachusetts. The good citizens who put it there were foresighted—very. Good evening."

Mr. Rolfe blew a fanfare on his cornet. Thoughtful, I thought.



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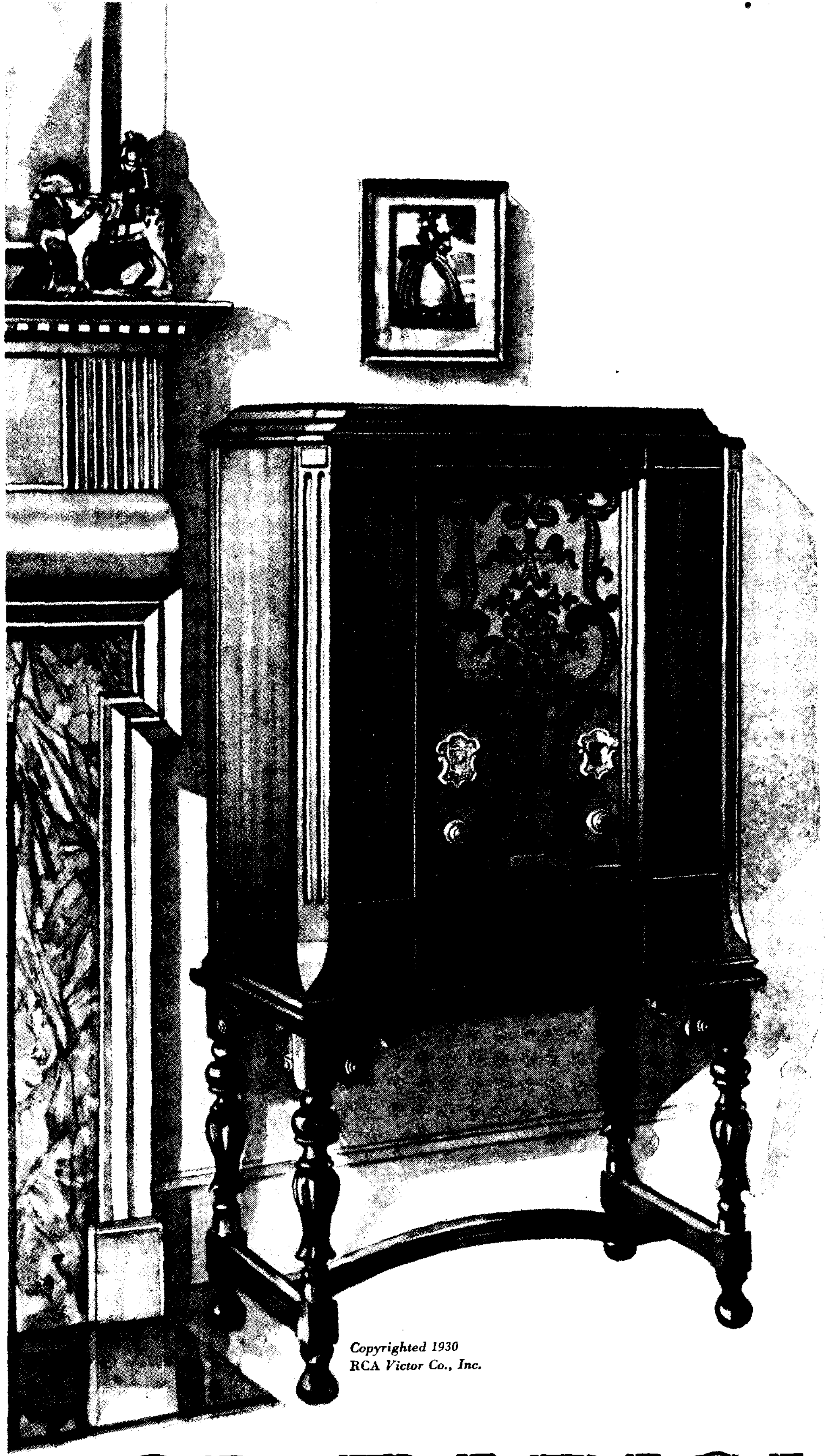

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All Square Again

Continued from page 15

"George," Archie said, in his loud, golf-course voice, "I'll give you one up on each nine."

"All right."

His surgical associate had been giving him one up for years—sometimes two up, but it never made any great difference in the result. Archie invariably won.

"And I will bet you, you big stiff," Archie said, "I will bet you five each way and this and that and the other."

He named a number of interlocking wagers. George nodded acceptance of them all, and the twosome shoved off. George hit one down the center. Archie looked surprised, but not so surprised as later on. George continued to hit straight balls, and ordinarily he hit crooked balls, or curved balls, or balls that strike against rocks, fences, barns and extraneous objects. At the end of the match George was smiling faintly and was nine miles ahead of Archibald Day, having won every bet.

"WHAT have you been doing?" Archie inquired when the match was over. He spoke in a voice cold with suspicion.

"Me? What do you mean?"

"Have you been coming out to Hudson Hill on week days?"

"Certainly not," George answered, taking his winnings with a chuckle.

"Funny," Archie stated. "Darned funny."

"What's funny about it? Why shouldn't I beat you once in a while?"

Dr. Archibald Day made low, threatening sounds in his throat and informed one and all that if he had sunk so low that George could beat him, then it was high time to crack up all his clubs with a sharp ax, and start making hooked rugs for a pastime. The incident was then considered ended and Archie sped homeward in his red automobile and quarreled with his wife.

On the following Sunday, exactly one week later to the instant, Dr. Day again faced his foe, and looked back to the disgrace. He asked George how he would like to press the bets a trifle.

"Anything you say," George agreed amiably.

"Let's double everything," Archie snapped.

"They are doubled," George grinned.

After which, Archie was handsomely defeated for the second Sunday. He paid off in sulky silence, glowering ferociously as he wended his way into the locker-rooms. There he encountered the club's caddie master.

"Have you seen George coming out here week days?"

"No, sir."

Archie snorted and later spoke to the professional, but the latter only shook his head and the mystery remained unsolved.

During the luncheon hour, which was filled with unfriendly conversation, Dr. Day sulked at a table by himself, refusing to take food from the same board with the man who had dragged him in the dust. George beamed happily. He grinned upon the buzzing herd, pointing at Archie's somber back and making gestures of quiet derision.

At another table in a far corner sat President Grover T. Jones, conversing with a stranger. The latter was not a golf player, as anyone might know by gazing at his feet. They were enormous feet, even for California, where everything is roomy. The person wore a derby hat and was rather sad and wistful. He spoke in low, earnest tones, nodding his head, and finally the aggrieved Archie, who was facing the corner in his efforts to avoid looking at Dr. George, was forced to take notice. When the players began to leave, some for another eighteen holes and others for home and family, Dr. Day addressed President Jones.

"Who's the new man?"

"That," Grover replied, "is Detective Riordan, of Riordan & O'Rourke. Somebody has been loading up with new clubs, bags, balls and sweaters from the caddy-house, and now we know who it is. This man Riordan is a smart detective. It took him just one day to solve the thing and tomorrow we shall cause the arrest of a young Mexican lad."

"Good detective, is he?" Archie asked.

"I'm telling you he required just one day to catch this thief. Certainly he's good."

"Are you all through with him?"

"Yes."

"Can I borrow him?"

President Jones stared in astonishment at the eminent sawbones.

"You can borrow him if you pay for his services, but why in Heaven's name would you want a detective?"

"I have plenty of uses for a good sleuth," Dr. Day replied murkily, and without other explanation he strode across the room to the window where Detective Riordan was standing.

"My name is Day," he said abruptly. "I'd like to hire you. Jones says you're a good detective."

Mr. Riordan seemed surprised at the sudden influx of golf business, but replied that he was always prepared to take a case. Archie explained certain matters and directed Riordan's attention to a gentleman who was lolling in a lawn chair, enjoying an after-luncheon cigar.

"You see that person?" Archie asked bitterly and the sleuth smiled and nodded.

"That is Dr. George Weaver. I'd like to know about him. He is a mysterious man and I want a full report. What do you charge by the day, and don't try to hold me up?"

Mr. Riordan remarked that his usual fee was fifty dollars a day, when engaged in bloodhounding, and a half hour later, when Dr. Weaver departed innocently from Hudson Hill, he was followed by a human shadow.

WITHIN three days Detective Riordan filed a preliminary report. It informed Archibald that Subject 993, the same being George Weaver, arose from slumber shortly before six o'clock on the morning of Monday, the tenth; that he stepped into his son's motor car carrying what appeared to be a bag full of golf clubs, and was driven by the son to the City Golf Course, where he encountered two young gentlemen from a wire fence corporation. The four of them ate a hearty breakfast on the clubhouse veranda, laughing and chatting, after which they played nine holes of golf. Following this morning pastime, Dr. George seized his son's automobile and drove to the Mercy Hospital, where he joined Dr. Day.

"Skunk," muttered Archibald, reading on.

Tuesday, the eleventh, was virtually a duplicate of Monday except that five persons played nine holes, including Dr. George Weaver.

Wednesday, the twelfth—ditto. On this day, Dr. George arose at five o'clock and spent some time in his garage polishing a putter, or at least it looked like a putter to Mr. Riordan, who was no

(*Continued on page 60*)

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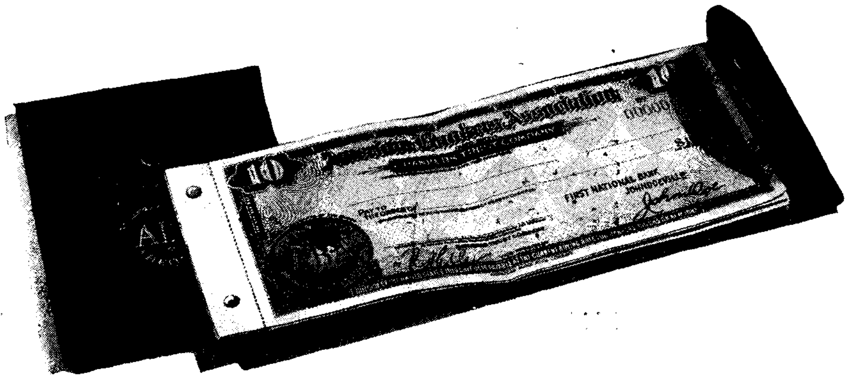

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

UNION PACIFIC

(Continued from page 59)

golf shark. When the game was over, he was driven to the railway station by young George, and departed for San Francisco.

"Snake in the grass," said Archibald, and with a scowl upon his brow like thunder he paid off the efficient Riordan.

"Is that enough?" the detective queried.

"That is plenty," replied Dr. Day.

He had no opportunity to speak his mind to George, for George was safely up in San Francisco, fixing a millionaire with a poor heart and tickets to China on an outbound steamer. Dr. Day bided his time, wearing a grim look, and when another Sunday morning rolled around, he hastened to Hudson Hill. The champion surgeons of Southern California met face to face in the green-hued locker-room.

"'Morning, Archie," said Dr. George, grinning in his cheerful way.

Dr. Day hurled a sock upon the floor and prepared to broadcast.

"Same as usual today?" George asked, looking expectantly at his partner.

"Same as hell," Archie replied. "You dirty crook."

"Me?" George asked politely.

"George," said Archie. "Speaking seriously, I always thought you were a man of decent impulses."

"I am. I don't know where you'd find a more genuinely decent citizen than me."

"Decent!" Archie roared. "You call it decent to go out and practice in secret, say nothing about it, and then take strokes?"

"Who?" George demanded. "I just got in from San Francisco."

"I know blasted well you just got in from San Francisco. You weren't in Frisco last Monday morning at six o'clock, were you? No. Certainly not. You were up at daybreak, playing nine holes at the City Course, while honest men were in their beds."

"Oh, that," George said with a hearty laugh. "How'd you know?"

"You're just a plain, ordinary highbinder," Archie continued, heading grimly for the first tee and followed by his chuckling associate. "At this club, it is the custom to play honest golf. Apparently you don't realize that, George. You sneak away mornings and work on your game, so's you can trim your friends on Sunday. That is what I call acting the part of a weasel."

DR. WEAVER continued to grin and a group of Hudson Hill members clustered about the starting tee, waiting for fireworks, if any. Dr. Day continued his harangue, growing more bitter.

"Considering," said George, "that you have been living off my game for years, paying all your family expenses with my money, I can't see where you have any howl coming."

"I'm aboveboard, though," snapped Archie. "I don't sneak off to strange courses and spend hours practicing."

"I didn't sneak anywhere," George answered, beginning to feel slightly nettled. "I played with my son George, and his friends, all gentlemanly young fellows. Wouldn't do you any harm to play with them and learn manners."

"Things have reached a pretty pass," Archie said, "when I have to hire a detective to keep from being chiseled by my own friends."

Dr. George looked startled.

"Who hired a detective?" he asked.

"I did. How do you suppose I learned about you and your sunrise golf?"

Dr. Weaver had been gently erasing a dab of mud from the heel of his driver, but he now replaced the club in his bag, motioned to his caddy and turned toward the clubhouse. Archie glared at him. President Grover Jones stepped out of the crowd and took George by the shoulders.

"Come on, George," he said, laughing. "Don't act like a chump over a trifle. We're all friends here together. Go on out there and play golf."

"Not with a detective-hirer," George said.

He walked slowly into the locker-room, and after waiting several moments Archie joined Grover Jones and two others and roared down the first fairway, still telling the world what he thought of George. The latter climbed into his automobile, drove home and spent the quiet Sabbath chasing bugs out of his garden.

ON MONDAY, the breach between two distinguished members of the medical fraternity was wider than Lake Erie. Toward midday Dr. Archie requested his secretary to telephone Doctor Weaver—Doctor Weaver being what Archie always called George when he hated him—and ask the doctor to stop in at St. Luke's at three to see about Mrs. Kelsey; to which request George sent back word, through his own secretary, that he was extremely busy, and would Doctor Day kindly have somebody else help him with Mrs. Kelsey, there being at least fifty first-class surgeons within easy reach.

Toward noon of Tuesday everyone in Montrose, East Montrose and Hudson Hill was aware of the war that had started, and among them Mrs. Duke Marmion, who all but tore the telephone from the wall in her frantic endeavors to discover what they were going to do about the Duke.

Were they, she inquired, in a pathetic voice, going to sacrifice a human life on account of a miserable golf difficulty? Was it Dr. Day's brutal intention to stand idly by and let a fellow man perish on a hospital cot? In a voice that trembled with wrath and fury, she pleaded with Archie, who told her coldly it would be better if she called in another surgeon to coöperate with George Weaver in the matter of the Duke, for, as far as he was concerned, he, Archibald Day, wouldn't poison his system by breathing the same air.

Dr. George, upon being run down by Mrs. Marmion, said it would be the part of wisdom to have in fresh surgical persons to attend the patient. Dr. Day was not speaking to him, George said. It would naturally be a bad business to have a couple of surgeons bending over a feverish and explosive appendix, and not speaking to each other.

"Very well," cried Mrs. Marmion, who was on the verge of hysterics, "and if the Duke dies, you and Archie are a couple of heartless murderers."

"Duke will not die," George stated.

When the distracted wife visited her husband at the hospital and informed him of conditions, the Duke grinned feebly.

"Those two boloneys are in a fight, are they?" he commented. "I suppose I'll have to hang around here till they make up."

"You can't wait," his wife said, in a frightened voice. "George said a week ago something would have to be done soon."

"Listen, Martha," the Duke said. "I've waited fifty years for this little batch of operations, and I can hang on a mite longer. At least that's what I'm going to do. Archie and George are the best surgeons in the world. I don't want any Chinese labor on this job."

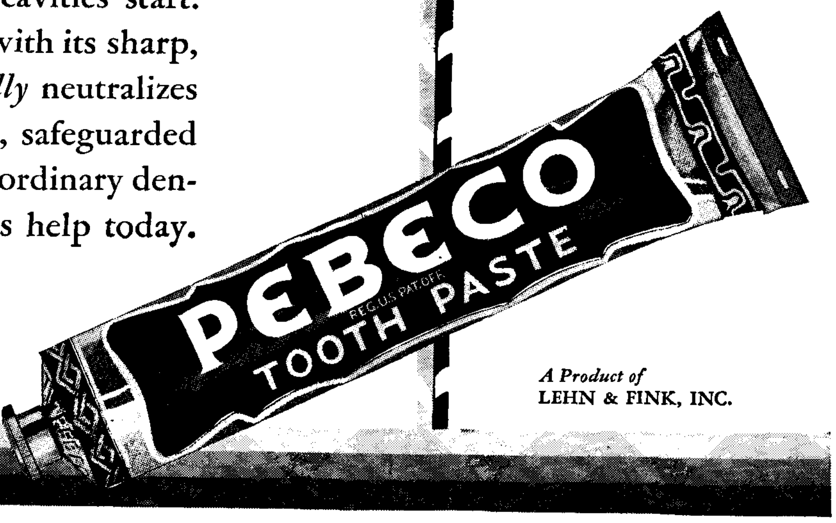
From that moment Mrs. Marmion went about Hudson Hill informing her friends that Doctors Day and Weaver were trying deliberately to bring about the demise of a noble man and a fine husband. She had never liked golf, and

(Continued on page 62)

This Taste Says...

"Pebeco's Working!"

THE war in your mouth never ends. If unchecked, the mouth acids attack the teeth crevices incessantly, until painful cavities start. But just rally PEBECO Tooth Paste to your aid. Pebeco—with its sharp, distinctive tang—not only cleans and whitens but *actually* neutralizes these destructive acids. The result: Sparkling white teeth, safeguarded ...and you're glad that you tried Pebeco when you found ordinary dentifrices so disappointing. Start giving *your* teeth Pebeco's help today.



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LEHN & FINK, INC.

this is the
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.... the unfailing boss of your gas heating plants"

If the gas company is going to heat your home, you will find a remarkable little instrument placed on the living room wall.

It never seems to do a stroke of work, but it saves you endless hours of labor and keeps you warm and comfortable. It does not ask for wages, but it does a job a dozen janitors could not do—it prevents many colds, protects your home from overheating, and reduces your bills for fuel.

Quiet, unobtrusive, demanding only a weekly winding, this amazing electric janitor takes complete charge of your gas heating plant. It is the brain, the nerve centre of the heating system.

The Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator is what makes your system automatic. It keeps the room temperature uniform. It lowers the temperature when you go to bed and raises it again before you get up. It prevents wasteful and dangerous overheating of the home. In gas and oil systems it regulates the supply and ignition of fuel and safeguards the system.

After all, what could be more important when selecting an automatic heating system than the *automatic* part of it?

To men in the heating industry, automatic heat control means Minneapolis-Honeywell. Our engineers have worked in the closest cooperation with the makers of gas heaters, oil burners, automatic coal stokers and heating plants, developing the special automatic controls needed by each.

When you buy any kind of automatic heating system, the price you pay includes the cost of good dependable controls. Make certain you get the best. Insist on Minneapolis-Honeywell Automatic Heat Controls, the controls installed as standard equipment on the leading makes of automatic heating systems. Meanwhile, write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR Co., (Also manufacturers of industrial temperature, pressure and combustion safety controllers, industrial motor valves, automatic control for unit heaters, and Jewell Temperature Regulators.) Executive Offices: 2720 Fourth Avenue So., Minneapolis. Canadian Office: Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., Ltd., 123 York St., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Branch offices and distributors in principal cities. Authorized factory-trained representatives in almost every city.

MINNEAPOLIS
HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

All Square Again

Continued from page 60

now hated the game and hated everyone who wore golf pants. Meeting Grover T. Jones, she buttonholed him.

"It's all your fault," she said bitterly. "You and your detectives."

"I know it," President Jones admitted. "They're a couple of obstinate fellows."

"And the Duke will not think of changing doctors," his wife wailed. "He'll just linger on and on and probably die in the middle of the night. He looks perfectly awful. I was over there this morning—"

MRS. DUKE began to weep softly and Grover took her by the arm and swore upon his word he would step in and do something—just what, he did not at the moment know, but something to relieve a situation that was becoming rapidly not only intolerable but ridiculous. It was grotesque to think of two old friends refusing to speak to each other, and in reality helpless without each other, for while George was the finest diagnostician in the county, he leaned upon Archie; and as for Archie, minus George, Archie wasn't to be trusted with a sharp knife and a slice of dog liver.

Mr. Grover T. Jones is not a man of distinguished intellectual gifts, yet I shall always say he came through nobly. Following his chat with the perturbed Mrs. Marmion, he gathered the executive board about him at Hudson Hill Club and laid the facts before them.

"What can we do about it?" asked Lou Cheney, chairman of the greens committee.

"Well, when I was up at Seven Oaks Club," Grover continued, "they were giving a dinner for the most popular man in their club. Why couldn't we do the same?"

"We could," said Cheney.

"Why," asked Mr. Jones, "couldn't we have had a secret ballot in our club, the result being a tie, the most popular man being both Archie and George, two hundred and ten votes each. That ought to call for a dinner."

"Certainly," the board agreed, beginning to see the plan.

"Suppose we have this dinner of honor on Saturday night, with everyone in evening clothes. I'll even make a speech to those two buzzards."

"That'll do the trick," Mr. Cheney opined. "They can hardly decline to attend a club dinner in their honor."

"And," added President Jones with a smile, "once you get a couple of enemies to dress up and attend a banquet, the war is over."

THE board arose, passed a unanimous vote, and invitations were dispatched by the club secretary requesting the presence of members at a dinner and dance in honor of those sterling doctors, Day and Weaver, who had, curiously enough, tied in a vote for most popular man.

Saturday evening saw at least three hundred nicely dressed ladies and gentlemen gathered in the famous old club rooms, where they surrounded George and Archie, shook them by the hand, and said it was no surprise to anyone to see them win in a popularity vote.

"Didn't even know about it," Archie muttered, glaring over at George, who was resplendent in a white shirt and a stiff collar, the first in months.

It was obviously ridiculous for the two to continue their feud, what with friends slapping them on the back and honeying them with nice words, while all about them fluttered the joyous spirit of wassail and jollity. The air was filled with peace unto men and kindliness, along with a pleasant aroma coming from a tub full of the stuff that has aged Andy Volstead before his time.

Archie and George therefore buried the hatchet and at nine o'clock were seen with their arms about each other's shoulders, singing an old song by the fireplace and looking slightly flushed. Later their respective wives had to drive them home, saying it was a good night for wives to drive. Mrs. Duke Marmion had definitely stopped weeping and almost ceased to worry about her old gentleman in Ward B. President Grover Jones, also a trifle flushed, led her aside and indicated the friendly attitude of Hudson Hill's leading surgeons.

"Didn't I promise I'd do something?" he inquired and the Duke's wife smiled in gratitude and said Grover was a dear man. She pried George away from Archie at eleven o'clock and asked him if he would take up the matter of the Duke right away.

"Certainly will," George promised.

"Tomorrow?" begged the missus.

"No," said George. "Tomorrow is Sunday. I'm going to take this golf player tomorrow and show him how to play golf. But on Monday morning we will start on that old wreck of yours and make a new man of him."

This they did, the surgical team reunited again, and while I am no expert in such things I have since heard they removed a good many of the Duke's innards, blew out his ancient pipes and fixed him up all around. George stood by, directing the attack, and the deft Archibald performed at his noblest.

WHEN the job was completed, Mrs. Marmion was assured by both surgeons that her husband would recover and live to be ninety-one years of age, but would have to go easy for six months. It was a grand day for the Marmion family and Mrs. Marmion was so overcome with joy that she began weeping all over again, much to George's annoyance.

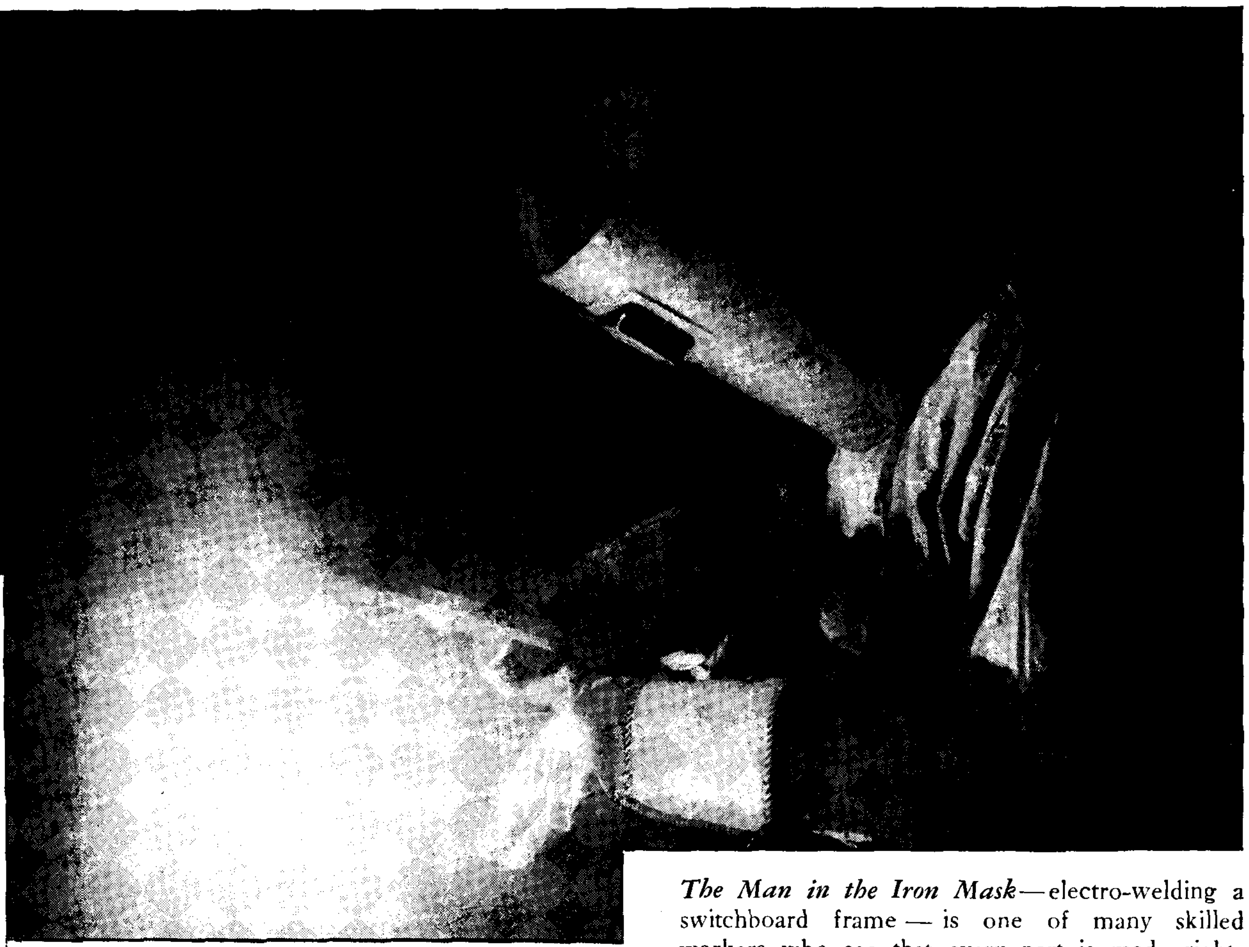
Out at Hudson Hill Golf Club, Weaver and Day are back again each Sunday morning, and George has given up the early morning games with his son, which means that Archie is removing his hide, inch by inch. George is once more stabbing his putts, knocking out of bounds, mussing up his niblick shots and committing all the forty-nine sins. When the swearing twosome passes along the eighteenth fairway, a tall figure usually strolls out to meet them and visit for a moment as they steam along, waving their mashies.

"Would you boys care for a little refreshment?" the tall figure asks and the twosome signifies by saying they certainly would, as soon as they play out the final hole. Thereupon the figure retreats to his front porch and there is heard the tinkling of glasses and the jolly preparations dear to the tired ears of the golfer. The tall figure is the Duke, whose pallor is slowly leaving him, and who is growing huskier and huskier, thanks to the surgical skill of George and Archie. George says the Duke will be out there hitting them a mile within a month or so.

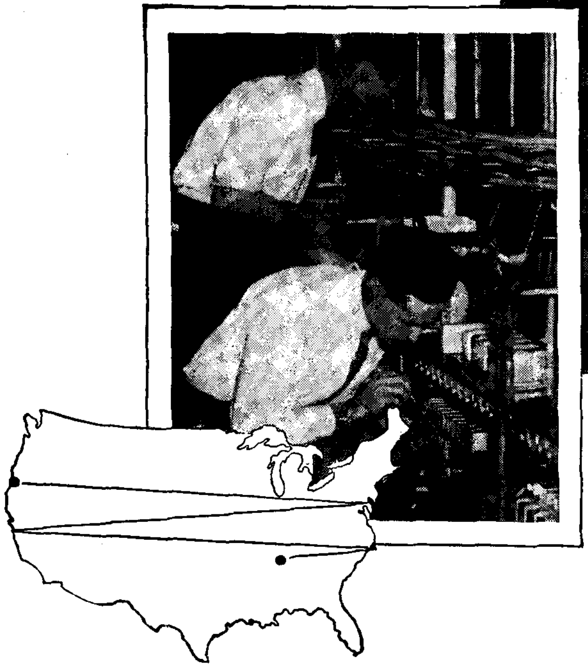
"That's all right," remarked President Grover Jones the other day, "but if it wasn't for me, Duke Marmion wouldn't be sitting on his front porch, mixing drinks for you two birds."

"That's a lot of bull," Archie replied, but I agree with Mr. Jones.

Backing up your Telephone—



The Man in the Iron Mask—electro-welding a switchboard frame—is one of many skilled workers who see that every part is made right.



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and back it up with all the apparatus and supplies needed for your service is a work of infinite variety.

Buying rubber from Singapore, mica from India, conduit from Ohio—Making each year a million telephones, 15,000 miles of cable, switchboards by the trainload–Distributing supplies to 32 warehouses, holding them ready for the nation's telephone companies—Installing the equipment in all the telephone exchanges—

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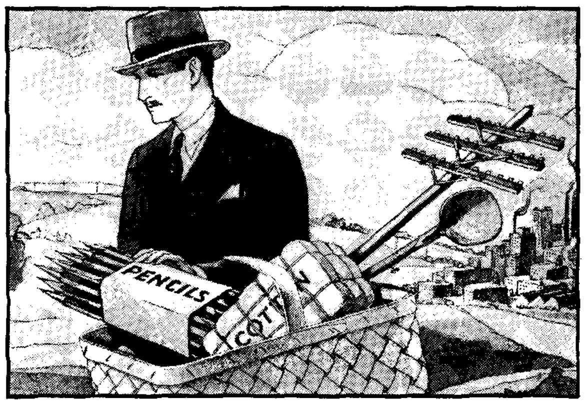
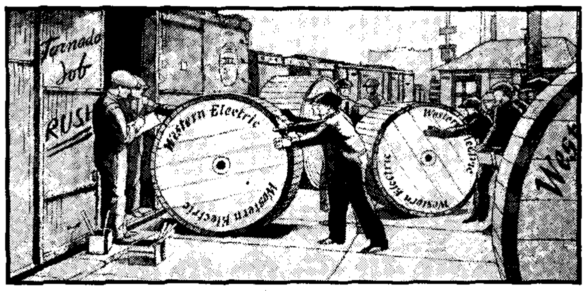


From Pencils to Telephone Poles everything the Bell Telephone System uses is found in Western Electric's market basket.



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MAKERS
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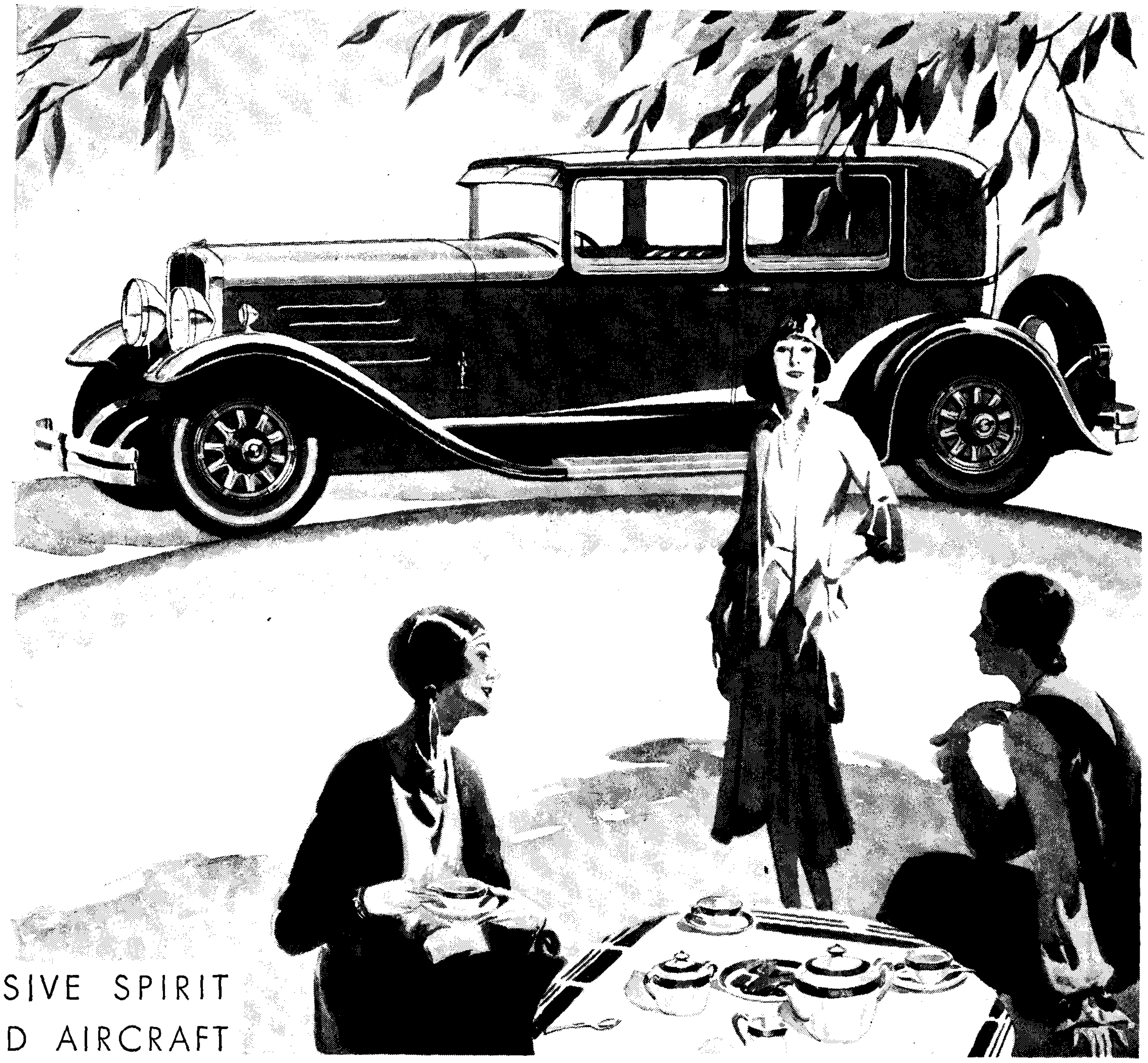


STYLE

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND AIRCRAFT ARE FASHIONED INTO THE FLEET FRANKLIN . . . . . Riding the crest of a new era of fast travel with an airplane-type engine, Franklin also presents style subtly influenced by aviation. The grace of Franklin body contours suggests the airplane fuselage—long, slender, sleek. Lines and surface blend into an expression of fleetness.

The sparkling style of Franklin is a delight to moderns. With its trim appearance Franklin has caught the dynamic spirit of the sky—and has earned the right to vogue leadership.

Owning a Franklin signifies progressiveness. For air-cooling has made possible some of the greatest advances in aviation—and in Franklin is responsible for the most powerful type of motor built.

Tested IN THE AIR, as well as on land, this remarkable airplane-type engine has all the endurance, stamina and flexibility of other airplane engines—and furnishes new performance possibilities incomparable to present-day motoring experience. Its eager power whisks you away at the slightest touch of the throttle. It seems to spread out wings in the smoothness and comfort of its speed.

We invite you to see this smart Franklin—then to thrill to the AIRPLANE FEEL of its airplane power. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

AIR-COOLED

FRANKLIN

Both were Young

Continued from page 9

"Pilgrimage?" Plimsoll brightened. The word had a pleasantly spacious sound.

"Yes. The Swami's going to guide a few Seekers to all the Holy Places in India. It's such a perfectly wonderful chance for Gilbert! He could even have a course in Meditation with the Swami's own uncle! And we can't go—just because that hateful Mr. McFetridge at the bank won't let us spend our own money! So of course I came to you. I always feel that I can come to you, Belden."

"Yes, yes. Of course." Plimsoll's mind moved fast. Sending Pansy and her cub of a boy on a pilgrimage to India appealed to him as one of the worthiest possible uses of money, but he couldn't offer to finance the expedition. Pansy would inevitably regard it as her duty to tell everybody in Lakeport how generous he had tried to be. And she would tell it, he knew, in such a way as to imply that a romantic, hopeless motive lay behind it. And Albertine—

No. That wouldn't do. And it would be useless to talk to Arch McFetridge. Not even to be free for a few months of Pansy's soft obstinacy would McFetridge give up, one day before it was due, a thin dime of the trusteed income he administered.

"How about Herb Dolliver?" he suggested, hopefully. Gilbert's uncle had left Lakeport some years before, but he'd taken a comfortable bit of money along with him, and, after all, blood was thick. Pansy shook her head.

"I don't even know where Herbert is," she said. "And I'm afraid he wouldn't do anything, even if I could reach him. He—" she paused—"he doesn't like Gilbert, Belden."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" Plimsoll had never cared much about Herb Dolliver but now, abruptly, he wondered whether he might not have done the man less than justice. If he didn't like his nephew, he had sound judgment; if he had made this clear to his sister-in-law he had courage and remarkable powers of self-expression.

"He doesn't," said Pansy. Her mouth tightened faintly. "It wouldn't do any good to ask him, even if I knew where he is. I thought perhaps you'd talk to Mr. McFetridge and try to make him understand how important it is for us to go."

"I COULD try," said Plimsoll. He rose. "I'll see him tomorrow at a directors' meeting. And now—"

Pansy, too, came to her feet.

"I think," she said slowly, "I think I'd better tell you. It will make you realize how absolutely important it is for us to go. But you must promise not to breathe it to anybody, Belden. Not to anybody."

"All right. I won't." Plimsoll managed a step toward the door.

"You know that we Seekers have been dreaming, hoping, for the Leader? You must have heard that we are looking for a new incarnation of the Buddha."

"Yes. It seems as if I'd heard something about it. Some lady's been educating him for the job somewhere."

Pansy smiled compassionately.

"Oh, it's not that young man at all. Poor, dear Mrs. Simcoe's terribly mistaken. She's quite wrong. But I know. I've had the strangest kind of a Sending, Belden. I'm almost sure that it's—"

"Not—not—?" Plimsoll's head jerked toward the window.

"Yes." Pansy's whisper quivered. "Yes. It's Gilbert! But you won't breathe it yet, will you? No one else must know. It must be our wonderful secret, Belden—just yours and mine."

"All right." Plimsoll swallowed. Mrs. Dolliver bathed him profoundly in a slow, sweet smile, and moved, without more encouragement, to the door.

Mopping his forehead with the handkerchief usually sacred to the decoration of his breast pocket Plimsoll returned to the window. He leaned forward.

Young Mr. Dolliver had descended from his place behind the wheel and now sat on the outer running-board, screened from chance observation from the office doorway. For the moment he had ceased to abstain perfectly from action.

His right hand moved to and fro, held close to the rubber covering of the running board, and his lips, too, moved as constantly. Unlearned though he was in certain matters, it was instantly clear to Mr. Plimsoll that the Reincarnate Buddha was not engaged in any form of incantation connected with his mother's newest religion, or, indeed, with any other religion.

Emanating from the opening palm of his right hand and rolling forth, to be snatched up again with unmistakable dexterity, a pair of large green dice preoccupied him.

THE front door of the graystone Gothic manor hall on the summit of East Hill opened, with deferential eagerness, as Belden Plimsoll descended from his limousine, as if the maidservant had stood behind it all day in ardent expectation of this moment, but Plimsoll did not respond to the respectfully urgent welcome.

Instead, pausing on the terrace, he broke a lifelong rule forbidding indecision, and allowed himself to hesitate, his glance rising to an upper oriel window with something akin to caution and dubiety, and when he moved it was not toward the invitation of the wide, gracious corridor, but along the terrace to the landscaped, descending sweep of lawn and shrubbery at the end of the ashlar wall. Here, to the horror of the landscaper, he had planted a miniature orchard of dwarf apple trees, and these, for the first time, were now in process of bearing fruit.

Plimsoll's face brightened as he approached them. The small green globes clinging to the boughs gave him a pleasant sense of harvest and increase, the just, lawful consequence of forethought, wisdom and endeavor.

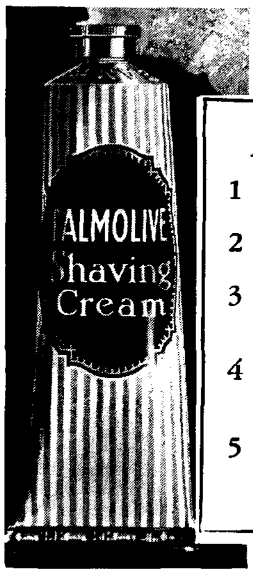
In one of the trees a pair of robins had impudently built a nest, and their progeny, misinterpreting the sound of Plimsoll's approach, opened wide their yellow-edged beaks and yawped fretfully for angleworms. Plimsoll's face hardened as he observed that the young birds were almost grown, full-fledged and lusty. They made him think of Gilbert Dolliver, and, for the same reason, they offended him.

These birds and Gilbert were alike the consequence of bad parental policy, and it annoyed Belden Plimsoll that he could not justly dislike them on their own account.

He was frowning when he turned from the apple trees, but when he entered the house there was a resolute good humor in the voice he dispatched before him, good humor veneered on assured and justified authority.

Only Albertine's welcoming "Yoo-hoo, papa" answered him from the library, and he frowned again. Either Lollie wasn't waiting for him or else she had deliberately rebuffed by silence his gay, announcing hail. The alternatives were

(*Continued on page 66*)



7 Shaves FREE...

to dissatisfied shavers

Here is good news. Five unique features have won 86% of the men who try this remarkable shaving cream. A test offered, free.

GENTLEMEN: Millions of men look upon shaving as a daily test of patience from which there can be no relief. They expect a few nicks of the skin, they expect irritation and chafing. They are the great army of dissatisfied shavers.

But . . . other millions have found the secret of the happy shave. Razors seem to run over their faces more smoothly. The skin is soft, closely shaved but not irritated. They have discovered Palmolive Shaving Cream.

A test will convince you

A free trial test is the method we've employed to introduce Palmolive Shaving Cream. For if it *is* all we claim, we win new users to it. 86% of the men who have tried Palmolive Shaving Cream abandon all other methods for it—tell their friends—make claims you might doubt if we printed them.

For 67 years we have been making "leaders" in the soap field. Thus it is natural that our laboratories would not rest content until our shaving cream was worthy to join that group.

129 times they rejected their own formulas. The 130th time they were successful. Their idea was to make a shaving cream in which olive oil would play a prominent part in easing the action of the blade. Five great advantages result.

Are they what you are seeking? Then won't you make our test? The responsibility is ours. We undertake to win you, in 7 test shaves. A fair trial, we believe, will do it. So won't you mail the coupon, please?

Five features:

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
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5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

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5256

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7 SHAVES FREE

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-890, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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(Please print your name and address)

"My pipe, you've served me well tonight!"

—THE SPECTATOR

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

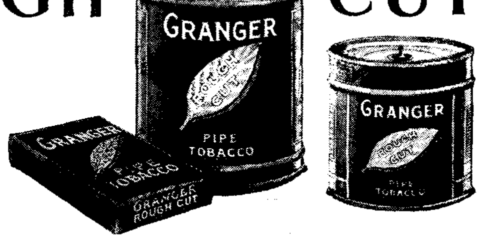
Pipe smoke—a mighty helper in the work of the world. And the tobacco that raises this smoke, by the same token—mighty well worth thought. Consider, then, Granger Rough Cut—for two plain, sound reasons.

The *cut*—"rough cut" flakes, slow burning, that keep your pipe-bowl cooler—and cleaner and drier besides.

And its *flavor*—of mellow Kentucky Burley, favorite leaf-type for pipes, perfected by the priceless old-time Wellman Method; our secret—and the secret of a lifetime's joy in a pipe.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT



A COOLER SMOKE IN A DRIER PIPE

(*Continued from page 65*)

equally unpleasant. Plimsoll felt, below the resentment of flouted discipline, a stab of self-pity, the shrewd, sharp pang of the proverbial serpent's tooth.

Lollie knew how he counted on this daily brief reunion before dinner, on the merry little ritual of arriving hail and answer. It wasn't much to ask as a return for all he'd done, was doing. He thought of those four beautiful young men he would bring home with him tomorrow and a hurting lump swelled in his throat. A father in a thousand, a million, and this was what he got!

HE WAS wounded afresh to find, when he came into the long, pleasant book-walled room, that Lollie was present. She reclined at ease in the deep chair that usage reserved for Belden Plimsoll's own occupancy, and her posture seemed to aggravate, intentionally, this ungenerous trespass, for, thoroughly aware of her father's aversion to such uncouth sprawlings, she had chosen to slide far down in the chair, so that her body was supported chiefly on shoulder blade and hip, her legs projecting impudently, the toes of her shoes turned inward in precisely that pigeon fashion notoriously most unlovely in her father's sight.

He was not a close observer of feminine apparel, and it did not immediately occur to him to wonder why Lollie, instead of her usual high-heeled and fragile footgear, should be wearing black leather shoes, stoutly built, low of heel and mysteriously soled with metal. Only as these were, in some obscurely purposeful fashion, forced upon his notice did he focus his curiosity upon them, and although an intuition warned him against it, this curiosity moved him to forthright remark:

"What's the idea of the hobnailed shoes, Lollie?"

It was a civil question, even, by dint of strong intention, jocular and paternally affectionate, but it moved Lollie to a display of weary, long-suffering patience under misunderstanding and injury. She smiled faintly, moved her shoulders in a melancholy shrug and, exhaling smoke, burdened it with a small, tired sigh, making, except for this, no answer.

It was Albertine who spoke, her voice eagerly pacific, the voice of one who, before the storm, sheds oil upon uneasy waters.

"They're dancing shoes, Papa. Wait till you see how Lollums can use them! Show papa, Lollums. Switch on the radio and let papa see—"

"And would you mind," said Lollie, as one who completes an interrupted request, "not talking to me about letting papa see, as if I were an infant?"

"I'm sorry," said Albertine again. "But do show him, anyway."

"Come on," urged Plimsoll.

"All right!" Lollie stressed the second word a shade more than seemed fair to her father. After all, he hadn't exactly pestered her to let him see her dance. She rose, crossed to the radio, her shoes clicking on the bare floor. A bray and snore of brass elbowed its way profanely in upon the mellow dignity of the room. Lollie, her face suddenly impassive, seemed to be suspended from invisible wires, just far enough above the floor to permit her feet to reach it. Her body, above her hips, might have been turned to wood, and as if to employ the vitality thus released, her legs and feet became possessed of unnatural, incredible agility and restlessness.

They moved in a kind of conventionalized St. Vitus quiver; they squirmed and twisted and darted to the snort of saxophones and the chatter of heel and toe; they tapped and shuffled and kicked with an abandon, a wild, frolicking zest residing wholly in themselves, a gayety altogether independent of the upper half of Lollie.

Belden Plimsoll stared. He had seen such dancing, of course, on the stage, and he knew that this performance, amazing as it was on the part of his daughter, fell vastly short, in technical excellence, of the simpler movements of the ordinary professional, but it ministered gratefully to his pride; it healed the wounds smarting in his spirit; it moved him, irresistibly, to delighted laughter.

Instantly Lollie ceased to dance.

"I knew you'd laugh, of course," she said. "I knew better than to suppose you'd realize—"

She left the speech in the air, resumed her cigarette. Plimsoll found himself, bewildered, on his defense against some accusation as yet utterly unexplicit. His mouth, open to release good-humored, approving laughter, remained in this position.

"It may look ridiculous to you," said Lollie, "but considering where I've had to study, it's really not so funny as you think. But I didn't expect you to take it seriously. I know you and mamma are perfectly sure I'm nothing but an infant moron."

"I thought it was first-rate," said Plimsoll, rallying tardily under the surprise attack. "I've seen worse jigging than that right on the stage."

"Jigging!" Lollie sighed. Albertine spoke hurriedly.

"They call it tapping, papa."

"Papa again!" Lollie's sigh was still more eloquent of patient endurance.

"I mean to say, Belden," Albertine apologized. "It's not the same thing as jigging, Belden. Not the same thing at all."

"It looked—" Plimsoll stopped at the storm signals that were hoisted in his daughter's gaze. "It certainly looked fine, whatever you call it." He let his hand fall gently on Lollie's shoulder.

"You'll have to stage another performance for us tomorrow night," he said, happily inspired by the memory of the pleasant surprise in store. "The new Class C men are coming up to dinner."

He chuckled.

"I may not be much of a judge of jig—of tapping, but you've certainly got to admit that I bring a lot of boys around the house, and pretty nice ones, too. Wait till you see these four!"

"I'll wait," said Lollie.

PLIMSOLL overcame the weakness of feeling injured. It was just Lollie's way, he informed himself earnestly, of pretending that she didn't take any interest in any young men, a proper attitude—maidenly modesty, in effect. There was a pause, broken at last by Albertine's inquiry, belated but solicitous, as to the day's labor at the office. It provided Belden Plimsoll with another cue.

"Oh, about as usual. Nothing out of the ordinary except a call from Pansy Dolliver."

He carefully did not notice the peculiar suggestion of a process that could hardly be described, in a person of Albertine's soft gentleness, as bristling, but for which he had found no better word. He had developed a technique for dealing with these confessions—for to Albertine they were unmistakably confessions—of Pansy's visits to his office. They must be confessed, always and at once; they must be confessed in exactly this key of amused, faintly compassionate weariness. Otherwise even Albertine could be difficult.

"That—woman!"

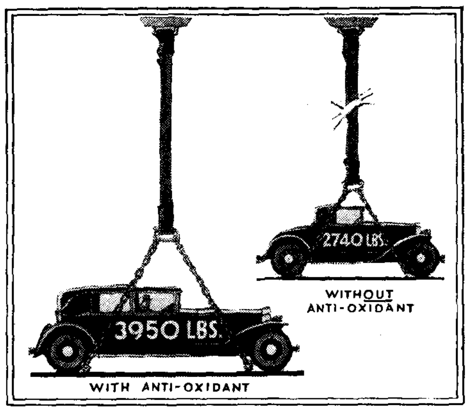
As Albertine said it the word became definitely the ultimate in epithet. Plimsoll chuckled. It was always a good thing to chuckle.

"She's turned Buddhist this time."

"I'm not surprised." Albertine's tone suggested that conversion to this faith

(*Continued on page 68*)

Illustration at right shows results in actual laboratory test of relative strength of tread stock one inch square, after ageing, with and without "Vitalized Rubber."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Recent chemical discovery gives added strength and many miles of extra wear at no increase in price

"VITALIZED RUBBER," now used in the manufacture of Montgomery Ward & Company tires and tubes, is pure rubber treated with *"anti-oxidant"*—a chemical discovery which doubles its life. This new *vitalizing* process retards deterioration, prevents "brittling" and cracking and greatly increases the life of the tire.

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For more than two years our engineers have been testing the practical results of this discovery. Equipped with *"anti-oxidant"* built RIVERSIDES fifteen passenger cars and three trucks have traveled *thirteen million* tire miles annually.

Carefully kept records of this test give accurate and impressive proof of the tremendous strength and endurance added by this process. These grueling demonstrations justify our startling increases in mileage guarantees.

26c per 1,000 miles

Ward's low prices have not been raised one penny because of this greater guaranteed mileage. Today these *"anti-oxidant"* built RIVERSIDES afford the car owner the most remarkable tire values in our history. Under our definite mileage guarantee you can now buy RIVERSIDES at a tire cost as low as 26c per 1000 miles.

We claim there are no better tires than RIVERSIDES—in appearance, in materials, in workmanship. Don't let Ward's low prices confuse you. You pay less because our profit and selling cost are less—*and that's the only reason.*

Try these NEW RIVERSIDES, and you will never again pay more than RIVERSIDE prices — nor accept less than Ward's liberal guarantees. Sizes for all cars may be obtained at any of our 550 retail stores, or by mail from any of our nine mail order stores, postage prepaid. Free mounting service at all our stores.

FREE!

Packard, Buick, Ford Automobiles and 197 other prizes

Enter the Ward contest for the best slogan for these new "anti-oxidant" built RIVERSIDE Tires. Write for full details to any store listed below or ask for rules at any of our 550 Ward Retail Stores.

SUPER-SERVICE RIVERSIDE
Guaranteed for 30,000 miles
30x4.50 $\$9^{95}$ 33x6.00 $\$17^{75}$

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Guaranteed for 22,000 miles
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Guaranteed for 18,000 miles
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Sizes to fit all cars

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CLOTHES

YOU'RE in good company when you get into an Ed. V. Price & Co. suit. You wear it and wear it—reluctant to lay it aside.

Dry cleaned occasionally and pressed up at intervals, you go back to it again and again and find—always—that you own a good suit of clothes.

This season our fabrics are more than ever attractive. You will enjoy looking them over. See our local dealer.

If you do not know his name, please write us.

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CHICAGO
LARGEST TAILORS IN THE WORLD OF
GOOD MADE-TO-ORDER CLOTHES

Both were Young

Continued from page 66

involved obscure and shocking enormity of which *no one* but Pansy Dolliver would have been capable.

"Yes. She thinks that worthless, overgrown pup of hers is—" Plimsoll stopped, remembering his promise to keep secret, for the present, the high destiny in store for Gilbert. The topic of Gilbert, luckily, seemed to divert Albertine from that of his mother.

"That horrible boy!"

Plimsoll's voice warmed to eloquent heat as he described what he had seen of the horrible boy, this afternoon.

"It just made my feet itch to give him what he needed—sitting there, independent as a hog on ice, in front of my office, shooting craps with himself while his mother was trying to tell me he was—" again he caught himself in time. "Pansy's done her best to spoil him, of course, but I guess he didn't need much help."

Lollie, extinguishing her cigarette, moved toward the door.

"Well, toodle-oo," she said negligently. "I've got to dress."

"Going out?"

THERE was a note of expostulation in Plimsoll's question. Always, when Lollie deserted the family dinner table, it seemed to infringe on his rights. Even as he spoke, however, he was aware of a queer, reprehensible, unfatherly sense of relief.

"If you can call it that," said Lollie. "Marv Hallowell's taking me."

Relief became definite in Plimsoll. Marvin Hallowell had been one of the best of last year's hand-picked recruits, and his record since his arrival in Lakeport had been altogether soothing to Plimsoll both as employer and as parent of a daughter.

"That's fine," he said heartily. "Have a good time."

"It will be better," drawled Lollie, "than just good. You might even call it pious."

She dawdled past the doorway. Belden Plimsoll's slight frown smoothed swiftly into fond, smiling complacency.

There took place in him an everyday miracle, a phenomenon so commonplace that he accepted it without any realization of its mystery and wonder.

The instant Lollie, in the masquerade disguise of flesh and blood, was no longer present to distort and confuse his vision, the real Lollie reappeared, the Lollie of the photographs, the perfect daughter, loyal, loving, dutiful and, best of all, transparent—that Lollie whose every thought was knowable and known to Belden Plimsoll.

It was one of the things in which Albertine failed. When the actual Lollie went out of the room where Albertine remained, the other Lollie, the real one, did not enter in her place. Belden Plimsoll was aware of this, just as of other respects in which he was luckier than Albertine. He knew it wasn't Albertine's fault; he forgave her for it—he was even glad that she didn't share his possession of that real Lollie.

"She's a wonder!" said Belden Plimsoll of the daughter who now came back into clear focus in his thought. "That was pretty good jigging, Teenie. And considering that the child's just picked it up—"

"She's been taking lessons for two months," said Albertine. "And they call it tapping. It seems to upset her frightfully to hear it called jigging."

Plimsoll laughed indulgently. It was like Lollie—the real Lollie—to wait until she had learned something before trying to show off. Belden Plimsoll's daughter was remarkably like him in this, as in everything else.

"She seems to be dreadfully in earnest about it," said Albertine.

There was in her voice and look a suggestion of anxiety that seemed faintly amusing to her husband.

"No harm in it. Good exercise."

Albertine said nothing, but her mouth tightened, as if she meant to keep on being worried, no matter what Plimsoll might say. He switched on the radio and became comfortably absorbed in an endeavor to tune in on San Francisco, an effort presently crowned by success. The voice of the lady who was broadcasting was profoundly contralto and her message had to do with an imminent Be-Kind-to-the-Kiddies Week, but in these matters Belden Plimsoll enjoyed the mental attitude of the true sportsman, concerned with the chase rather than the kill. He listened happily, shaking his head when Albertine would have interrupted.

"Sh. It's Frisco!"

He was exploring the ether in quest of other triumphs when young Mr. Hallowell arrived. Mr. Hallowell took an intelligent interest in the search, and Plimsoll's opinion of him, already high, went up a little higher.

A first-rate fellow, Hallowell, already showing signs that he would develop into one of the strongest men in the whole Export Division, but not, after all, the right man for Lollie. Not quite.

Not by a thousand miles, Plimsoll decided, as his daughter, after a regrettable unpunctuality, danced with gay impenitence into the room. There was no disagreement now between the Lollie of material fact and that Lollie who smiled forth from the photographs, or, if there was a difference, it was in favor of the actual Lollie, who lightly slipped an arm about her father's startled shoulders and whose rose-petal mouth bestowed a gossamer kiss upon his cheek, whose voice, warm and round and creamily soprano, took leave, explicitly, of Daddy Dear.

Plimsoll observed the rapt wistfulness with which young Mr. Hallowell witnessed this charming revealment of daughterly devotion, and a pang of compassion for that doomed, hopeless yearning was tempered by the feeling that it served Hallowell right to suffer. Plainly he had dared to lift his dreams impudently above his station. Nerve, thought Plimsoll. . . . Cape Town or Buenos Aires.

LOLLIE'S creamy laughter bubbled back as she departed beside young Hallowell's wide-shouldered humility. The rose-petal kiss lingered on her father's cheek and he smiled happily. Albertine, however, continued to look worried, and at the dinner-table she put her anxiety, with a certain timidity, into words:

"She's queer about this tap dancing, Belden."

"It's good exercise," said Plimsoll. "Do her good to prance about that way."

"It's not the dancing that worries me," said Albertine. "It's the ideas she seems to get out of it." She hesitated. "Did you notice what she said about Lakeport?"

"Oh, that didn't mean anything." In his present mood Plimsoll could forgive Lollie anything, even that disrespectful reference to the finest little city east—or, for that matter, west—of the Mississippi.

"I don't know. She keeps talking that way about it." Albertine shook her head. "She wants—" she hesitated, her glance seeming to measure the degree of Plimsoll's good-humor—"she says she can't possibly learn to be a real tap dancer if she stays here."

Plimsoll looked up.

"Stays here? If? Where else would she stay?"

"She says," said Albertine, "that she has to go to New York. There's a colored man there who gives lessons."

"New York!" Plimsoll stared. "Lollie! You don't mean to say you take any such fool talk seriously?"

"She sounds serious," Albertine insisted. "She keeps talking about it as if—" her lip quivered slightly—"as if I were stupid not to realize how important it is. It's her career, she says, and we haven't got any right to prevent her from—"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense! Don't pay any attention to it. Just a kid's fool talk—like wanting to be an aviator or a trained nurse!"

"The trouble is that Lollie's not a child," said Albertine. "And even when she was little, if she made up her mind about anything she always got her way. If she's made it up that she's going to New York to live, she'll either go there or—"

"Or what, for heaven's sake?" Plimsoll spoke testily. "Of course there's nothing in this—it's just some wild idea of yours—but suppose you're right. Suppose Lollie is crazy enough to want to pass up a home like this and the life she lives here and go live in a dinky room in some New York alley and take jigging lessons from a black hoofer? You can see that it's crazy, but say it isn't? Say she really means it? What of it? She can't go unless I let her, can she? She can't even buy a ticket if I don't give her the money. She can't pay rent and board and buy clothes and hire this teacher unless I foot the bills, even if I didn't have any other way of controlling her. That's so, isn't it?"

"You needn't shout at me," said Albertine. "I don't want her to go. At least—"

"WELL, do you think I do? You know she can't go unless I let her. Think I'm apt to let her?"

"I think," said Albertine slowly, "that if she's really made up her mind to go you'll either let her do it or—"

"Or what?"

"Or she'll make us both wish you had. She's begun that already."

"It's all nonsense," said Belden Plimsoll. "The whole thing's just fantastic. Why on earth would she want to get away from home? A home like this!"

"I'm sure *I* don't know," said Albertine, "but she does. And she gets away from it as much as she can, too. She can't *bear* Marvin Hallowell, but she'd rather go off with him to some awful place than spend an evening at home."

"The Country Club's not so awful," said Plimsoll. He had been at great pains and expense to make it, indeed, an inviting and innocently pleasant place for Lollie and her playmates.

"If she goes there," said Albertine with sinister meaning.

"If? Of course she'll go there. Why shouldn't she?"

"I wish I knew." Albertine sighed. "I wish I knew what's got into all the boys and girls. They're all like that. They're bound and dee-termined not to stay at home, and the lovelier homes we give them and the harder we try to make those homes happy and gay and comfortable, the crazier they are to get away! Sometimes I just want to give up and die!"

"Now, now!" Belden Plimsoll recog-

Boots *and* Bottles

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
D'ye ken his new drink that's won the day—
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

For breakfast, for a draught from the saddle, or when the day's done—youthful in its sparkling freshness, exhilarating as a point-to-point race, groomed like a royal hunter!

Crush-Dry

Brilliant in its bottle—more brilliant in the glass. Fresh orange juice from choice tree-ripened fruit, rich in health vitamins, and adroitly blended with a dash of lemon and lime, then livened with a taste of the peel and champagne carbonation.

As different from any other orange drink as a pint of the Widow's is different from ginger ale. With a politician's gift for mixing.

NBC Tune in Tuesday evening, 10:30 N. Y. time—WJZ and Associated N.B.C. Stations—"Crush-Dry Cronies" with "Old Topper."

ORANGE CRUSH COMPANY
World's Largest Producers of Citrus Fruit Drinks
Ontario, Cal. Chicago New York
Town and Country Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Trains, Steamers, and in the Finest Pantries Everywhere.

"Don't Squeeze—Pour!"

nized these omens. There were times when, dimly, he suspected that melancholy and tears served Albertine as a kind of entertainment, and he had discovered, certainly, that they could be averted by the timely suggestion of some other form of pastime.

"Let's see if we can get the Cartwrights to come over for some contract," he proposed. It was a shrewd stroke. Albertine had taken a course of lessons in contract; she was able, across the card table, to feel immensely wiser and more learned than her husband and therefore adored the game for the same reason that Belden Plimsoll loathed it.

She brightened instantly and departed blithely to the telephone.

THE Cartwrights came, and Albertine's ritual of counts and bids, vindicated by eighteen dollars of winnings, completely restored her spirits, but for Belden Plimsoll the game held no such power to soothe and comfort. Under correction, not only from Albertine herself but from both of the Cartwrights, he suffered from a dangerous lessening of self-confidence, the self-confidence he needed to reassure him against that dim, persistent shadow of impending trouble over Lollie.

It hung above him till he fell asleep; it troubled his dreams; in the morning, as he went out toward the stables, it deepened his uneasy fear of horses and his detestation of riding one of these formidable beasts, for mere exercise, on an hour's journey that accomplished nothing except a return—under Providence—to its beginning.

The saddle-horse in wait for him was ancient and sedate, a horse that could be trusted not to gallop, but Belden Plimsoll scrambled to its summit with a definite sense of danger, of imminent disaster, and, as he rode out toward the highway, kept a wary, vigilant restraint upon the bridle reins.

To reach the safety of the bridle paths in the park it was necessary only to cross the strip of concrete at the end of the drive, and at this hour there was little likelihood of traffic, but Plimsoll halted, nevertheless, before venturing upon the passage.

He scowled. Parked on the far side of the road so that it partly blocked the entrance to the bridle path, he saw a motor car, saw and knew it for the same disgraceful relic that had yesterday profaned the bluestone driveway at the plant. Behind the wheel, moreover, sat Gilbert Dolliver.

He was not at once aware of Plimsoll's presence. He did not look up from his intent inspection of a mysterious and formidable apparatus with which his hands were busy, a great cylinder of polished wood to which bits of bright metal were affixed, a long wooden tube with a bent metal mouthpiece projecting from it like the stem of an old-fashioned Dutchman's pipe.

This apparatus distracted Belden Plimsoll's unfriendly notice from Gilbert Dolliver himself. Anything mechanical was, as always, a challenge to Plimsoll's wits, demanding to be understood. He loosened rein and the venerable horse plodded solemnly across the pavement. The clink of shod hoofs drew Mr. Dolliver's attention. He looked up, frowning as if he resented the intrusion, but, at the sight of Belden Plimsoll, this frown abated slightly. Gravely but without cordiality Mr. Dolliver nodded, the nod of one who, concerned with affairs of moment, is still patiently courteous toward his inferiors.

He wore dinner garments, now in some disarray; the bosom of his shirt was rumpled and no longer spotless and his tie had worked a little to one side. It was evident to Plimsoll that his own day had slightly overlapped, as to Gilbert Dolliver, the night before.

"What's the thing you've got there?" Plimsoll spoke curtly but considering the circumstances curtness was almost overkind.

"Bassoon," said Dolliver, as curtly. He fiddled earnestly with the mouthpiece, blew into it without reward in sound, and, removing it, muttered plaintively below his breath.

Plimsoll clucked to his horse. He knew that a bassoon was an implement of music, and his roused curiosity was content. His opinion of Gilbert Dolliver, however, had been pleasantly lowered by that young man's failure to operate even this simple and ignoble piece of machinery, and he rode on in a humor somehow lifted for the encounter.

There was, however, a queer feeling at the back of his consciousness as to the Reincarnate Buddha—a conviction, reached by some process deeper than reason, that Gilbert Dolliver was dangerous, dangerous in some fashion immediate and personal to Belden Plimsoll.

He so far surrendered to this fancy as to halt the horse, to turn about in the saddle and look back.

He was in this relaxed, unwary posture when Gilbert's persistency as to the bassoon was suddenly rewarded.

In the same posture, as if supported upon the hoarse, hollow thunder of a mighty groan, Plimsoll hung in the air, observing between upflung knees the departure of a tossing saddle and the outraged beast that bore it, an animal for whom Plimsoll, before he began tardily to fall, had time to feel a pang of fellowship and sympathy. Still in the posture, loosely, of one who sits, he came to earth.

By the time he reached the turnpike Gilbert had gone, as if he had lingered only long enough to perpetrate his well-planned villainy, and there was no target for the violent words and deeds of Plimsoll's warm intention. He was a man of nice restraints in speech, even—indeed especially—in the privacy of his home, but the terms in which, arrived in Albertine's apartment, he saw fit to describe the adventure and to voice his sentiments as to Gilbert Dolliver were the strong, salt words of uncouth, elemental manhood, deeply moved.

Albertine sat up in bed.

"Belden! Do you realize that Lollie can hear every word you're saying?"

Plimsoll, with a convulsive effort, forced himself to conclude his address in impassioned whisper, but the mischief had been done. Beyond the intervening walls his daughter had also risen abruptly in her bed.

SHE had heard. Her face, however, betrayed no sign of the shocked pain it might pardonably have revealed. For a moment, indeed, it was almost as respectfully admiring as in that photograph on Plimsoll's desk. But only for a moment.

Intense thoughtfulness sobered it. The eyes narrowed and the mouth hardened, with a striking resemblance to her father's, into resolute decision. A cunning student of physiognomy, contemplating Miss Leila Plimsoll's countenance, might have inferred that she had determined upon a course that would be unpleasant in itself but wholesome in purpose and effect—something, for instance, like swallowing a large dose of medicine, bitter but efficacious.

She pounded her pillow flat and returned to slumber. It was not till after midday that she descended to the telephone closet below the stairs. For once, although her mother sat within easy earshot, she forbore to close the door.

She asked for a number. Then—Mrs. Plimsoll, in the next room, gasped faintly—then, in Lollie's very creamiest soprano:

"Hello, Gilbert. This is Lollie. Listen, darling!"

(*To be continued next week*)

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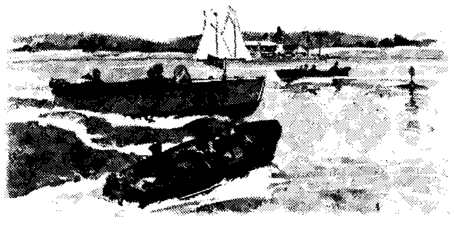

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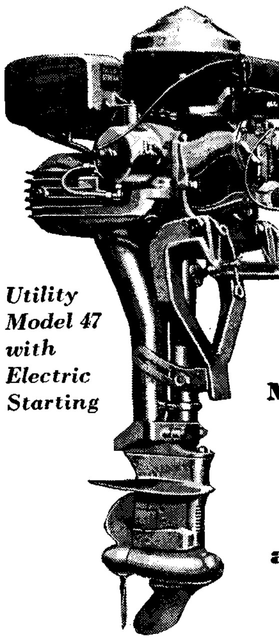

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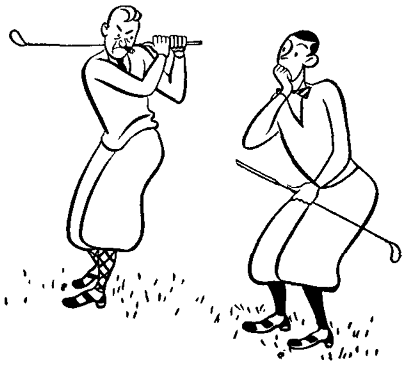

"Well - - What did you expect?"

A national champion was defending his amateur golf title at Garden City. Aloof, taciturn, a bit crabbed, this middle-aged veteran of many a nip and tuck duel on the links was known for his chilly reserve and was feared for his barbed tongue.

The opening round found the crusty title holder paired against a youngster who might have been his son. The boy was properly impressed, regarded his tight-lipped adversary with something of the awe the tourist feels on entering Westminster Abbey.

The great man was short off the tee but inhumanly straight. The tournament novice was long but woefully crooked. Realizing he stood no chance against this remorseless automaton, the youth was ingenuously eager to exchange some pleasantries with his austere fore. Fearing to break the champion's grim concentration, the boy bided his time and choked back his desire to talk.

Finally, on the 16th hole, the champion brought off a tour de force. His crisply punched iron carried the jumble of hummocks guarding the green, the ball stopping two feet from the pin.

Here was the kid's chance. "That was a great shot, sir" he gasped, surprised at the sound of his own voice.

The champion's dour mask did not relax—he removed the stub of the unlit cigar from his teeth, seemed to look straight through the presumptuous youth, and clipping his words off brusquely grunted . . . "Well, what did you expect?" G. T.

. . . .

You can't *expect* to play a nippy iron up against the pin unless you have the gift for golf. But you can expect—and you will get—the most in proportion to your skill from a SUPER-HARLEQUIN.

Built into this "Super" ball by a secret process are qualities which give you a better than average chance to do your best.

You can tell there is something new and different in the SUPER-HARLEQUIN by its click. So smart and snappy! Makes you realize by its very sound that there is nothing synthetic about this golf ball. A thoroughbred, through and through! The two principal elements—cover and core—are fused by the scientific application of heat. Result: a precision missile that's all foundation. Cover can't slip or spread. Quicker flight off the clubface . . . no power leakage. Every ounce of energy translated into yardage.

Tee up a SUPER-HARLEQUIN and let its full, sweet click tell the world—in language all golfers understand—that there isn't a better golf ball made . . . anywhere or at any price!

Comes in either the regulation size or the lighter and larger model (1.55 x 1.68) which the U. S. G. A. decrees must be employed after January 1, 1931. Available in three patterns: straight mesh, recess, channel markings to insure super accuracy in flight. Packed in an impudently gay diamond quilted container.

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Shrinking the Seas

Continued from page 11

commercial flying in the United States passed over the desks of Congress—the navy was authorized to hold an open and world-wide design competition, and get construction bids on two airships, each of 6,500,000 cubic feet capacity. Two years later the design made for Goodyear by Doctor Karl Arnstein, who during the war built seventy fighting Zeppelins, received the award.

One day an alarm sounded in the Akron Fire Department, and away bounced an appropriate amount of blaze-fighting apparatus and a battalion chief, toward the municipal airport. The blaze was squelched before the firemen arrived; but there they were, and the chief had to fill out his report book.

It was observed that he kept his pencil poised above his notebook for a long time; that he stepped aside a little, and stared at the dock with a puzzled frown, and scratched his head. The next day the reason for his anxious cogitations was made clear in the daily list, published in the local newspapers, of fire calls. In this list it is necessary to describe the burned or threatened premises in each case. The chief had described the dirigible dock as:

"A one-story steel structure"!

Weather of Its Own

He was dead right—technically, architecturally. But unwittingly he had emphasized the building's uniqueness. Its like doesn't exist elsewhere in the whole world. For miles before you get anywhere near the dock you can see its enormous bulk filling a goodly segment of the horizon and dominating the surrounding flat lands. It is not a gem of architectural loveliness or grace; it is bulky and ugly and dun; half a mastodontic cocoon.

When you walk out upon the floor of the dock and look up into the spaces of its dim, far vault you will probably experience vertigo—a curious sense of weakness in the legs. There is a sudden rush of immensity that sweeps your senses away.

You can observe the dock's features best from the catwalk which runs along its whole length just under the ridge of the roof. So get into the elevator and run up to the highest walk you've ever been on—two hundred feet above the floor. That means that the average eighteen- or twenty-story skyscraper could be slid in underneath you, and you would get a bit of a jar jumping down upon its roof from where you now stand.

Toy workmen on the floor, far below, are playing with two rings. You know those rings are each 135 feet in diameter, but from here they resemble go-cart wheels. When completed they will be raised by cranes into their ultimate vertical position. Not a sound comes to you from the workmen. They don't rivet by pneumatic hammer.

The aluminum framework of the rings is too light for that. So the rivets used are soft. They are slipped into place by hand, and then squeezed secure by large pincers.

This is the largest building without internal columns, or supports of any kind, in the world. And it's the only building in the world that has its own brand of natural weather. It often rains here when the day is fine outside! That phenomenon results from simple condensation, the thing that goes on in any steel tank and sometimes causes water in your automobile's gasoline tank. Varying air temperatures meet, form a fog, which collects as moisture on the ceiling surfaces, rolls into drops, and falls as rain.

The floor below you, from your position on the catwalk, is about 1,200 feet long by 325 feet wide. A football team like Notre Dame's with a ten-game schedule could play its entire season out down there without having to play twice on the same field. An expert pilot might conceivably take off and fly a small plane around inside here without ever going outdoors.

The specifications of the commercial passenger-carrying ships, upon which work will be started before the ZRS4 and ZRS5 are completed, will be the same as those of these two ships for the navy, except that the spaces devoted to military use will be converted to comfortable passengers' quarters, and to pay-cargo space.

P. W. Litchfield, Chairman of the Pacific Zeppelin Transport Company—that is, the Goodyear project—says:

"Ten thousand first-class passengers sailed from our Pacific ports for the Orient last year; 24,000 sailed for Hawaii, an increase, in eight years, of 16,000. The first-class mail to Hawaii is now nearly 6,000 pounds a week. To Manila it is about 2,300 pounds. Seven tons go to Japan and China. It will be possible to carry much of this first-class mail by airship, with a saving in delivery time of from two to four days in the case of Hawaii, a gain of about two weeks in the case of Manila and the Orient.

"We believe that a good percentage of the travelers will be interested in the comfort, safety and swiftness of airship travel over the Pacific, and willing to pay about twice the steamship fares. We will carry you to Hawaii in a day and a half; to the Philippines in about five days; on to Yokohama in two more days. And we are going to negotiate with the government for air mail contracts, seeking the same help the airplane has had in this country; and which corresponds to the government subsidies granted in Europe.

"We expect to begin by operating the United-States-to-Hawaii section of the route with one round trip a week. The extension of this service to Asia and the Philippines will follow when our experiences—and, of course, our completion of terminals and additional airships—warrant.

"When we have three airships ready we can make a sailing every ten days to the Far East and way stations. You—or your important business letters—can leave California on Monday, say, and be delivered in the Orient on Saturday; whereas the best time you can make now, by steamer, is two weeks or more. It will naturally follow that we, or somebody else, will found passenger airlines connecting with our Oriental terminals, and utilizing the great speed of the airplane to distribute travelers up and down the China coast.

Airship vs. Airplane

"The airship is best for long non-stop flights over water, we believe; the airplane over land, where frequent stops are possible. The one will complement the other, until you will see fully developed and safely operating in our time an earth-circling chain of air transportation.

"In addition to terminal docks at the California main base and at Manila, there will be mooring masts at Honolulu, Guam, and Tokio.

"The Transpacific Zeppelins will have sleeping, dining, lounging, promenading

Use this Gauge *to increase Tire Life* 30%

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TESTS conducted by leading tire manufacturers prove that *even five pounds* too little air reduces tire mileage 25 to 30%.

By maintaining the exact pressure your tires require, you can eliminate, tire makers say, at least 80% of all premature tire failures.

But you must use an accurate, durable gauge. The Schrader is such a gauge. That's why leading tire authorities recommend it.

This gauge works on the "direct action" principle. There is no delicate mechanism to get out of order.

Schrader Gauges are sold by more than 110,000 dealers throughout the world. Buy one today. Check your tire pressures every Friday. Notice how tire life increases by many miles per season.

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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844
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FOR YOUR SKIN

double action

shaves are comfort-full

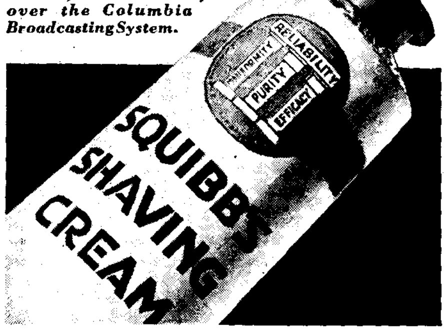
YOU'LL FIND new and greater comfort in a Squibb double-action shave.

Squibb's Shaving Cream has *two actions.* It protects you from the razor's rasp by shielding the skin with an anti-friction balm. *And* Squibb's replaces the pliant oils essential to the skin.

This second action makes the double-action shave a revelation in shaving comfort. You can feel a big difference in a Squibb shave because other shaving creams, as a rule, remove the delicate oils. Squibb's takes away the usual dryness and tightness of shaving and leaves instead a velvet comfort that lasts all day.

Get a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream at your druggist's.

Listen to WILL ROGERS each Sunday evening at 10 o'clock, New York time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



and other accommodations for eighty passengers. Also, we'll carry in addition on each ship 20,000 pounds of mail and express packages.

"In our day—and not the day of the oldest of us—we have seen the automobile advance from a subject for derisive yells of 'git a horse' to a point where it is accepted, in America at least, as a staple necessity for every family. You'll see air travel go through the same history, from front-page sensationalism to back-page commonplaceness. You're already seeing the end of aëronautical labor pains in the birth of airplane passenger service as a lusty and almost self-reliant infant. Airship passenger service will have the advantage of the trail already blazed by the heavier-than-air machines, and in addition it will have virtues of its own to claim your patronage and confidence.

"The construction of airship mooring masts on top of tall buildings presents some serious engineering difficulties, but it may become a feasible method of boarding and leaving commercial airships. It is conceivable that a ship arriving in New York from overseas with passengers can stop to discharge them at the Empire State Building on Fifth Avenue before proceeding to the main airship terminal."

The American Zeppelins have a gas capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet, or approximately twice as much as the huge Graf Zeppelin. This does not mean that they will be twice as long as the Graf. The tendency in airship construction is to increase the girth rather than the length, because three advantages are thus gained: greater structural strength; greater lifting capacity; and—strange as it may seem, but wind tunnel tests don't lie—less head resistance. Therefore, greater speed per horsepower.

What Keeps Them Up

However, the ZRS ships will not be what you might call stunted. They will each be 785 feet long, about 133 feet in diameter, and from the top of the bag to the floor, when the gondola is resting there, will be a matter of 147 feet; that is, approximately the height of a fifteen-story skyscraper.

These American Zeppelins can lift 403,000 pounds, of which 182,000 pounds will be useful load—and in aëronautics, either aërostation or aviation, anything that pays is fondly known as useful load.

Slicing through these great ships, you would find first the outer shell, a fabric cover, drawn tight, waterproofed, so that rain will be shed and not absorbed, in so far as possible, to prevent the accumulation of additional weight; doped so that sunlight heat will be reflected rather than absorbed; and finished perfectly smooth so that its surface will slide through the air with minimum resistance. Next your knife will encounter the ribs, longitudinal girders connecting the main and intermediate transverse rings of the rigid aluminum skeleton. The main rings are spaced seventy-four feet apart, and form, between them, bulkheads rather similiar to the system employed on the more modern steamships.

Next you would cut into the gas cells; twelve great bags, one slung in each bulkhead compartment. These bags hold the helium and are the agents which float the great ship into the air. A corridor extends along the entire length, inside the top of the ship. There are also two inside corridors along the bottom. There isn't a single square inch, a single rivet, that can't be reached for repair in flight.

Outside the United States, the use of inflammable hydrogen gas has thus far at least thrown upon dirigible builders the burdensome necessity of placing the engines in gondolas outside the main hull, attached by outriggers, and of disposing of the passenger accommodations in the same way. Now, the fastest-flying body, per horsepower, is the one offering least interruption to the even flow of the air around a perfectly streamlined shape. The use of helium enables the American airship builders to place engines and living quarters inside the streamlined hull.

Each stateroom on the American ships, with two berths and washstands and furnishings for the use and comfort of two passengers, will be at least seven by ten feet, with unstinted ceiling height. The passenger sections of the ships will be two stories. Well forward, over the control gondola, the commander and his first aide will have their rooms; and adjoining them will be the radio-rooms and the switch-room.

Walking back from this point, you will pass into a large entrance hall, for all the world like the one you walk into when you step up the gangplank of a great ocean liner. Sure enough, even the purser's office opens on this hall; you surface globe trotters will feel right at home. There's a store, too, for the sweet-toothed and for the—well, all the flying won't be done over prohibition country. Let's hurry aft.

We have our choice of two corridors, each running between rows of staterooms. The outside staterooms afford a look at the world below. Coming to the end of the row of staterooms we see the doorways to the bath and toilet sections, take a sharp turn, and suddenly find ourselves on the lower deck promenade, with observation windows along the hull side below, through which we can watch rivers and oceans, mountains and cities, as passengers in the glass-bottomed boats in Bermuda and at Avalon peer down into, and exclaim over, the novel beauties of submarine gardens.

On the inship side of this first deck promenade will be the dining salon, and a large clubroom for lounging, entertainments, and the like.

The main passenger promenade is on the second deck. Here you may loll in comfortable steamer chairs, or hang over the railings, and watch the mosaic of earth and water slipping astern far below at the rate of 100 miles an hour—sometimes less, often more, depending upon the wind. You can stroll back to the bulletin board in the main hall, if you're curious, and read the facts of your position, day's log, and the like, just as you did—in the old days of 1930—on board your favorite steamer.

There will be "slumming parties," of course, aboard these great air liners; as there are on the ocean liners. So let's follow an officer into one of the engine-rooms, of which there are four on each side of the hull.

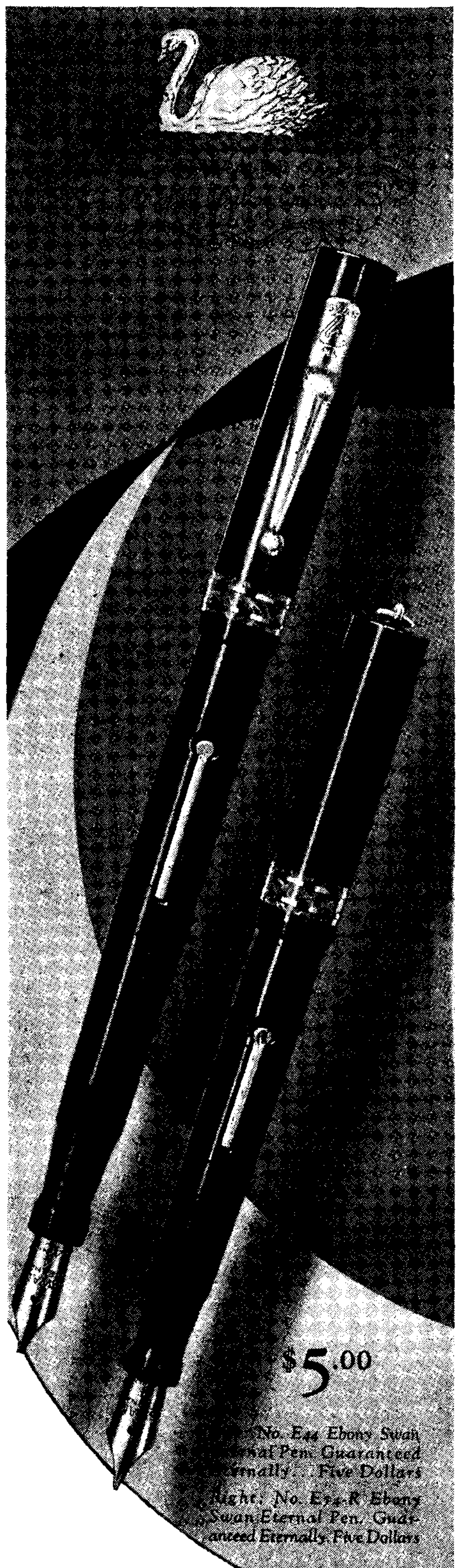
Reversible Propellers

Building the engine-rooms wholly within the hull gives increased ease of accessibility, and the boon of plenty of room for the mechanics and engineers as they stand their watches. On existing dirigibles the "engine-rooms" are but cramped gondolas, slung below the ship. To enter them, a man has to do a monkey climb through open space down a spindly ladder; to move about in them, he has to abandon all consideration for his knees and his knuckles.

In each engine-room on the American Zeppelins you will find a gasoline motor of 600 horsepower—a total powerage for the ship of 4,800. They will be standard-type gasoline motors, familiar looking to most American males, and many modern American females.

The propellers, affixed to brackets outside the hull, have two marvelous fea-

(*Continued on page 72*)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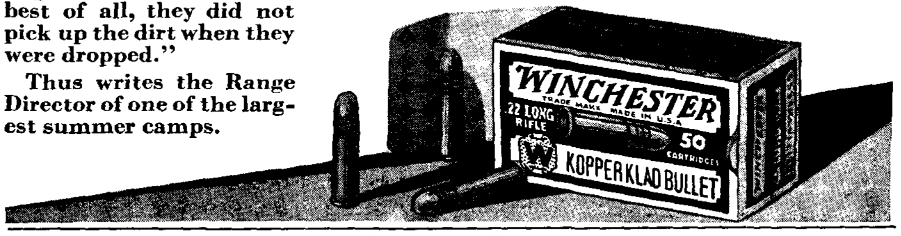

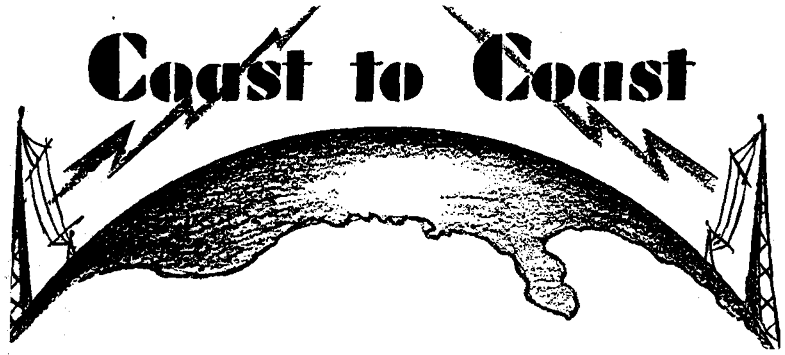

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Every Sunday Evening
Collier's Radio Hour

(*Continued from page 71*)

tures, which constitute a great advance in aëronautics and contribute to what has always been a major problem with airships—maneuvering into and out of small fields. First, the engines and propellers are reversible, thus enabling the ship to be moved either forward or backward. Then, more marvelous, the propellers are on a swivel, which makes it possible to tilt them downward and hold them in any position through ninety degrees. This gives vertical thrust for ascent and descent. The old days when all the men and boys in the country hung onto the drag rope are gone.

The Detroit Aviation Corporation, which is designing the great one-hundred-ton, Metalclad dirigible for passenger service, is not a newcomer to the field of aëronautics. Names high in the automobile world answer "here" around its directors' table, and its especial interest in all-metal construction has its roots in the automobile industry, where that principle has stood the gaff of standardized production and practical use. It is significant to note that the all-metal airplane got its start in Detroit, *too. The metal used in both airplanes* and Metalclad dirigibles is an alloy of aluminum and copper, which is light, disdainful of rust and corrosion, and almost as strong as steel.

An All-Metal Dirigible

When, in 1922, actual research and experimentation on an all-metal dirigible started, there was no alloy that had the necessary qualities for being worked into the great sheets. For several years various problems involved were on the laboratory tables in such places as the Ford and the General Motors Companies, the Aluminum Company of America, the Universities of Michigan and Detroit, and Massachusetts Tech.

When Congress, through the navy, was convinced that progress had been made with the all-metal idea, it appropriated $200,000 for an experimental ship of 200,000 cubic feet lifting gas capacity. The builders had already expended $100,000 more than that on preliminary engineering and study, and the actual building hadn't been started. Another three years of trial and error passed before the ZMC2 took the air.

It successfully passed its navy acceptance flights last summer. On its trip to Lakehurst, from Detroit, for delivery to the navy's hard-boiled test pilots, a non-air-minded gentleman along the line of flight sent a soft-nosed rifle bullet crashing through it. The fact that the thin metal skin, though subjected to severe stresses during the flight, showed no signs of additional rupture or tearing or weakening around the holes made by the bullet was hailed by the ship's builders as proof that no concern need be felt over the possibility of accidental skin breakage.

Edward S. Evans, the president of Detroit Aircraft, says: "The ZMC2 type is, of course, too small for profitable commercial use, but we only waited until it had successfully met the navy flight tests before we sped our engineers to the task of designing a Metalclad dirigible for passenger, cargo and military work.

This all-metal liner of the skyways will lift 100 tons gross into the air, and carry them easily and safely over a range of 2,000 miles at a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour. That means stateroom accommodations for about fifty passengers, and a big cargo of mail and express besides.

"For convenience, we call this passenger ship the 100-ton ship. She will be 250 feet long and 115 feet thick.

"We feel that the metal dirigible can stand the gaff of storms with the safest of steamships. But we're going to be conservative in our first choice of route recommendations.

"Therefore, we think that an operation from the Caribbean and the West Indies to the Panama Canal, and way stations, from New Orleans, say, and to Cuba and Bermuda from New York, would be profitable.

"Think of the convenience of leaving your Havana hotel room at ten o'clock in the evening, following your bellboy with your bags to the elevator to the roof, where you change to the mooring mast elevator, and go up another 150 feet to the nose of your airship, where the same bellboy shows you right to your stateroom.

"The tropical sea is a silver sheet in the moonlight, tucked over a sleeping world, as your ship floats silently away—to deposit you at the mooring mast of your office building in New York, at eight next morning when, refreshed by motionless sleep, bathed, and fresh from the airship's barber, you take the elevator down and pass into your own office without ever having been on the street since you left your hotel. Such service will be eventually available.

"The Twentieth Century Limited, with every berth taken, represents 9,000 pounds of gross weight per passenger. The Leviathan, with every cabin filled, represents 26,000 pounds of gross weight for every man, woman, and child aboard. A 250-ton Metalclad dirigible, capable of carrying 200 passengers and a proportionate amount of cargo, will require only 2,500 pounds per passenger.

"These economy comparisons don't stop here. Consider, for instance, the very mediums in which the different kinds of transocean ships travel. A steamship, in addition to its greater gross weight per passenger, must cleave its way through water, which is about 900 times heavier than air. Therefore, it takes a heap more engine power, more fuel, and more of everything concerned in running and upkeep, to operate the super steamship than it will to operate the super airship.

"One last thing: There have been fewer wars since steamships were invented. The drawing closer of international boundaries and the consequent diminishing of misunderstandings tend to offset trade rivalries. And the application of steam to fighting ships brought about a speed and mobility which discouraged both piracy and war.

"If that be true, how much more so will these things operate in the cause of peace through the airship, which is now on the point of offering to the commercial, social, and military worlds a speed three times as great, at a minimum, as the fastest surface vessels? Won't Europe and South America and Asia be too close to us then for misunderstandings and bad feeling, too close for anything but friendliness and good will?"

An American Innovation

The Metalclad is one great hollow shell, made up of sheets of alloy ninety-five thousandths of an inch thick, literally sewed together by a riveting machine of extreme delicacy. This sewing machine puts in 5,000 stitches, or rivets, an hour. The shell holds the lifting gas, therefore the metal skin has to be leak-proof. A sealing compound spread along each lap seam does the trick.

The metal dirigible is purely an American innovation. It looks like nothing more than two of the great artillery shells you have seen in the movies, set butt to butt. That's how the ZMC2, by the way, was put together. Each half—an elongated cone, like the heavy gun shell—was built up vertically from the floor. When finished the halves were turned horizontal, shoved together, and sewn into one hull.

Most of you, no doubt, wonder what it feels like to travel in an airship. You've had plenty of descriptions of what airplane flight is like, and several millions of you, according to Department of Commerce figures, have experienced airplane travel for yourselves. But only a privileged handful have experienced airship travel, and you wonder what to expect when you take your bag in hand and embark. Will you be airsick? Does an airship rock and pitch and roll much? Will you be comfortable? Will you be deafened by the roar of powerful motors?

One of the distinct advantages of airship travel over steamship travel for those who have fastidious stomachs is the absence of sickness. In passenger airplanes only a small percentage suffer from airsickness, and doctors believe that most of that comes from nervousness. The rest will disappear when better methods of ventilation are introduced. But in an airship there is so little perceptible movement that airsickness is virtually unknown. Even in rough weather the only sensation is a little rolling, a little vibration. In the newer, bigger ships these will amount to so little that if a passenger's sick, why, he'd be sick on solid ground.

As to comfort, naturally the first big airships won't be able to compete with the great ocean liners for luxury. They won't provide Pompeian swimming pools and tennis courts; but they will provide comfortable lounging chairs, comfortable staterooms and beds, and plenty of room in which to move around. Games on board an ocean liner are, after all, devices to kill dragging time. On an airship there isn't any dragging time; you won't be able to get settled into a routine before you arrive at wherever you're going.

As to noise, you'll get scarcely any because of the new American practice of enclosing the engine-rooms in the hull, where they are insulated for soundproofing as well as for fireproofing. The water condensation system also aids in silencing the motors; and the engine-rooms are far from the passenger quarters. You won't have to wear cotton in your ears, and you won't have to shout yourselves hoarse to make the waiter keep up with the appetite which sailing high over the bounding main gives you.

The operation of an airship isn't much different from the operation of any other vehicle that is propelled through a heavier medium. It is steered by a rudder, like a steamship. Except that it moves up and down as well as right and left—it is closer to a steamship in familiarity of operation, in fact, than it is to an airplane. An airplane, for instance, has to be banked over in making a turn; otherwise it will skid. An airship is turned without banking.

The control-room is less bewildering than the pilot's cockpit of an airplane, not particularly because of fewer instruments but because of greater space in which to place the instruments. It does not have a crowded effect. It is a quiet, calm place, most like the navigating bridge of an ocean liner.

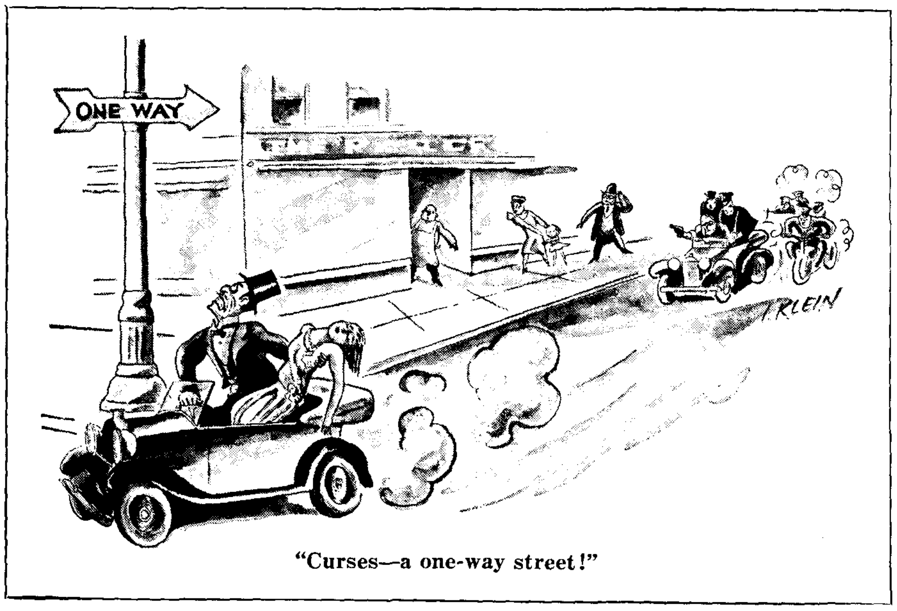
You will find open vision all around. There is a large table in the center of the floor, for chart use, and a lounge chair for the commander. Up in the very front there is a large wheel, where the helmsman stands. It has handgrip spokes like a marine wheel, and by it the ship is steered. On the window ledge in front of the helmsman is a compass. Just outside the window, and capable of operation from inside, is a searchlight.

At handy points around the room are a wheel for the operation of the elevators, by which the level of flight is controlled; a telephone by which every vital part of the ship can be reached; weather instruments; altitude recorder; water ballast release; gauges to show the pressure of the various lifting gas cells.

Mr. Wilcox Flies Again

The lifting gas in the cells of an airship expands and contracts according to changes in altitude and temperature. Before any given flight, the greatest degree to which the helium is likely to expand is calculated, and only enough is then put into the cells to fill them completely at the peak of expansion. Nevertheless, unusual conditions of sun heat, or barometric pressure, might arise and expand the helium beyond the calculated peak. Balloons have burst in the air from overexpansion. That was in the old days. The gas cells in these American dirigibles have safety valves, similar in effect to those on your furnace at home, which automatically open when the gas expands past the set pressure. For additional protection, there is a gas control mechanism in the control-room with which the commander can at any time release gas in one or all of the cells if it is desirable.

Some day soon you will be standing at the dock—let those unromantic souls who will, call them hangars or sheds!—on one of our coasts as the first great American dirigible takes off for some far shore, we don't care which or where. We only hope that among the passengers, looking down from the promenade observation windows at the waving handkerchiefs below, there will be a Mr. Wilcox of Philadelphia—preferably a Mr. James Wilcox. We hope, however, that, if he has any, he will leave his tools at home. It won't help our peace of mind, if we're aboard as we expect to be, to have a Mr. Wilcox of Philadelphia going around puncturing the gas cells.



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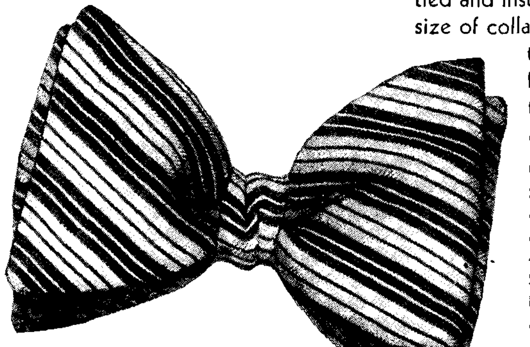

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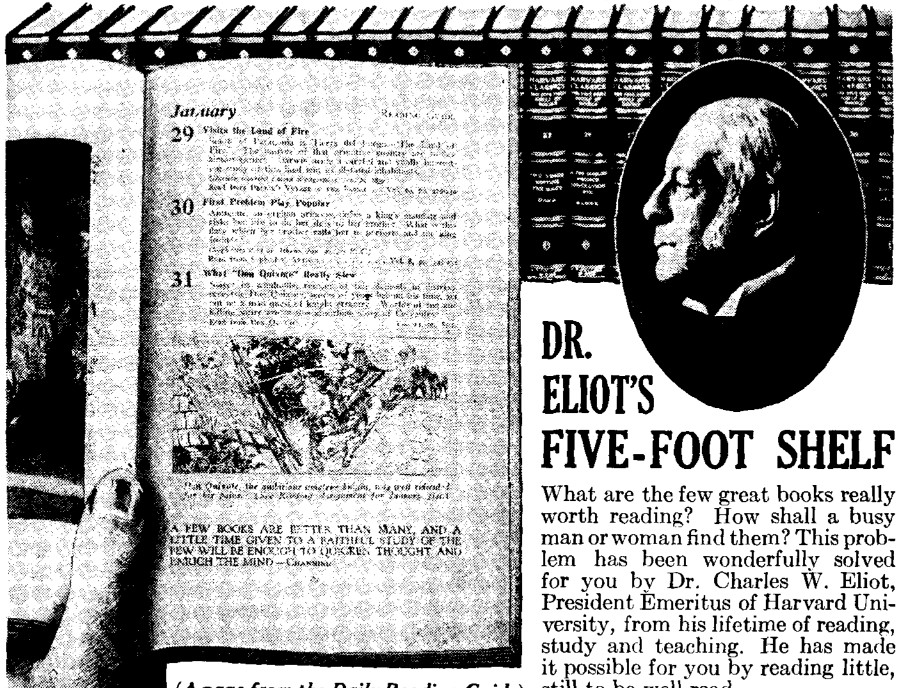

January
29 Visits the Land of Fire
30 First Problem Play Popular
31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew

A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND —Channing

(*A page from the Daily Reading Guide*)

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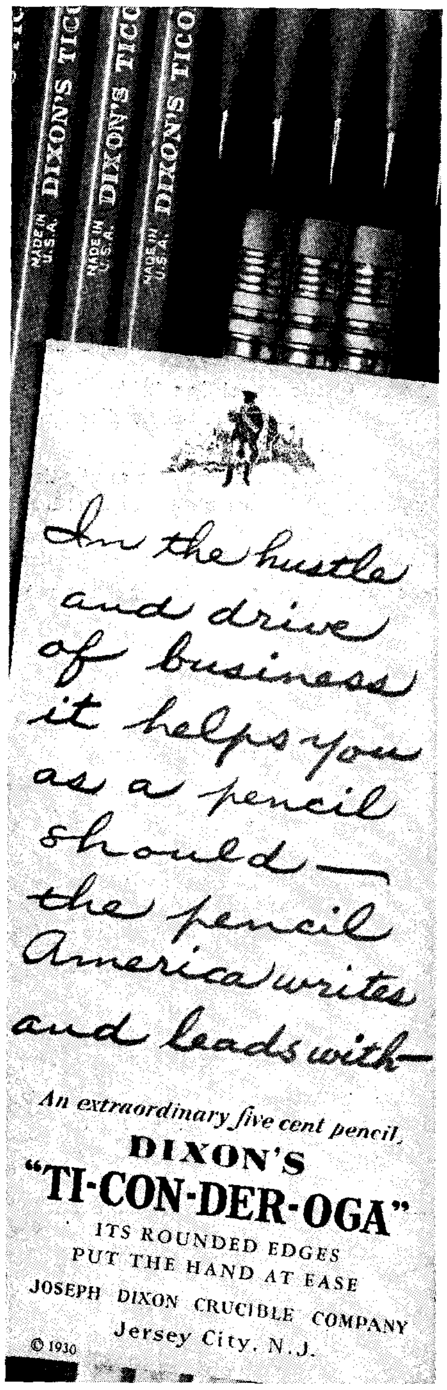
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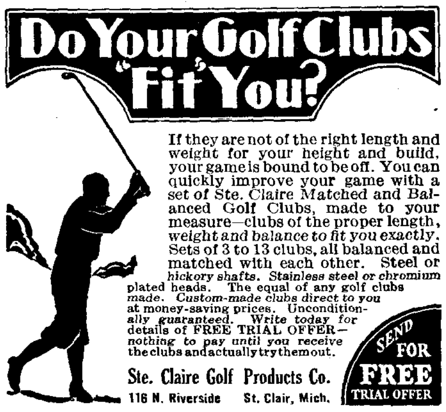
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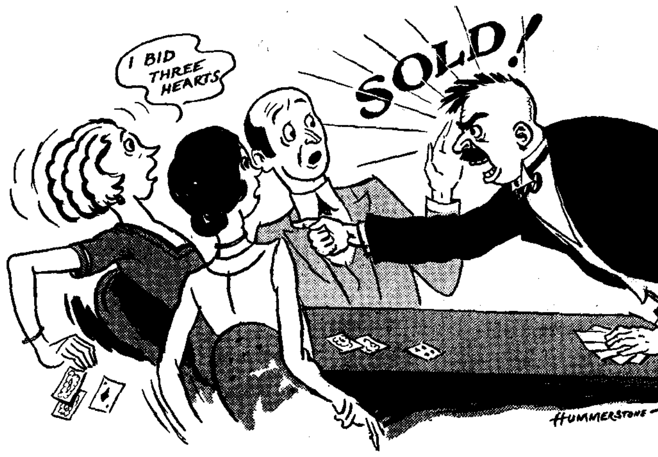

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. Q-J-9-7-3
H. 10-7-2
D. None
C. A-Q-10-7-2

West
S. K-6-4
H. 6-4
D. J-10-9-6-3
C. 8-6-5

East
S. 8-5-2
H. 5
D. 8-7-5-4-2
C. K-J-9-4

South
S. A-10
H. A-K-Q-J-9-8-3
D. A-K-Q
C. 3

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played in a single-table Contract game at a Florida resort in March. I have seen many hands which illustrated some of the points that this contains, but never before have I known them all to appear in one deal.

If the hand had been played at Auction, South would have considered himself so strong that he would have deemed a preëmpting bid inadvisable; consequently he would have called one Heart. The other three players would have passed. But at Contract South bid five Hearts, West passed, and North bid seven.

Concerning South's bid there can be no question. Barring the very remote possibility of a Diamond being led and ruffed, South was sure of eleven tricks. One trick contributed by North would produce a small slam and therefore South bid one more than game to ask North to slam if he had any justification for so doing.

North's bid for a grand slam was bold, but the chances were in favor of its success. North could expect his Ace of Clubs to produce a trick, the accompanying Queen also might be of service, and the ability to ruff Diamonds, combined with three trumps headed by an honor, must be regarded as promising; furthermore, it was possible that Queen-Jack at the head of five Spades would prove of service. The combination of all these assets was apt to produce two tricks.

North could have bid six Clubs, showing his Ace, but that merely would have forced South to bid six Hearts, and then the answer to the question of whether the grand slam should be bid would not be any better developed for North than on the first round.

The Play

In the play West led the Jack of Diamonds and the Declarer could see that twelve tricks were assured, but the thirteenth needed some figuring. The three discards that North could obtain on South's three high Diamonds would not be of benefit; so the three possibilities for the grand slam were: (a) the Spade finesse, (b) the Club finesse, (c) the establishing of a Club in North's hand on the fifth round of that suit. Either finesse presented an even chance; the adversaries had not bid and there was no indication as to the location of the black Kings. The probabilities were that one finesse would succeed; but risking either was a "fifty-fifty." The Declarer, however, had better than an even chance of establishing the last Club in the North hand.

Three entries in the dummy hand were needed and they could be secured by winning South's Nine and Trey of trumps with dummy's Ten and Seven, and ruffing with dummy's Deuce. To establish and cash a thirteener in dummy, it was necessary, after winning the first Club trick with the Ace and returning a Club for South to ruff, to get in the dummy hand three times—twice to lead the third and fourth rounds of the suit, and the last time to cash the last Club.

In the actual play Declarer won the first Diamond in the closed hand and then led his singleton Club, declining the finesse and winning with dummy's Ace; to trick 3 he led dummy's Deuce of Clubs, which South was careful to ruff with the Eight instead of the Trey. This was necessary for two reasons: to insure against an over-ruff, and to keep the Trey of trumps for dummy to win with the Seven.

To trick 4 South led the Nine of trumps and dummy won with the Ten. As both adversaries followed, the dropping of the last adverse trump on the second round was assured. A third round of Clubs now was led from dummy, South ruffing with an honor. This of course was the crucial trick. When East and West both played Clubs, Declarer's slam was assured.

To trick 6 South led the Trey of trumps and North won with the Seven. The fourth Club lead from dummy now was obvious, as was the ruff by closed hand. This set the stage for the lead of a winning Diamond to be ruffed with dummy's Deuce of trumps; then dummy cashed his thirteenth Club, on which closed hand discarded the Ten of Spades. So Declarer made his grand slam without risking either finesse; it was fortunate for him that he could do so, as neither would have succeeded.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. Q-7
H. 8-6-2
D. 8-7-5
C. A-J-10-6-3

East
S. K-10-2
H. 10-7-4-3
D. 10-4-2
C. Q-9-5

West
S. J-9-8-6-4
H. K-9-5
D. 9-6-3
C. K-8

South
S. A-5-3
H. A-Q-J
D. A-K-Q-J
C. 7-4-2

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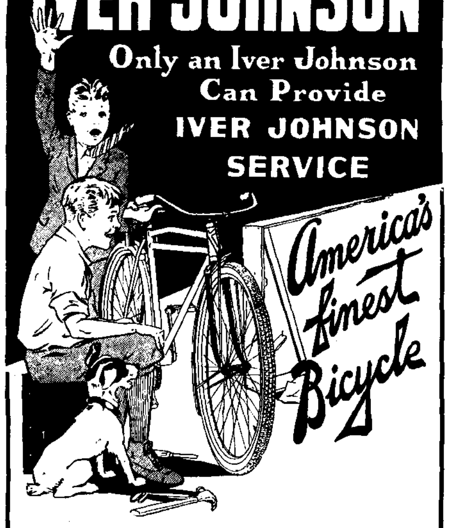

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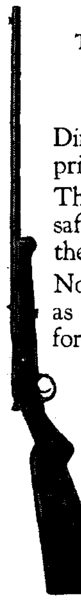

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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 19

"'Grave,'" said Times meditatively.

"And the dead got up," she whispered. He started, looking at her very attentively. Her eyes dreamed no more young dreams; they were the eyes that might have belonged to that mythical worldly woman who had not been too lucky. And then, poising herself even as that disciplined woman might have poised herself under adversity, she said: "We must say good night to Lady Una."

"Lady Una." Not simply "Una," as it had been between them for weeks now! Times was attentive to that too, although he had as yet been quite blind to the nature of the challenge tossed to the other woman. Still holding Ray's arm, he guided her between the supper tables to the one where Una sat with an accustomed circle.

Ray Beaufort carried her little figure superbly, a smile on her lips. "Good night, Lady Una."

THEY were facing each other and for the briefest second Una dropped the veil from her eyes. Her eyes looked with cold excitement, extreme gratification, into those of the girl.

"Darling, not going? But you're not going too, Edward? Oh, this is devastating. But if you will—you will! Stubborn devils!" She had resumed the veil of geniality, but again it dropped away for a brief second, and her eyes now said to Ray Beaufort: "Have as much of him as you think you can get now, my dear!"

"It's been a divine party," said Ray, in a little high voice almost out of her own control.

Times heard and understood that voice at least.

"Come along," he said. "Thank you, Una."

Una called: "If I look in for luncheon tomorrow, darling . . ."

Ray turned back. "I have a family reunion tomorrow; my sister and her husband who were dancing just now."

Ah! Her little high voice! Times pressed her arm hard without knowing it. An almost greedy silence fell upon Una's circle.

"Then if I run in after lunch, darling, for a moment, and you can give me a cup of coffee. . . ."

Ray waved a hand, all at once without speech, without voice. Times walked her quickly and determinedly between all the little tables to the clubhouse.

It was not the drive that Times had anticipated—the two of them together in his open sports car; silence of dark roads just before the dawn; world hushed; scent of summer night; longed-for aloneness. Now Helène sat primly in front beside the chauffeur; the going was swift and orderly. It would not, under those other conditions, have been so orderly nor so swift. And in the car with them, furtive smiles from black eyes—vulgarly curious eyes—checking love on a lover's lips—rode the wraiths of the two dancers they had left behind them. Rose and Pedro haunted the car.

At last Times knew that he had better speak a little of what threshed in his mind; and he said:

"You were . . . pleased . . . to see your sister tonight?"

She murmured something inarticulate.

"She's very attractive," he said conversationally.

"Yes," she said simply. "Isn't she?"

"I had no idea you had a sister over here."

There was a pause; then Ray said steadily: "No. Nor I. Tonight was a surprise for me. My sister Rose was married only last March. She—she eloped."

"Ah! I don't wonder! Her friends and relations couldn't possibly approve, I suppose. . . ."

His tone condemned Pedro completely and heartily.

"How without remorse they are, these lucky ones!" Ray thought, only not quite so articulately as that. How remorseless they were, these favored of the earth!

Then Times was saying, a little constrainedly perhaps, but putting a gentle hand over her lax ones in her lap:

"You and she aren't a bit alike, you know, my dear."

The statement had the lift of a question; the lift of the interrogatory note. She supposed she must answer it:

"No. No. We aren't, are we?"

He turned a little toward her. "You surely could not have been brought up together?"

"No more lies!" she thought as she had often thought before. She replied simply: "Yes. But we thought differently."

He was considering that Rose had been rather quiet at their meeting just now. She had struck the gamin note; but how could you tell to what exact degree a girl dressed—or undressed—for a nymph dance was a rank vulgarian? One knew a man at a look; a pretty girl . . . one wanted to forgive. In a voice of friendly scolding he said: "How on earth could you let her do it?"

It was another sardonic thought, looking back to the night of Rose's elopement, remembering how brave and beautiful a thing it had seemed in the mysterious dark hours when all is different.

"I didn't know until too late," she hazarded.

"A shame," said Times.

"She's happy. She loves him."

"Isn't it queer?" said Times hurriedly.

All the same, he thought, one knew that such things happened. They happened in his own set here. Some clean and pretty daughter of a proud house ran off with a chauffeur—or a gigolo—or someone. "Was he after her money?" he asked. "Of course your sister is most attractive. Still, was it her money, do you think? One's got to look at these things fair and square."

"Rose's money!"

The thought startled her. Rose, a café waitress. . . .

"She hasn't any money," she told him boldly.

"Are you the only rich girl of the family?"

After a long pause she replied: "Yes."

TIMES was silent for a while too. Swift and orderly the journey proceeded.

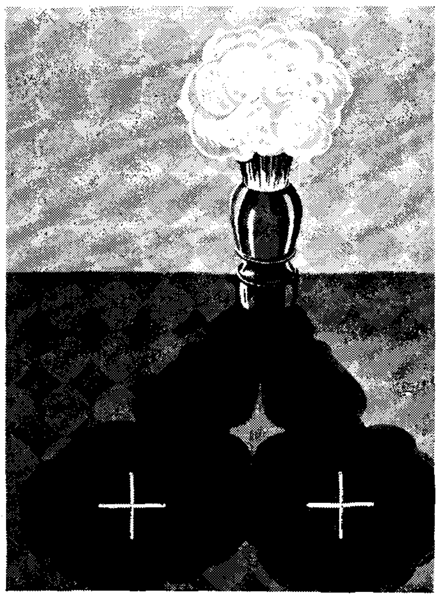
The car drew up at the Queen Street house.

"Here we are," she said in a faint cold voice. He got out and stood while she alighted, the impassive chauffeur at the door. She was in a dim childish way afraid of this emotional impassivity of the world. She wanted someone to melt, to warm, to cry: "Never mind what it all means. Life will be sweet!" But no one cried this to her. . . .

She showed nothing of the wild hunger within her as she paused for that fraction of a minute beside Times on the curb.

"Good night. The car will take you home. Take his lordship home. . . ."

(*Continued on page 76*)



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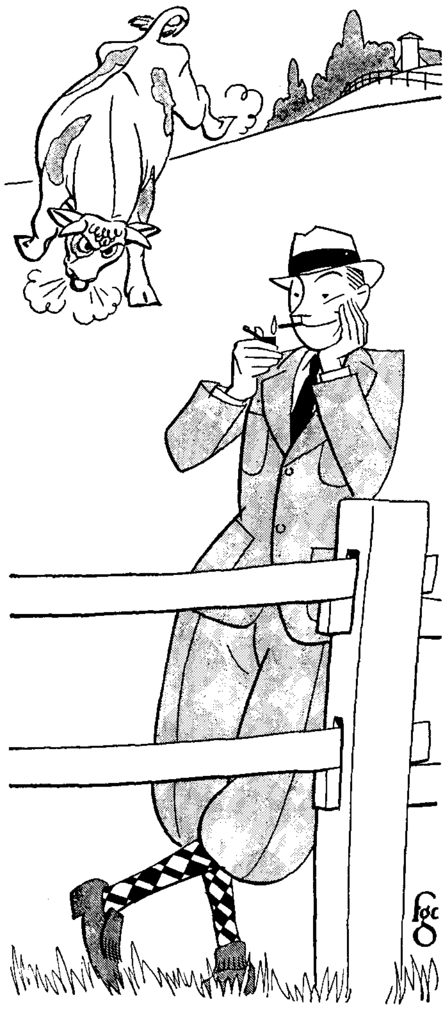

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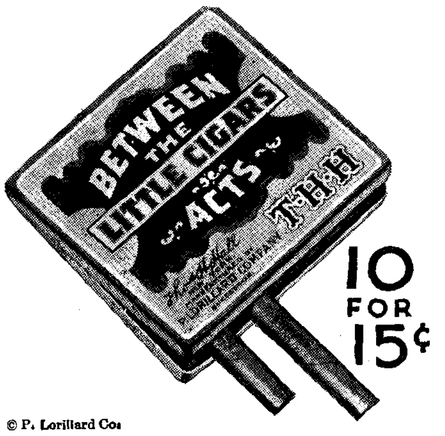

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(*Continued from page 75*)

"Good night," said Times. "May I ring you tomorrow?"

"Oh . . . please!"

That was all.

SHE awoke early in the morning, expecting her bedside telephone to ring. And it rang intermittently from eight-thirty till ten o'clock when she left it to bathe; but not one of her callers was Times. They were all women; two or three débutantes younger than herself, two or three hostesses . . . and one retracted an invitation most plausibly, in a way that should have carried conviction. *But it did not carry conviction,* because she had been at the river party too; she was Una's very dear friend, Lady Mowbray. And this morning one knew . . . one knew what speculation one had probably left behind one. Besides, how much had Rose and Pedro been tempted to say?

Ray was in her drawing-room, a long room on the first floor running the width and breadth of the house, to receive Rose and Pedro. It was charming with the flowers to which she had grown accustomed, but which drew a cry of admiration—in which anger writhed—from Rose the moment she walked in.

"Oh, my, your flowers!" And then before the nice butler had shut the door, "Well, you got all you ever wanted, eh? Isn't life *won'erful!* That was a grand party your friend threw last night."

"Did you enjoy it, Rose?"

"'Course I enjoyed it. And Pedro and me were a great success. Say, we saw you swimming, Ray. Did it make you think of Manhattan Beach, and your friend Heiner teaching you the jackknife dive?"

"Of course it did not remind your sister of Manhattan Beach, Rose," said Pedro genteelly. "An English riverside is very different from a vulgar seashore resort. And your sister will have quite forgotten Gus Heiner."

"Ray," said Rose, "why've you changed the spelling of your name?"

"It is the proper spelling," said Pedro.

"It ain't the proper spelling. Bow-for she was born."

"Have you any objection, Rose?" Ray asked with a little faint smile.

"Me? No! I don't give a darn."

"Luncheon is served," said the butler.

THEY went downstairs, the three of them; seated themselves at the round table. And Ray knew that Rose missed none of the fastidious elegancies of the small room. Her rapacious eyes were swift on the roses, the Georgian plate, the cut glass, the Chippendale mirrors on the walls. Her senses were very acutely tasting, seeing, appraising. The butler served melon, and withdrew just as if he were aware that all possible privacy was expedient. And when he had gone—

"Ray," said Rose squarely and callously, because after all, as she saw it, a fair bargain was a fair bargain, "you left poor Mum and Dad pretty flat!"

Ray went, with halting speech, over that episode.

"All right," said Rose squarely, "I'd 'a' done the same. Serve 'em right, the miserable bums! All right. But now I say"—Pedro made a long delicate business of dipping his manicured fingertips into his fingerbowl, drying them very gingerly on his fine napkin, letting his wife talk—"now I say this: are you giving out to the folks here that dope you used to make up about the Virginia home and all of it? You *are?*"

"A woman should make the best of herself," Pedro began, acquiescing with Ray's reluctant nod.

"All right," said Rose, "all right. Pedro and me are making the best of ourselves, too. All *righty!* We'll help you explain us. A sister what's gone wrong"—she giggled—"and become a dancer simply isn't nothin' these days. What's the real thing you want to hide from that gentleman friend of yours? Isn't the real thing to hide," Rose demanded, her eyes devouring Ray's face, "the way you got all this money?"

And Pedro also now fixed his eyes on Ray's face; friendly, inquiring eyes with a smile lurking at the back of them.

"It wouldn't sound too good," said Rose, "if on top of all the rest—not that any of that is bound to come out—folks knew about your friend old Wittheimer."

"He . . . we . . . I . . . I never . . ." Ray began. "You know . . . I never . . ."

"Ray," said Rose, "I'm your sister. Don't you trouble to tell me any lies. I'm just your sister."

"The world being what it is, we, your sister and brother-in-law, don't judge you in any way whatever, Ray," said Pedro. "Naturally, you gave old Mr. Wittheimer reason to be grateful enough to leave his money to you—"

"You must believe me! I . . . I've never . . ."

The two pairs of black eyes were gazing at her.

"Even if the rest came out, and it don't need to," Rose pressed, "the real snag for you is the story 'bout old Wittheimer."

A CAR and a taxi drew up almost simultaneously outside. They did not hear them. The door opened and the butler announced:

"Lady Una Bridge and Lord Times."

Times could not quite have defined to himself why it was that he met Una, of intention, on Ray's doorstep at two-thirty that day. But his intention, if not articulate, had been strongly clear in his own mind. Most of the short night hours that remained after their run up from the river party he had spent thinking of Ray. So small; so slim; so young; so white; so desperate . . . he carried this picture of her before his unsleeping eyes. Trial lay before her. Secrets were in the air. And haughtily as he resented the idea of unsavory secrets, his hard good sense told him they were there for the uncovering.

Very well, Times thought grimly. That pair of dancers were lunching with her, were they, for no decent purpose he was sure! Very well. Also Una. . . . What was that she had called out about coming in for a cup of coffee? Una was to be in this fray? Very well again. "Whatever is brewing," Times had decided by the time his man called him, "I shall be there too."

Una looked neither pleased nor displeased to be joined by him at the very moment that she rang Ray's doorbell. She looked irresolute. Then she smiled and said quietly: "You too, my dear?" with a hint of sympathy in her voice to perplex him. They were shown into the dining-room together, and they might have been four friendly people grouped there with a hostess who was delighted to see them.

Only, it was not so.

"I hope you slept well after your drive," said Times to Ray, looking at her white cheeks. And Rose quickly uttered something banal about last night; and Pedro concurred. It was Una who at once laid down her gauntlet—very gently; but unmistakably it was there.

She mustered eyes with a look round: "I hope Edward and I are not butting in on family secrets."

"Why, no, madame," said Pedro. "There are no very gr-r-reat secrets in this happy family."

He laughed airily, with a little wave of his hand. Lord Times looked at him distastefully. Lady Una spoke again:

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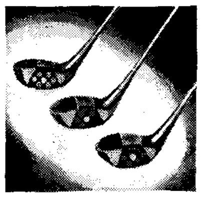

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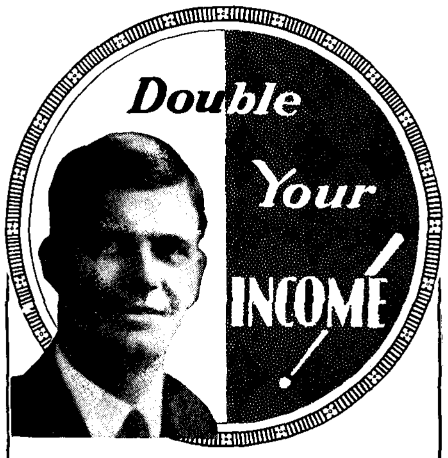

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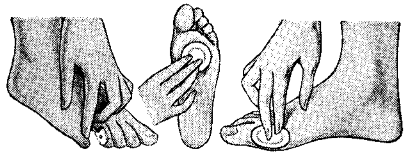

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"No, there are no secrets, are there? Ray, my dearest, your sister and brother-in-law told me the other morning all about your marvelous romance. My dear, you might be a movie-queen! I was thrilled! And to think that you had kept that precious sensation from us all! Sensation is such a *precious* thing, isn't it, Edward?"

"No!" said Times shortly. "Sensation is an abomination and an atrocity!"

"You're always priggish, darling," Una smiled.

Times had seated himself opposite Ray; Rose and Pedro were on her either hand; Una between him and Pedro. And although he was not a man of ultra-sensitiveness for all his sharp, hard perceptions, he tingled all through with the emanations around that table.

NO LONGER had he any doubt of Una. She was mischievous and deadly. And Rose and Pedro, they were deadly too, though reluctant to share in Una's mischief. They had mischief of their own, Times judged, and they and Una were at cross purposes. And Ray . . . he had seen a hunted deer; a hunted deer she was, but already decided upon turning on her pursuers, and going down gamely. In her steady, bright, frightened eyes that squarely met the eyes of everyone else, Times read a challenge that called him to help her more poignantly than any pitiful loud appeal would do.

"However," he said, looking steadily at her past them all, "let me share the sensation, Ray. Don't let me be left out." And then their united cruelty struck him; and the realization of it melted him into a very passion of protectiveness. It was in him to be judge; yes, he knew in spite of himself that he sat there in judgment. All the rampant Times pride and austerity informed him. But, also, he was lover. Whatever was the matter, he must save, protect. . . .

And what, after all, was the matter except a petty, silly, wholesale social deception? What was the matter above a childish vainglory? An unworthy shame, perhaps, of Rose and Pedro as relations; and all that sort of thing? It was hard to look at that clear white face, pure as a rose, at those clear blue eyes, limpid as pools, and think worse.

"I won't have her baited," he thought. "Una's behaving scandalously. I won't have her frightened! I'll take her away." And quite suddenly, forming that sharp decision, he said:

"Don't know what plans the rest of you have, I'm sure, but Ray engaged herself to me for this afternoon and I'm here to fetch her."

He offered her the way of escape. Una smiled.

But the most silent person at the table continued to be Ray herself, quite still in her high-backed chair, with an effect of being kept prisoner by Rose and Pedro on either side.

"We're going to drive down to Roehampton for some tennis," Times added, on the spur of the moment.

Una laughed, coolly.

"Get Ray to tell you the marvelous story, Edward, as you drive down," Una cried. "It's too divine. Everyone will be thrilled to the bone when I tell them! Ray, tell him, darling, all about the millionaire who committed suicide and left you all his money, and how they broke the news to you in the department store where you worked and all of it! Because it's *too* wonderful! You quiet mouse! Why, the newspapers would have just lionized you!"

"Gosh! Ray!" Pedro cried, fishing for salvage. "Rose and me spilled the beans as innocent as innocent, didn't we, honey? Not knowing what fun you was having pretending about Virginia and all that, we—"

He made one of his deprecatory hand-waving gestures.

"Well, anyway, Pedro," said his wife moodily, "we'll go now. Ray's got an engagement."

All the while, Times thought, Ray herself had not spoken. She had let them harry her; had sat quiet under the veiled savagery of Una's persecution. But now, all at once, she said with a faint, chilly smile:

"They must be making you quite curious!"

Times raised his eyes to hers in an assenting look.

"Let us all go up to the drawing-room," said Ray, "and I will tell you the story."

"Well, as I know the story, I needn't stay," said Una, gathering her bag and gloves, "though it is interesting enough to hear again."

"You're staying, Una," Times told her politely.

"Shall we stay too, Ray?" asked Rose, propitiating. Because, indeed, it did seem as if she and Pedro had tangled matters rather badly; and that they might have to rely entirely now upon that old soft-heartedness of Ray's which she herself knew so well.

"All stay, please," Ray said.

"Making scenes!" Una thought furiously. "Dramatizing herself. Well, Edward will hate that." She rose with a forced smile and followed Ray, and Rose went after them. For a moment Pedro and Times stood giving each other precedence out of sheer mutual hatred, but Times waved the dancer on; and stalked upstairs last.

Una went and stood by one of the windows, in a studied attitude of arrested departure. Rose and Pedro sat side by side upon a couch. Ray stood on her hearth that was banked with flowers; and Times stood too, near her. He began to make an occupation of finding a cigarette-box, of handing it. . . . But she was speaking; and she spoke direct to him; so he had to stand quite still, listening.

"That 'fun' about the old house in Virginia, Lord Times—"

"My dear," he said formally, resenting the studious eyes of Pedro and Rose upon him, "we all make up fairy tales. Life really wouldn't be worth living if one didn't imagine—"

"THIS wasn't quite the same thing, Lord Times." How very quietly she spoke, this icy, remote girl! "True, I wanted to imagine myself as—as belonging to lovely people—with a background. I began imagining the old house in Virginia when I was a very little child. I got it from a book. . . . But I need not have told you and Mr. Westward when you picked me up that day on the Storm King Highway—"

"That was that lowdown Heiner," Rose said shrilly to Pedro, who began to talk too; but Ray went on:

"My sister mentions someone called 'Heiner,' Lord Times. That was the man who left me on the road that day. I'd been out with him quite a lot. The four of us, Rose and Pedro and Heiner and I, went several times to Manhattan Beach the early fall before I met you."

Times began formidably, his eyes accusing Una, and the dancers: "But why should you account to me—?"

"I'm not accounting, Lord Times. I'm telling you—in rather a dull way—the story Una is so anxious you should hear. Una would tell it better herself perhaps? She's wittier than I am."

In the pause, Una began to flush. She made a curt little sound of denial.

"When I told you and Mr. Westward my name," Ray said, "one of you said, 'Spelt B-e-a-u-f-o-r-t?' And I said, 'Yes.' What harm did it do, as far as I could tell? And I was a silly little

(*Continued on page 78*)

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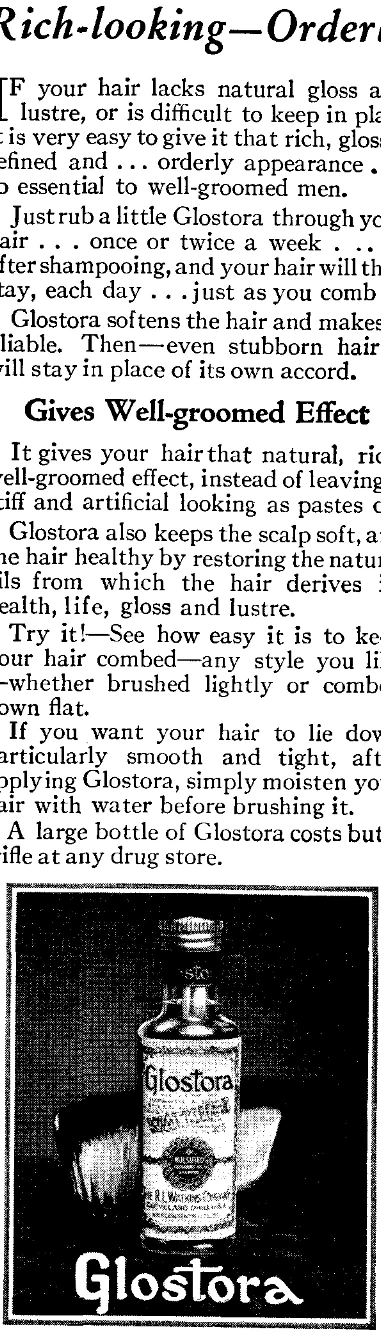

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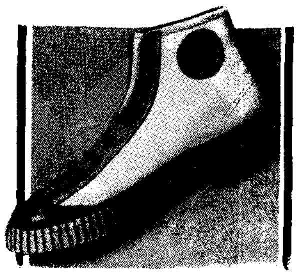

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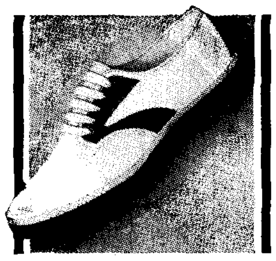

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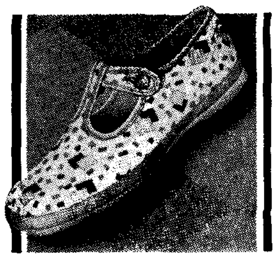

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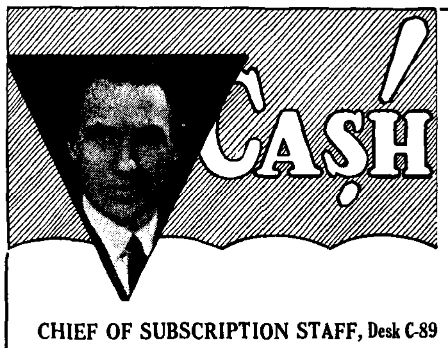

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(*Continued from page 77*)

fool who wanted even the most trivial ways of seeming to better herself. You noticed my voice then? Well, I've practiced my voice for hours . . . improving myself. It used to seem to me that some day some marvelous opportunity would come. . . ."

"Well, I'll say it did!" Pedro exclaimed brightly.

"To you and Una, Lord Times—to people of your sort," Ray mused quietly, "it seems just farcical, just contemptible and pitiful, for people to try to climb where they don't belong. It may not be any use trying to explain to you about all that. Besides, as you say, why should I account to you?"

"Even our 'sort,'" Una thrust, "don't care to be deceived and imposed upon wholesale!"

TIMES turned and looked at her. And she thought: "That was stupid of me. I mustn't let go."

"I wanted to deceive myself more than other people, really," Ray said, speaking direct to Times. "I wanted a good time, too, most terribly—"

"All girls want a good time!" Rose cried.

"—and I used to go to a lot of places where—" she paused, "—where I wouldn't go now. But that is only because I am rich, and can buy myself more of the things I like. Now I come to the getting-rich part, don't I, Lord Times?"

"If you wish," he said in a low voice.

"I must. There was an old man named Frank Wittheimer, very well-known in New York. Awfully rich. Divorced a lot of times. He liked young girls. I met him on a party in Harlem"—Times' lips twisted involuntarily—"and he took to me at once. I used to visit him at his house. He gave me wonderful dinners and suppers and presents. I loved going there because it was so rich and easy; so—beautiful." She stopped, in thought. "No use going on," she said, her breast heaving. "That's all. You won't believe it, any of you, but—*that's all.* It is a thing no one will believe. I have suddenly seen it. I didn't till now; but now I do."

Una created an air of finality in the room by the simple gesture of crushing her cigarette into an ash tray. Her gesture said: "Finished. *That's all.*"

"Wittheimer committed suicide, and left me all his money," said Ray.

Rose cried: "And why not? When a young girl's been nice to an old man—"

Pedro's hand dropped on her knee.

"It is quite conceivable," said Una in quite a pleasant voice. "As—as Mrs. Pedro says, why not?"

The long sobbing sigh that shook her seemed to Ray as if it must tear her breast. "That was all," she said, "although I see that no one will believe it."

Again she addressed herself directly to Times.

"It was funny that Mr. Westward was one of old Mr. Wittheimer's lawyers; but he was. He came and told me the news, and helped me get away. I went to tell my mother and father, but they thought I'd lost my job—coming home in the middle of the day like that—and they didn't listen to me and shouted me down, and drove me out"—Times winced—"and I was very sore about it. And so I left without telling them."

"Miss Beaufort of Virginia," Una murmured.

Ray still addressed Times: "One more thing: The Poinsetters. I'm no relative. I was just a visitor of the caretaker's. You saw her—old Aunty. She wasn't my old servant in any way at all; she was my best friend in the world. I used to go down to her parlor in the basement, and eat . . . when I've been hungry."

"You've been wonderfully—courageous," said Una, coming forward, holding out a hand listlessly. "Such endurance! Isn't it a divine story, Edward? I admire you, child, more than I can say. And now I must go. Good-by."

"A moment, Una," said Times, and she paused. "You would like to drive down to Roehampton, Ray?"

"Not this afternoon, thank you."

He lingered before her a moment.

"Sure?"

"Sure."

They were both pale, he and she; both steady; cool; icy. There was the ghost of a fat old man between them.

Una thought: "Edward will never condone." And Rose thought: "I would just hate that cold fellow." And Ray thought: "I have lost him." But only Pedro knew the primitive savagery that possessed Times as he stood looking at this girl of ice . . . who had thawed for a rich fat old man with money bags.

Una had not played quite her last card. She had in her hand-bag a roll of press cuttings gleaned during the last two weeks from American papers of three months back. She had the Wittheimer suicide, with portraits; the Bowfor family story, with portraits; young Mr. Bracey of Bracey's Department Stores had also told his tale of the extraordinary beauty of Miss Bowfor of the "Notions" and even Oscar, the faithful, had not resisted the lure of the dollar; he had painted his late master for the press in lurid colors, and had made a word picture of Miss Bowfor in the blond swimming suit in the indoor pool, and supping with her old admirer; a strong affection had existed between them, Oscar declared.

These cuttings from a clipping agency Una had held back. To produce them prematurely would have been crude. To put them down now and to say: "Ray, have you seen these? That Henry woman—the society journalist—got hold of them and showed them to me. I think you'd like them, dear," seemed only a natural gesture.

RAY took the cuttings up; a glance showed her what they would reveal. Inwardly she sickened, and outwardly remained cool. She thrust them at Times: "Ah. These would have saved you from the tiresomeness of listening to me, if Una had remembered them earlier."

Times took the clippings. "Do you want all this?" he asked. She shook her head, and he dropped them into a waste-paper basket beside a lacquer bureau.

"I can take you home now, Una," he said, in a voice of definite command. And his voice tingled all through Una as it had never tingled before; as if she saw victory before her borne on the command in his voice. For . . . it was almost the informal brevity of a man towards an intimate, a familiar, a woman he knows, or would know, very well. It was that? It wasn't chagrin, anger, disappointment, that rang in his voice!

Pedro knew what it was, being, for all his gigolo appearance, excessively male. Therefore he knew: "If he could do as he wanted, he would thrash her."

"Au 'voir, dear Ray," said Una. "You are the most refreshing thing in London." Their hands touched.

"Good-by, madame," said Pedro to Una softly. He bowed to her; he bowed to Times. From the couch Rose nodded pertly. Times took his hostess' hand for a brief moment and they looked into each other's eyes. Her eyes were the eyes of one who dies—but who dies proudly. She made no appeal. And Times followed Una from the room, down the stairs, into the street.

Una was keenly open to all impressions. Her wits had never worked more acutely than they did that day. She had noted as she drove up that it was his open sports car in which Times had come to Queen Street; without a chauffeur. Ray and he were to have had one of those intimate afternoons, possibly! After an hour or two of playing or watching tennis at the famous club, they would have gone on to dinner at some quiet place deeper in the heart of the country.

She stole a look at Times after the butler had closed Ray's front door behind them. He was white, hard; and sick within himself.

Times felt her look.

"Get in," he said shortly, opening the door of the car.

She got in nonchalantly, not commenting on the scene they had left. He let himself down beside her, banged his door. The mighty engine roared. Times was silent. Presently Una saw that he was taking her home to her flat.

"He'll ask to come in and talk!" she thought then.

AND they drew up before the portico of the block of flats.

Times turned in his seat, and looked her over, and Una flinched. She wilted. Breath left her. She fumbled blindly at the door handle, unable to take her eyes from his; her lips going dry. For even her famous temper was no match for his.

"You damned hag!" he said.

Una laughed, wintry and dry. She went on fumbling at the door handle. He reached across her, flung the door open, and she stepped out. He slammed the door shut again; the mighty engine roared, and he was gone.

Una went in; ascended to her small high flat. And as she went she knew that her failure to achieve Times was now complete. He was unforgiving; would never forgive. He had read her. Every move, every plan, for the humiliation of Ray Beaufort was now clear to him. She had revealed herself. And he did not thank her. She had vengeance on this little pirate who had sailed into her port; but there was no reward. Life stood exactly as it had been before; a round of impecunious seasons where one could only hope to get a little of whatever was going—hunting, dining, dancing, country house visiting, or nowadays, Riviera house visiting; just a very little of anything; with for one's motto: "Take it and be thankful."

And putting her latchkey in her door, Una was met on the threshold by her invaluable maid.

"Mr. Dukery is here, milady."

Dukery was just as ever.

"Dickie, darling!"

"Una." He regarded her critically. "How frayed you look."

"End-of-season. When did you come over?"

"This morning. Can you dine tonight?"

"Love to," she said, with further relief.

And she threw herself down in a big chair, and tossed off her tight hat.

"Give me a cigarette, Dickie."

"Shut your eyes, my dear, and turn from the light. You've got a line between your eyebrows; I'll just pull this curtain. Relax, my good creature! . . . Now I want all the news. Good season?"

"They say so."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know yet."

"Awfully glad if you care to join my party at Cap d'Antibes."

"Thank you, Dickie. I'll remember that."

Then she recalled that there was nothing to wait for. Times' plans and movements were of no significance any more. She had lost him finally, hopelessly, irretrievably.

"I'll say 'yes,' now, Dickie. Many thanks."

"What of my ingénue?"

Una kept her eyes shut.

"My dear. There's been an awful exposure, and fracas. She isn't any of the things she said she was, and every-one knows it by now; or will."

"Là! là! My dear old darling, what's that matter? Can't we all be what we like?"

"Depends on what we want to do. You can't be Lady Times and do as you like! Or have done as you liked!"

"Ah, well! And so . . . what is *she* going to do?"

"She *was* going to Elkmoors," said Una maliciously, "but now . . ."

"Ah, well. One has done what one can. I suppose she had the money? That's real?"

"Real! My good Dickie, of course. She earned it!" Again Una laughed, all the time wintry and dry. "She was the mistress of an old man, a Frank Wittheimer of New York, and he shot himself, and left her his fortune. And that's the real story! And Edward would have swallowed her connections, and her funny upbringing, and her working in a department store, I really believe. Yes, I really believe he was going to swallow all that with an effort—but he couldn't forgive this Wittheimer business. After all, you know what the Times men are! They can't, even in this year of general enlightenment, get over certain prejudices."

"My dear Una, I would swear that child—"

Una held up a hand, and opened her eyes.

"You should have read the American papers! I've collected all the press cuttings, and they make divine reading!"

"Where are they?"

"Edward tore them up. Very dramatic indeed. I took them along to Queen Street, thinking they would amuse Ray, and he read them."

"Ah, Una," said Dickie, "you've been clumsy, Una?"

"No, Dickie. It was neck or nothing. Some awful relatives of hers turned up and were ready to sell, or swear, anything for money. If I'd left matters another hour . . ."

"It would have been too late to save Edward?" said Dukery in a very gentle voice that yet cut like a whip.

She sighed: "You understand everything, you know, Dickie. Be nice! Be kind!"

"Quarreled with Edward?"

"Irrevocably."

HE MOVED close to her, and balanced himself on the arm of her chair, looking down upon her.

"Una."

"What is it?"

"Be hostess for me at Cap d'Antibes. I've taken a really charming villa. It would suit you."

"How compromising!"

"Not at all. Be Una Dukery."

And when Dukery leaned down, and kissed her on the little line that the last two hours had drawn between her brows, saying: "Smooth it out," she knew a restfulness, a freedom, that stole over her like a narcotic.

"My good Dickie. . . !"

"Let us do it," said Dukery in a simple voice. "I don't love people, but I like them. I like you very much, Una. Let us do it, Una."

"Let's try it, Dickie."

"I promise you at least it will be fun," said Dukery in his light-timbred voice.

Her heart raged: "Fun! I want love!" But she looked up: "Sweet old Dickie!"

"Sweet old Una! I'll be proud of you."

In twenty-four hours, half fashionable London seemed to know their news.

(*To be concluded next week*)

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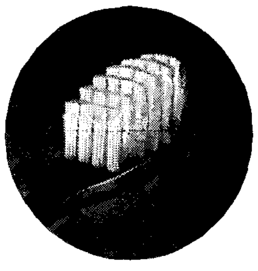

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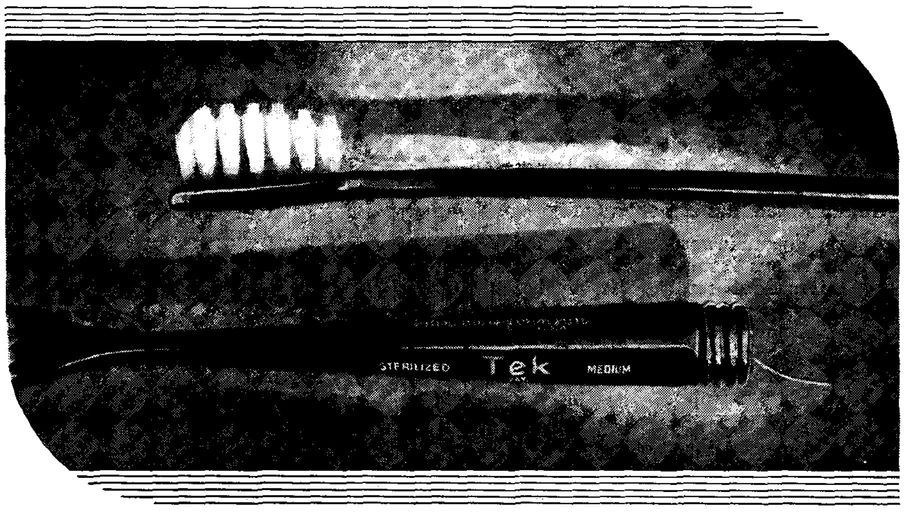

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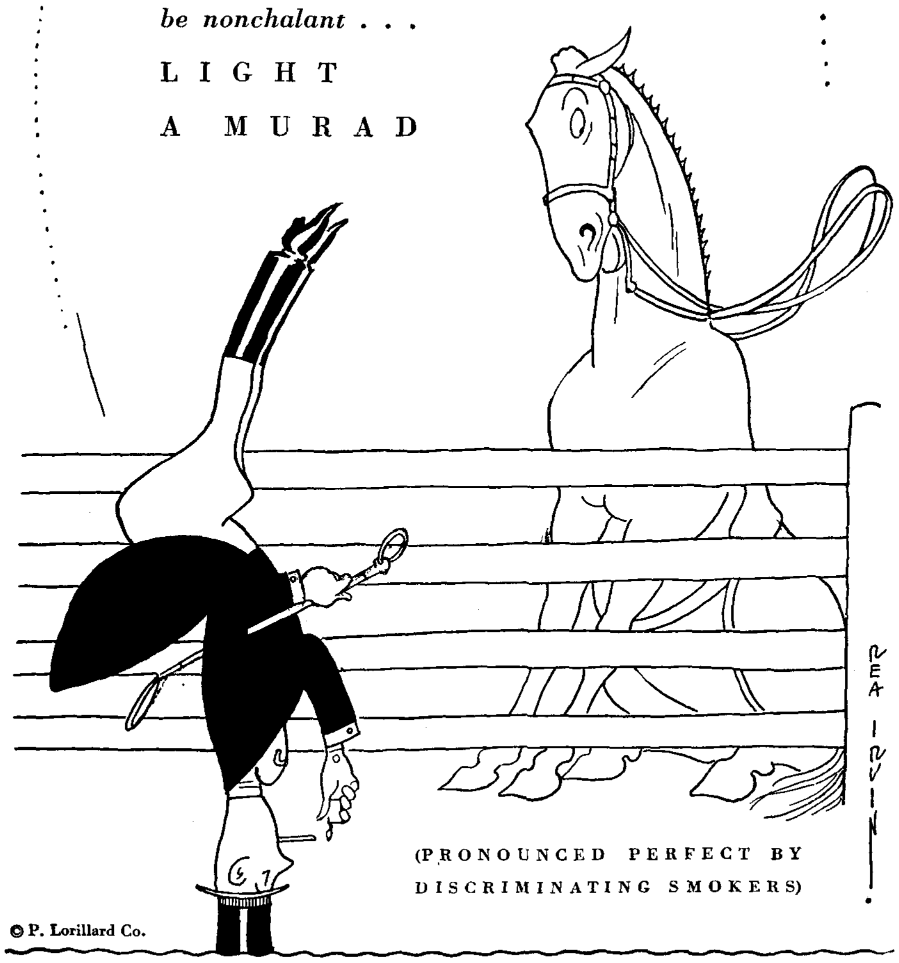

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A Legge to Stand on

Continued from page 17

While the changes in the agricultural marketing program may necessitate some adjustment on the part of some of those now dealing in agricultural commodities, any improvement in the returns to the farmer cannot prove other than helpful to the other industries of the nation."

In other words, Mr. Legge assumes that the essential thing to do in order to help everybody is to increase the buying power of the farmer; and with that assumption in mind, and also with a full realization of the size of his job, he and his associates went so industriously to work that on January 15th of this year they were able to issue a bulletin showing that they had already formed national coöperative associations for handling grain, wool and cotton, and that others to handle livestock, fruit and vegetables, and dairy products were being shaped up.

"Pegging" Prices

Furthermore, in response to a demand from its lustiest child, the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, which is expected to handle 500,000,000 bushels of grain annually, the board "pegged" the loan value of the 1929 wheat crop at $1.18 in Chicago and $1.25 in Minneapolis, which means that any wheat man who is a member of the coöperative may borrow that much against every bushel of wheat he owns regardless of what the actual cash value may be on the open market.

The Board did the same thing with cotton. It issued a statement that in its opinion the price of that commodity was too low, and fixed a higher one, up to which it would make loans to coöperative growers.

Just a few days before I interviewed Mr. Legge, the disaster that the dealers had predicted did happen. The prices of cotton and wheat on the exchanges had dropped below the pegged mark set for them, with the result that, while farmer-owned coöperatives were able to borrow more than one hundred per cent of the value of their holdings, independent farmers and traders were totally at a loss as to what to do in the face of a situation which was no longer governed by the law of supply and demand.

Everywhere everybody was asking everybody else if the Board would take any action to stabilize prices. Telegrams from all over the country, whose senders wanted to know at once, were arriving at Mr. Legge's office. I asked him what the Board intended to do. "Nothing," he said. "At this time 80 or 90 per cent, maybe more, of the wheat and cotton in this country is out of the hands of the producers and in the hands of the traders and so we are not going to take any action."

But the Board did take action. Within a few more days the bottom fell out of the grain market; wheat dropped to a dollar, and still the farmer-owned coöperative organization was paying out government money on the guaranteed basis.

A huge amount of wheat, owned by coöperative agencies, appeared from somewhere. The national organization had to take it. When the Board found that it controlled a good many million bushels of wheat at a price from 10 to 15 cents higher than it could actually be sold for, it became immediately apparent that no matter whether it wanted to save the traders or not it had to do something to save itself.

Luckily it had the power to do so. Within thirty-six hours after Mr. Legge had recognized the emergency and snapped his fingers, a stabilizing corporation had come into existence and was in the market buying wheat.

It did a brisk business. It bought 10,000,000 bushels and made advances on 8,000,000 more. Through future contracts it obtained control of another 7,000,000. And just at this time, when Mr. Legge was asked what the Board could do to stop any further decline in prices, he said in effect:

"The Board still has a sufficient credit balance to buy every bushel of wheat on the American market. That would stop it, wouldn't it?"

The Board, however, didn't have to go that far. The price of wheat held for a few days, so that the government, at this writing, stands to lose only a few million in case the market doesn't eventually accede to Mr. Legge's hope that it will go back to the pegged price.

During the near panic of the grain exchanges he stated that the Board could, if it wanted to, push the price of wheat back to the loan value, but that to do so would very largely benefit others than the producers. And even now, with a crisis momentarily averted, he is quoted as saying that the Board has no obligation to take heed of the protests of private operators who had purchased in anticipation of a rise, and that the coöperatives are gradually growing in strength as a result of the recent developments which gave only to coöperatives the right to dispose of their wheat at the pegged prices.

This view, which savors slightly of a steam-roller method for causing farmers to sign up, is not shared by everybody. In fact, one would hardly expect private operators to emit whoops of delight at being told that the government is not interested in their welfare.

They say, and so do some of the milling concerns which had to buy wheat at the high prices from the coöperative, that the whole situation reeks of discrimination.

Naturally Mr. Legge knows all about the opposition that has to be overcome, and he doesn't underestimate the strength of his opponents. But even so, as he bluntly says: "The objection or opposition of the old-time traders in certain commodities is not disturbing. *The real question as to how far this work will go, and how successful it is going to be, is not based on what opposition we may get from the outside.*

The Critics

"The millers, the canners, and the other fellows," he said, "who now process farm products, want to know: 'What is it going to do to us? Why don't you consult us before you do this or that?'

"The answer to that is simple. If the processor is rendering useful service at a reasonable cost he needn't worry. Service has to be performed, but it must be efficient service. The inefficient are going to pass out of the picture. It may be competition; it may be coöperation; but in any event the inefficient are going. They have to go."

One critic has referred to the scheme as "bureaucracy gone mad." Another speaks of it as "paternal socialism." Yet another damns it to the depths as the "rankest kind of governmental discrimination."

Mr. Legge, however, doesn't agree with any of his critics. He believes that the plan is economically sound and that in the end it will receive the support of business and the manufacturing industries because of its tendency vastly to increase the buying power of twenty-six million farmers.

But what of the farmer himself? How does he react to the efforts now being made by the Farm Board in his behalf? "Coöperation," Mr. Legge says, "is what the Farm Board is expected to bring about. The word is used in almost every paragraph of the Marketing Act. The success of our entire plan rests on our ability to make the American farmers work together, pull together. How?

"The American farmer is the greatest individualist on earth. He attends a farm meeting, listens to a discussion of plans for curtailing wheat acreage—which is the only method by which he can hope to get more money for four bushels than for five. And then, back home again, he sees only his individual horizon. Because the other fellows are going to plant less he plants more.

"But don't blame the farmer. He can't help it. He has been educated to it. For as many years as I can remember, teachers and preachers and politicians have been telling the farmers in this country to take pride in their ability to live their own lives. That doesn't work. Independence is too expensive a luxury. Farmers must coöperate.

"Collectively," he says, "there isn't anything in the Farm Board program, from restricting acreage at planting time to controlling marketing facilities at the terminals, that the farmers cannot put across."

The Federal Government has recognized agriculture as an industry and has planned for a structure over which it can travel to unprecedented prosperity. The work on that structure has already begun, the foundations are laid, and the progress which the farmers make depends not so much on the Farm Board as on the farmers themselves.

ABSOLUTELY UNABRIDGED
DICTIONARY

WORD HUNT

In the English language there are just twelve words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters S·L·I. One of them is SLICE. You supply the others.

1	S	L	I	C	E	A thin, broad piece, especially one cut off. Also, a knife with a broad blade, as for serving fish; a spatula for spreading anything. In golf, to strike so that the face of the club draws across the face of the ball and deflects it.
2	S	L	I	M	E	Any soft, sticky and dirty substance; viscous mud.
3	S	L	I	P		To steal off or away; sneak. Also, a poor or bony fish.
4	S	L	I	?	K	Smooth; slippery.
5	S	L	I	M	Y	Like, or covered with, slime.
6	S	L	I			Unscoured skin wool.
7	S	L	I	D	E	To pass over a surface with a smooth movement. Also, that on which anything moves, or that which operates by slidng.
8	S	L	I	L	Y	(Variant of SLYLY) In a sly manner.
9	S	L	I			(England—Mining) A joint.
10	S	L	I	E	R	(Variant of SLYER) Craftier; subtler.
11	S	L	I			(German) Same as SCHLICH. (Metallurgy) Slimes.
12	S	L	I		G	A strap with strings fastened to ends, for hurling stones, etc. A contrivance to suspend something. Also, to throw; hurl. Also, a drink composed of spirit (usually gin) and water sweetened.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Detain
2. Detach
3. Detect
4. Detent
5. Detenu
6. Detail
7. Detest
8. Detour
9. Detant
10. Determ
11. Detort

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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▼

HE PLAYS BASEBALL FROM THE BLEACHERS
. . . YET HE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN too! Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan

HE practically runs the team from his seat. "Watch that bunt," you hear him yell. "Cover second on that throw"—"s-l-i-d-e"—his lungs get all the exercise, but his feet would feel strange in "spikes."

Yet this hard-playing member of the Bleacher Brigade has a well-defined case of "Athlete's Foot." He is bothered by a dry, scaly condition of the skin between his toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g.* It's a nagging infection and seems to be getting worse every day, but he doesn't know what it is or how to get rid of it.

And he is only one of millions of Americans who have the ringworm infection, commonly called "Athlete's Foot," and who wonder what it is!

Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

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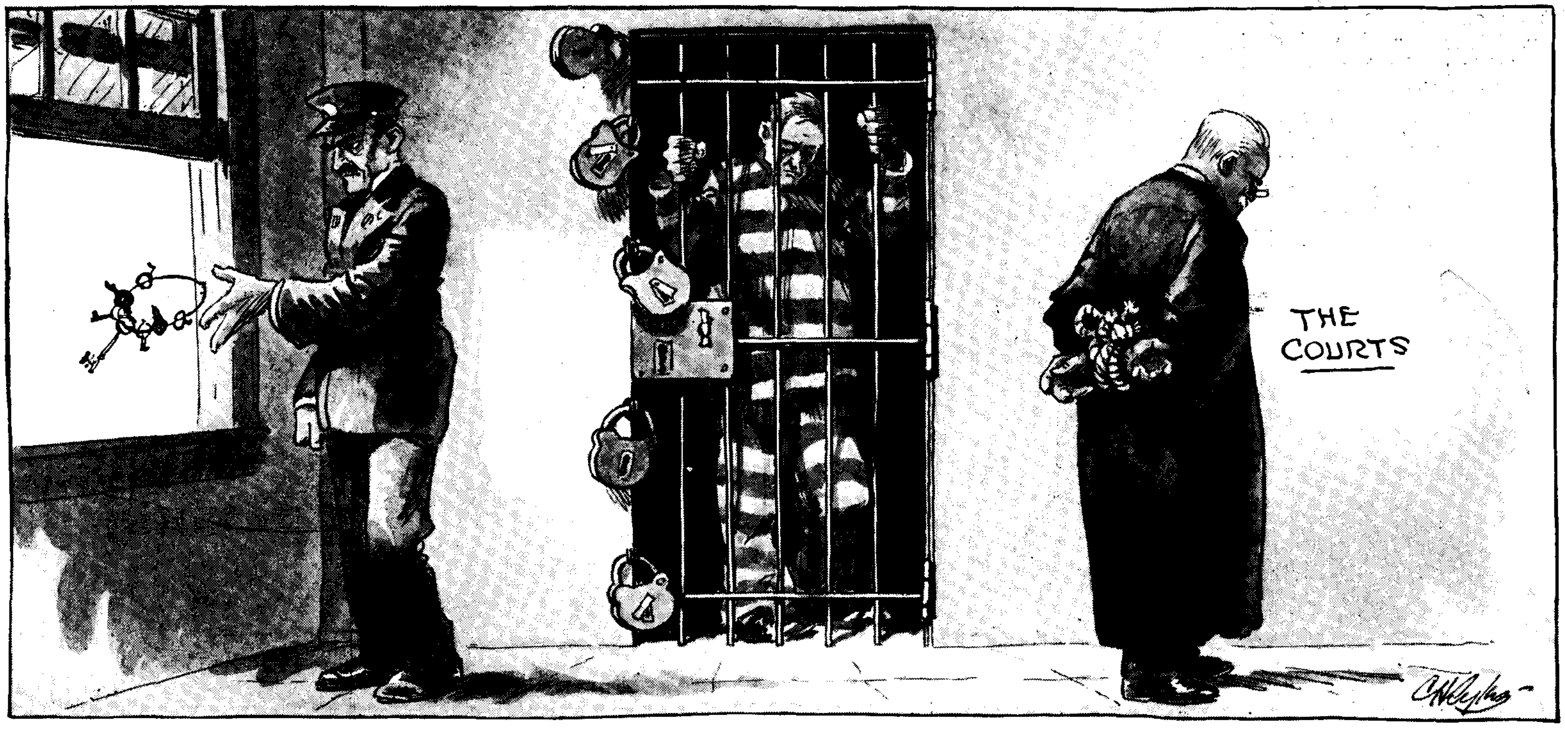


If a mistake has been made, the keys ought to be within reach

Blind Justice needn't be Deaf

BETTER that ten guilty men escape than that one innocent man be punished.

This ancient maxim of English justice is one of our fundamental American beliefs. Because we cannot endure the thought of punishing a guiltless prisoner, our laws are generally so contrived that many of the guilty do actually escape. The loopholes of the law are notorious.

Two or three famous cases have recently, however, reminded us not of the loopholes of the law but of the possibility of doing irretrievable injustice to men duly convicted of grievous crimes of which millions of responsible people believed them innocent.

The Sacco-Vanzetti affair in Massachusetts troubled people all over the world. For years the two Italian radicals lay in prison convicted of robbery and murder. Finally they were executed.

If they were guilty of the crimes imputed to them, their executions were just—granting that capital punishment is ever justified. If they were innocent, and millions of people in the United States, Europe and South America believed them to be innocent, then a monstrous and irrevocable wrong was done.

Since the World War California has been wrestling with a case similar in many ways to Massachusetts' Sacco-Vanzetti affair.

Thirteen years ago Tom Mooney, a radical labor leader, was convicted of killing ten innocent men and women in San Francisco's Preparedness Day bomb outrage.

Like Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts, Mooney in California was legally tried and found guilty of murder. As with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, so also with Mooney, large numbers of people believed the trial to have been unfair. Because of this uncertainty, President Wilson interposed a plea in behalf of Mooney, and his life was spared.

During all the long years since he first went to prison, committees in Europe, South America and the United States have pleaded for his pardon and release. These people have believed that Mooney, like Sacco and Vanzetti, was convicted because of the prejudice against him as a radical agitator.

Almost immediately after Mooney was convicted his trial judge, the attorney-general of the state, and subsequently ten of the jurors who found him guilty, and even the police detectives involved, joined in a plea for his pardon.

Mooney was convicted on February 10, 1917. On April 22d letters were found showing that the chief witness against Mooney had been guilty of perjury. Three days later Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who had presided at the trial, and who had sentenced Mooney, tried to arrange a new trial.

Attorney-General U. S. Webb took up the matter, but the California Supreme Court said it was impotent to grant a new trial, pointing out that:

"There is no provision of law by which newly discovered evidence may be presented to this court. . . . The remedy in such case rests with the executive. He alone can afford relief."

That was the situation in Massachusetts when the Sacco-Vanzetti case was being fought.

In Massachusetts and in California, however, both cases became political issues. The guilt or innocence of the accused men became obscured by the radical issue. Many said that even if the prisoners were not guilty of the particular charges on which they were convicted they were guilty of enough else to justify punishment.

Of course that is not law nor justice, but it is politics, and the governors involved were not lawyers, but politicians.

The obvious need in such cases is to obtain a reconsideration of the facts, as well as of the law, by a competent higher court.

To prevent new Mooney cases, new Sacco-Vanzetti cases, with all their weakening of public confidence in the justice of the law, our higher court procedure should be modernized.

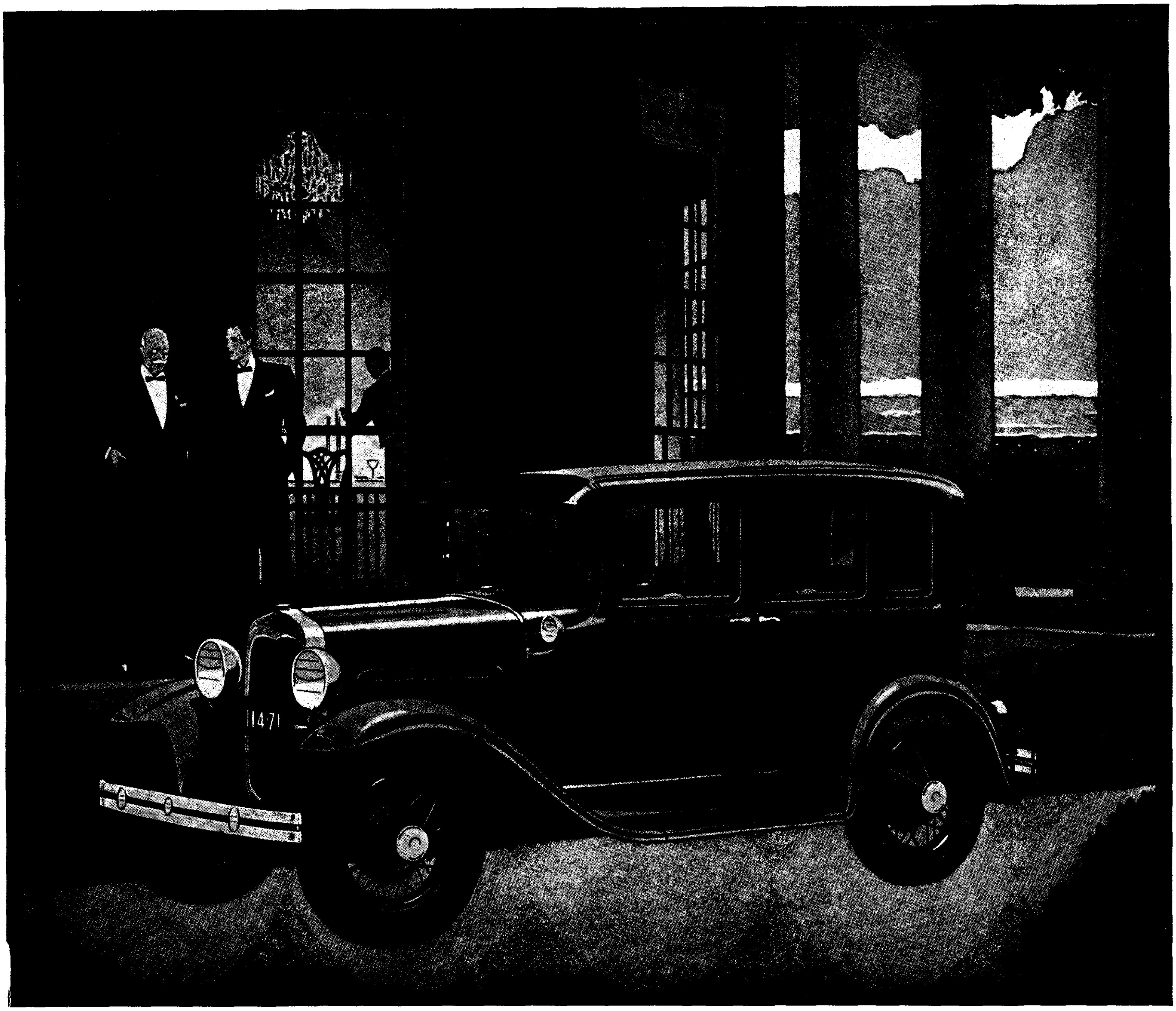
Twenty-two years ago England found a way to accomplish this. Under the Criminal Appeal Act, the high court may reverse the jury's verdict if it thinks that "on any ground there was a miscarriage of justice."

Some American states have approached this, New York in particular. It is sound public policy. Our consciences cannot rest easy if we think that injustice is being done.

George W. Alger, a distinguished lawyer, summed up the situation in these words: "A system under which it becomes necessary for the executive of a state to reexamine the facts of a trial because its judicial system has no adequate facilities for correcting its own errors, is impossible, unworkable and archaic, and requires fundamental change."

Our courts surely should be equipped to deal out justice.

Beauty of line and mechanical excellence



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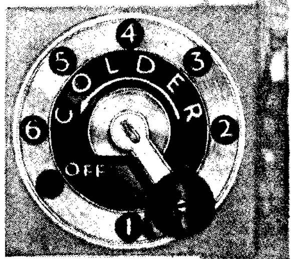

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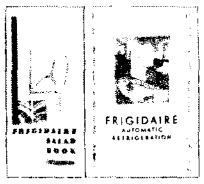

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